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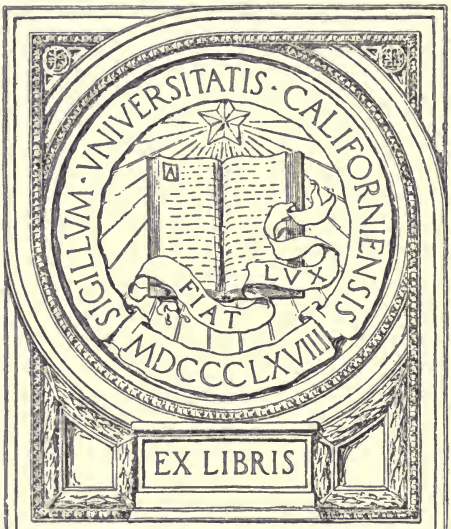

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

GREENE.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

WASHINGTON

AND

HIS GENERALS.

BY J. T. HEADLEY,

AUTHOR OF NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS, THE SACRED MOUNTAINS, ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW YORK:
BAKER AND SCRIBNER,
36 PARK ROW AND 145 NASSAU STREET.

1847.

E206
H4
v.2

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by
BAKER AND SCRIBNER,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

STEREOTYPED BY T. B. SMITH,
216 WILLIAM STREET.

EDWARD O. JENKINS, PRINTER,
114 NASSAU STREET.

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XII.

MAJOR GENERAL GREENE.

His early Life—Whipped by his Father—appointed Brigadier-General—Is Sick during the Battle of Long Island—Bravery at Brandywine, and Germantown, and Springfield—Appointed over the Southern Army—Battle of Cowpens—His famous retreat through the Carolinas—Battle of Guilford—Battle of Hobkirk's Hill—Turns fiercely on Cornwallis's Line of Posts—Storming of Ninety-six—Battle of Eutaw Springs—Distress and Nakedness of his Army—Triumphant Entrance into Charleston—Removes South—Death and Character.

It is pleasant to take up a character, the resplendent qualities of which are not darkened by serious defects. Arnold was adventurous and heroic, but he lacked principle—Lee, brilliant and brave, but too ambitious; while Greene possessed all their good qualities, with none of their bad ones. Poor, and without patrons, he began his career on the lowest steps of fame's ladder, and by his energy and effort alone, reached the highest—yet he never became dizzy by elevation, nor exhibited any of those weak or wicked passions power and rank so invariably develope.

Nathaniel Greene was born in Warwick, Rhode Island, May 27th, 1742, and hence was a young man at the breaking out of the Revolution. His father was a Quaker preacher; and young Nathaniel was early

instructed in the principles of peace and universal brotherhood. To have seen him about on the farm, in his drab suit and broad-brimmed hat, or sitting meek and grave as a statue in one of those silent conventicles, one would never have picked him out for a major-general in the American army. His father owned a forge, and to this Nathaniel was finally promoted from the farm, and worked at the anvil with the same vigor he afterwards did in hammering out his own fortune. For awhile his youthful energy and ambition expended itself in athletic sports, such as wrestling, leaping, throwing the bar, and so forth, and in these none swung a more vigorous or steadier arm than he. He was very fond of dancing, which, of course, was looked upon by his sect with abhorrence. To have the son of a Quaker preacher the wildest in the frolic, and the merriest in all the dance, was a public scandal not to be tolerated a moment, and the most peremptory commands were laid on young Greene. The latter pretended to obey; but after his grave father was asleep he would often drop from his chamber window, and steal away to the scene of mirth. The suspicious parent, however, got wind of it in some way, and so, one night, when there was to be a large ball in the neighborhood, kept watch. Finding, late in the evening, that his son had gone, the old gentleman locked the door of the house, and, with a horsewhip in his hand, began to pace backwards and forwards under the window from which the culprit had escaped. The latter, returning home before daylight, saw through the gloom the figure of his father slowly moving to and fro, and he knew what to expect. To wait at a distance till morning

would lead to certain detection, and to enter the house without being discovered was impossible, and so, after holding a short council of war with himself over the matter, he determined to advance boldly and take the flogging prepared for him. But with that quick invention which afterwards served him so well on more important occasions, he slipped some shingles under his coat behind, to deaden the blows of the horsewhip, which he knew his stern father would wield with no baby hand. Having taken this wise precaution, he walked boldly up and took the castigation. The shingles, however, did their duty, much to the young culprit's gratification.

But his strong mind could not long be satisfied with these follies, and he soon became enamored of books, and, whether in the field or at the forge, was ever found with one by his side. He took up Euclid by himself, and mastered its difficult problems without assistance. While his iron was heating, he would sit down, and with his soiled hands turn over the pages of the renowned geometer with delight. This and similar studies, gave to his mind a breadth and grasp which he never could have obtained in his ordinary occupations. All the pocket-money he could raise was spent in purchasing books, and he made toys or trinkets of various kinds which he disposed of for the same object. His craving mind, having once seized on books, it seemed impossible to satisfy it; and hence, at the age of twenty, he laid the basis of a powerful character. Abstemious—eating but two meals a day, he devoted all his leisure hours to the cultivation of his mind, and the accumulation of knowledge, and before twenty

eight years old, had a library of two hundred and fifty volumes. In 1770 he was elected member of the General Assembly of the colony, and entered at once with all the ardor of his nature into the contest which had commenced between the colonies and the parent country. He was soon convinced that the battle-field must decide the question, and, casting aside all his Quaker prejudices, resolved to draw his sword for freedom. He immediately plunged into the intricacies of military science, and eagerly devoured every book relating to the subject, on which he could lay his hands. Bold and decided, he made no concealment of his determination: and the sect to which he belonged, unable, of course, to overlook this violation of their rules, called him to account. But neither persuasions nor threats could change the young Quaker's purpose, and he was cut off from the society. His drab coat and broad-brimmed hat were now thrown to the winds; and with his musket on his shoulder, he entered, as a private, one of the many independent companies then everywhere forming.

In the year 1774, he was married; but not even the attractions of his young bride could restrain him from the scene of danger. The next year the battles of Lexington and Concord were fought, and the rattling of arms was heard the length and breadth of the land, as the entire nation rose to defend its hearth-stones. Greene immediately started for Boston. In the organization of an army, which followed, Rhode Island voted to raise a force of sixteen hundred men, and appointed Greene major-general.

After the battle of Bunker Hill, he joined the army

at Cambridge. Congress, in appointing the officers of the continental army, was compelled in some cases to change the rank held by the provincial commanders; and Greene, under the new arrangement, sunk to brigadier-general. He immediately entered upon a course of discipline, the effect of which was soon apparent in the troops under his command. This habit formed at the outset, was of great use to him ever afterwards.

He seems, also, to have studied more deeply than many others the character of the quarrel between the two countries, and his strong mind to have forecast the necessity of a more decisive step than the mere redress of grievances; for, from his camp at Prospect Hill, he writes to a member of Congress, saying, "Permit me to recommend, from the sincerity of a heart at all times ready to bleed in my country's cause, a *declaration of independence, and call upon the world, and the great God who governs it, to witness the necessity, propriety, and rectitude thereof.*"

He early won the confidence and esteem of Washington, and the latter sent him in the spring to occupy Long Island with his brigade. He entered on his work with ardor—examined the ground, established his posts, and made all the preparations in his power, to give the enemy a warm reception. But at this critical juncture, he was seized with a billious fever, which laid him on his back, and for a while seriously threatened his life. It was thus Putnam became placed over his troops, who, from his ignorance of the ground, and unpreparedness every way, suffered that defeat, which, but for the promptness and energy, generalship

and skill of Washington, would have proved fatal to the whole army. One can imagine what a brave man like Greene must have felt, in being compelled to lie idle in such an important crisis. Just as his career was opening, and after all the labor and drudgery had been gone through, to be thrown aside as a useless thing, was a most bitter disappointment. Besides, the fate of his brave troops, of which he had become so fond and so proud, might rest on the manner in which they were led into action. From his sick bed he heard the thunder of the first cannon, as it shook the house in which he lay helpless, and half-rising from his feverish couch, he exclaimed, "*Gracious God, to be confined at such a time!*" His brave heart was wrung with such sorrow as only heroes know, and as the uproar of the combat increased, his agitation became intense. Explosion after explosion shook his bed, and his eager inquiries as to the fate of the battle, could brook no delay. At last, when told that his favorite regiment—that of Swallwood—had been terribly handled and cut to pieces, he could contain himself no longer, but burst into an agony of tears.

In the meantime, he had been promoted to the rank of major-general. As soon as he could sit his horse, he took the field, and was present at the battle of Harlaem Heights. The capture of the garrison of Fort Washington, was owing chiefly to Greene's want of judgment, who insisted on holding it against the enemy. He always contended, however, that his views in the case were correct, and that had the troops proved sufficiently brave, the fort could not have been taken. He was beside Washington in his memorable retreat

through the Jerseys, and in the brilliant movement upon Trenton, commanded the division which the latter accompanied in person. In that fearful night and fearful passage, he exhibited the coolness and stern resolution which afterwards so characterized him. He was with him also in the march on Princeton, and led his battalions to the charge with incredible fury. In these desperate encounters, the young Quaker had taken severe lessons in the art of war, while the heroism and personal exposure of the commander-in-chief had shown him how a general should behave in the moment of peril. He gazed in admiration on him, as he rode amid the guns through the gloom and storm towards Trenton, and saw, with unbounded delight, that tall form spur into the deadly vollies at Princeton. His heart fastened at once on his glorious leader, and amid all the dangers and conspiracies that afterwards shook so terribly the integrity of many of the officers, his love and faithfulness never faltered.

When the army went into winter-quarters at Morristown, he was dispatched to Congress to push that dilatory body to an immediate re-organization of the forces. He afterwards was sent to examine the passes of the Highlands; but spring found him again at his post. At the battle of Brandywine—the finale to the manœuvres that had been performed all summer, he exhibited that decision, and power over his soldiers, which rendered him such a dreaded antagonist. At the commencement of the action he had been stationed far in the rear, as a reserve, to co-operate with any portion of the army which needed him most. But when the flight commenced, he hastened up, and

marching his men *four miles in forty-nine minutes*, met the terrified disordered army. Untouched by the panic and terror around them, his brave troops wheeled sternly in front of the pursuing, shouting enemy. As the throng of fugitives came pouring on them, the ranks would open and let them pass, then close again, as the turbulent stream rolled away over the field. Thus opening and shutting his steady ranks, and slowly retreating, Greene at length cleared himself of the shattered army, and reaching a narrow defile, made a bold stand. Encouraging his little band, by voice and gesture, he held it to the shock for three-quarters of an hour. His firm front and steady vollies repelled every effort—and at length, as darkness shut in the scene, the enemy withdrew, and he hastened up to the main army. The conduct of his troops on this occasion, in thus withstanding the panic around them, and steadily holding in check the entire British force, was worthy the veteran armies of Europe.

In the battle of Germantown, which followed, he commanded the left wing, and did all that could be done to save the battle. In the retreat the gunners forsook their pieces, and he, after trying in vain to rally them, made them take hold of hands, and thus drag the artillery off. During this year he was appointed quartermaster-general, and his energy and industry soon wrought a wonderful change in this hitherto neglected department of the army. The next winter his home was a log hut at Valley Forge. At the battle of Monmouth, which opened the summer campaign, he commanded the right wing, and brought his troops nobly into action. His heavy guns sent disorder

through the advancing lines, and gave double power to Wayne's charge on the centre. In July he was sent to Rhode Island to co-operate with Lafayette and Sullivan in the projected descent on Newport, and covered that skilful retreat which saved the army.

In the discharge of his duties as quartermaster-general, he had exhibited not only his energy and skill, but also the noblest moral qualities, in bearing up against suspicion and hate and slander, and generously sinking his own feelings and reputation in the general good. But at length Congress made his department so odious to the people that he determined to resign. Washington, however, persuaded him to remain until he could present a plan to the government which, if accepted, would put his department on a proper footing. The plan, instead of being adopted, was mutilated and sent back, and Greene resigned. The letter conveying his resignation was, both in its manner and spirit, a stern and severe condemnation of the conduct of Congress; and that body, swayed by passion and faction more than by judgment and patriotism, instantly proposed to dismiss him from the service altogether. A fierce discussion ensued, and the friends of Greene could scarcely check the torrent of wrath that was about to roll on his head. Washington heard of it, and wrote letters of earnest entreaty and solemn warning, telling those factious members to beware how they touched one so necessary to the country, and so beloved by the soldiers. Better counsels finally prevailed, and Greene's resignation was received without any reference to his rank in the line.

During the year 1780 occurred his heroic defence at Springfield, New Jersey. Washington, fearing the

enemy was about to make a demonstration on West Point, moved towards the Hudson, leaving Greene, with only thirteen hundred men at Springfield. Here the latter received intelligence that Sir Henry Clinton, with five thousand British troops, had landed at Elizabethtown, and was marching against him. With his little band drawn up on the western bank of the Rahway, he coolly waited their approach. His first position was by the bridges, and his second on the heights in the rear. Soon the advancing columns emerged into view, and as they came within range, opened their artillery, and a fierce cannonade was kept up for two hours. Finding all attempts to dislodge our troops with the artillery fruitless, the infantry were ordered to advance, and soon opened their fire. Our men withstood gallantly for a while this overwhelming force; and when at length they were compelled to retreat, did so in perfect order, and slowly fell back to their second position. Here Greene waited anxiously for a second struggle; but Clinton wisely forebore, and returning to the village, commenced the nobler work of burning it to the ground. Having accomplished this feat, he rapidly retreated, lest Washington should turn upon him.

In the fall of this year, when the treason of Arnold sent consternation through the country, Greene was in command of the army—Washington being at the time absent on a journey to Hartford, to confer with the French commanders. On him fell the painful duty of presiding at the court-martial which tried and condemned Andre. West Point was immediately put under his command; but scarcely had he entered upon

his duties before he was called to the South, to repair the ruin wrought by Gates's terrible defeat at Camden. Although he had now been five years in service without any interval of repose, and his property was wasting away through want of his supervision, and his strong constitution was shattered by constant exposure, he hastened without delay to the new field of his labor.

From this point commences the real history of Greene. Intrusted with a separate command, at a distance from the commander-in-chief and Congress, and surrounded by all the difficulties that try men most, the resources of his powerful mind, and his amazing energies, began to develope themselves. He had hitherto been an able and efficient under-officer; he was now to show that he possessed the higher qualities necessary to conduct a long and arduous campaign to a successful issue. But the obstacles that met him on the threshold, were enough to daunt even a more resolute heart than his. Gates's overthrow had left everything in the worst possible state; so that he was hurled into a perfect chaos, and expected to bring order out of confusion, and strength out of weakness. Without money, without stores, without anything necessary to carry on a campaign, he joined his army, which, all counted, could not muster two thousand men. Destitute of clothing, of arms and ammunition, tattered, half-starved and dispirited, covered with every and any article they could lay hands on, they presented the appearance of a motley crowd, rather than of a well-appointed and organized force. Out of the whole he could muster but eight hundred men fit for service. With these—an empty magazine—no provisions, and a few pieces of cannon,

he was expected to make head against Cornwallis, with a well-disciplined and powerful army at his back. True, there were some cheering features to this otherwise hopeless prospect—the officers under his command were as brave men as ever drew sword in battle. There was Morgan, a host in himself—Lee, with his fierce legion—Marion, with his trusty partisans—the gallant Sumpter; the headlong and fiery-hearted Washington, with his cavalry; forming a group of leaders to which the British army could furnish no parallel.

Greene's first step was to locate his troops where he could be safe from attack, until he could drill them, and obtain the necessary reinforcements to take the field. This was no easy task; for the British army, then lying at Winnsborough, flanked by strong garrisons, was on the alert, and ready at any moment to fall on their weak adversary, and crush him at a single blow. Relying on himself alone, Greene called no council of war, and commenced at once that deep and daring game, which baffled all the efforts of Cornwallis to fathom. Selecting a strong post on the frontiers of South Carolina for the main army, he sent Morgan with a few hundred troops to hover about the enemy, and strike wherever an opportunity offered. This division of his forces, already too weak, has been condemned by some, as a violation of the rules of military art; and so it would have been under ordinary circumstances. The smaller the force the greater the concentration, is a rule which in active warfare it will not do to violate. But Greene wanted *time*—delay was of vital importance to him, and this he could not expect with

his army located in one place, and constantly exposed to the attack of a superior enemy. He divided his forces, not so much to give strength to his own operations, as to bewilder his antagonist; and it had the desired effect. Cornwallis scarcely knew which way to turn, or where his wary adversary was about to strike, and hence divided his own forces. Had he known the situation and plans of Greene, he might easily have destroyed him, by marching his entire army first upon one, and then upon the other detachment of the Americans. But Greene had calculated wisely; his adversary was thrown into perturbation as he discovered Lee, Marion, and Morgan, hanging threateningly on his flanks.

BATTLE OF COWPENS.

But Cornwallis at length saw the error he had been led into, and immediately concentrating his troops, moved forward upon Morgan. Tarleton, with eleven hundred men, was ordered to meet him in front, while he himself, with the main part of the army, would cut off his retreat. Morgan, with less than a thousand men, immediately began to retire; but Tarleton, with his accustomed vigor, pressed him so hard, that when he came to Broad River he dared not attempt the passage, and so resolved to make a desperate stand where he was. He divided his troops into two portions, one in the open field, and the other behind it in the wood. Tarleton formed his men into two lines, with the artillery in the centre, and the cavalry on either flank. In this order they moved forward to the attack. After a single fire the first American line gave way, and the victorious enemy, with loud huzzas, pressed forward

upon the second. Here, however, they met with a stern resistance, and the close vollies of the Americans made terrible havoc. Tarleton seeing this, hurried up a part of his second line, and, at the same time, ordered his cavalry to charge the right. This double movement was completely successful, and the victorious British swept the field with deafening shouts. In this critical moment, Washington, who had calmly sat and watched every movement, ordered his bugler to sound the charge, and placing himself at the head of his squadron, shouted them to follow. With their sabres shaking above their heads, they burst in a headlong gallop upon the astonished infantry. Through and through their broken ranks they rode, scattering them like a whirlwind from their path. The British cavalry rolled back in confusion before the fierce onset, and the battle was restored. This gave time to Morgan to rally his infantry.* With his sword flashing above his head, and his tremendous voice ringing over the din of arms, he moved amid his disordered troops, and at length, by commands and threats, and the most prodigious efforts, rallied them to the charge, and moving at their head, poured them in one wild torrent on the enemy. The shock of those thousand men was tremendous; and the English army stopped, and quivered a moment before it, then broke and fled in wild confusion, trampled down at every step by Washington's cavalry. Out of the eleven hundred men Tarleton led into battle, he saved but

* Howard and Pinckney wrought prodigies—making the militia charge bayonet like old veterans. The former had at one time five swords of officers who had surrendered, in his hands.

four hundred. Two cannon, eight hundred muskets, a hundred dragoon-horses, and tents and ammunition, were the fruits of this victory.

Scarcely had the roar of battle ceased before Morgan began to retreat. He knew Cornwallis, with a powerful army, was close upon him, and an hour's delay might lose him all the fruits of his gallant achievement. The British commander strained every nerve to cut him off, and recover the spoils and prisoners that had been taken. But with such vigor had Morgan pushed his retreat, that his adversary was unable to overtake him, and came up to the Catawba just in time to see the last of the rear-guard form on the opposite shore. Still it was possible to reach him before he could effect a junction with Greene, and he resolved to spare no sacrifice to secure this result. He immediately ordered the baggage of the army to be destroyed, so that it could move rapidly and without encumbrance. Liquor casks were staved in before the soldiers—wagons consumed, and all those things which go to make up the little comforts of a camp committed to the flames. Cornwallis set the example—and beginning with his own baggage, the destruction continued till it reached the last private. It took two days to complete it—and then, stripped like a wrestler for the struggle. the British general moved forward. But Greene, with only a single aid, and a sergeant's guard of dragoons, had left the main army, and pressed forward a hundred and fifty miles to succor Morgan. The victors of Cowpens received him with acclamations as he rode into camp. With him at their head they feared nothing, and joyfully entered on the race with their adversary.

SKILFUL RETREAT THROUGH THE CAROLINAS.

Greene had ordered the main army to rendezvous at Guilford, and thither he now directed his steps, closely watched by Cornwallis.

To understand the ground over which this remarkable retreat was performed, it is necessary only to glance at a map. Three large rivers rise in the north-west parts of South and North Carolina, and flow in a south-easterly direction into the Atlantic. The lower, or more southern one, is the Catawba, which empties into the Santee. The next, north of it, and nearly parallel, is the Yadkin, emptying into the Pedee. The last, and more northern, is the Dan, which soon leaves its south-easterly direction, and winds backwards and forwards across the Virginia line, and finally falls into the Roanoke. Greene was now on the Catawba, or most southern river, and directed his steps north—his line of progress cutting the Yadkin and Dan. To place a deep river between two armies effectually separates them for some time, while a retreating army between one and a powerful adversary, is almost sure to be ruined. Therefore, the great effort of Cornwallis was to overtake his weak enemy somewhere between the rivers, while the latter strained every nerve to keep a deep stream dividing him and his foe. Greene was now across the Catawba, which, swollen by the recent rains, prevented Cornwallis from crossing. But at length it began to subside, and the latter determined, by a night-march to a private ford near Salisbury to deceive his antagonist, and cross without

opposition. But Greene had been on the alert, and stationed a body of militia there to dispute the passage. At daybreak, the British column was seen silently approaching the river. A deep hush was on everything, broken only by the roar of the swollen waters, and not a living thing was to be seen on the shore. Twilight still rested on the forest, and the turbid foam-covered stream looked doubly appalling in the gloom. The rain was falling in torrents, and the British commander, as he reined up his steed on the slippery banks, looked long and anxiously on the farther side. There all was wild and silent; but faint flashes of the American fires, in the woods, told too well that he had been forestalled. Still, the order to advance was given, and the column boldly entered the channel. With muskets poised above their heads to keep them dry, and leaning against each other, to steady their slippery footing, the grenadiers pushed forward. As they advanced the water deepened, until it flowed in a strong, swift current, up to their waists. The cavalry went plunging through, but the rapid stream bore many of them, both horses and riders, downward in the darkness. The head of the column had already reached the centre of the river, when the voices of the sentinels rung through the darkness, and the next moment their guns flashed through the storm. The Americans, five hundred in number, immediately poured in a destructive volley, but the British troops pressed steadily forward. Soldier after soldier rolled over in the flood, and Cornwallis's horse was shot under him; but the noble animal, with a desperate effort, carried his rider to the bank before he fell. The intrepid troops at

length reached the shore, and routed the militia. Cornwallis was now on the same side of the river with his antagonist, and prepared to follow up his advantage with vigor. But the latter no sooner heard that the enemy had passed the Catawba, than he ordered the retreat to the Yadkin. Through the drenching rain and deep mud, scarcely halting to eat or rest, the ragged troops dragged their weary way, and on the third day reached the river, and commenced crossing. In the meantime, the recent rains had swollen this river also, so that by the time Greene had safely effected the passage, the current was foaming by on a level with its banks. He had urged everything forward with the utmost speed, and at midnight, just as the last of the rear-guard were embarking, they were saluted with a volley from the advanced guard of the British. When the morning light broke over the scene, there lay the two armies within sight of each other, and the blessed Yadkin surging and roaring in threatening accents between, as if on purpose to daunt the invaders from its bosom. Stung into madness at this second escape of their enemy, the English lined the shore with artillery, and opened a fierce cannonade on the American camp. But the army, protected by an elevated ridge, rested quietly and safely behind it. In a little cabin, just showing its roof above the rocks, Greene took up his quarters, and while his troops were reposing, commenced writing his dispatches. The enemy suspecting the American general had established himself there, directed his artillery upon it, and soon the rocks rung with the balls that smoked and bounded from their sides. It was not long before the roof of

the cabin was struck, and the shingles and clapboards began to fly about in every direction—but the stern warrior within never once looked up, and wrote on as calmly as if in his peaceful home.

Four days the British general tarried on the shores of the Yadkin, and then, as the waters subsided, again put his army in motion. Moving lower down the river, he crossed over, and started anew after his adversary. But the latter, ever vigilant, was already on his march for Guilford, where he resolved to make a stand, and strike this bold Briton to the heart. But on reaching Guilford, he learned, to his dismay, that the reinforcements promised him had not arrived. The English army was nearly double that of his own, and all well-tried, disciplined soldiers; and he knew it would be madness to give battle on such disadvantageous terms. There was, therefore, no remedy but retreat, and this had now become a difficult matter. In the hope of being able to sustain himself at Guilford, he had suffered his enemy to approach so near, and block him in so effectually, that there was but one possible way of escape. Cornwallis at last deemed his prey secure.

On the 10th of February, this battle of manœuvres again commenced, and the two armies, now only twenty-five miles apart, stretched forward. Cornwallis supposed his adversary would make for the upper fords of the Dan, as there was nothing but ferries below, and hence put his army in such a position that he could crush him at once; but Greene quietly withdrew towards the Lower Dan, where he ordered boats to be congregated, in which he could transport his troops over. His object in this was twofold; first, to place a

deep instead of a fordable river between him and his formidable adversary, and secondly, to be in a situation to effect a junction with the reinforcements he expected from Virginia. Discovering at once the error under which Cornwallis labored, he added to it by sending a large detachment to manœuvre in front, as if the upper fords were indeed the object of his efforts. Col. Williams commanded this chosen body of men, and marched boldly against the entire English army. The British commander, thinking it to be the advanced guard of the Americans, began hastily to contract his lines, and make preparations for a fierce resistance. This detained his march, and allowed Greene to get a start, without which he must inevitably have been lost. The English were without baggage; indeed, the whole army had been converted into light infantry, which enabled it to move with much more alacrity than that of the Americans. It was now the dead of winter—the roads to-day were filled deep with mud, and to-morrow frozen hard, presenting a mass of rugged points to the soldiers' feet, through which or over which they were compelled to drag themselves, urged on by the fear of destruction. In the meantime Cornwallis, apprised of his error, began the pursuit in good earnest. But that gallant rear-guard of Williams kept between the two armies, slowly retreating, but still present—ever bending like a brow of wrath on the advancing enemy. The fate of the American army rested on its firmness and skill, and every officer in it seemed to feel the immense trust committed to his care. There were Lee's gallant legion, and Washington's heavy mounted, desperate horsemen, heroes every one. Vigilant, untir-

ing, brave, they hovered with such a threatening aspect around the advancing columns, that they were compelled to march in close order to prevent an attack. The least negligence, the least oversight, and the blow would fall like lightning. Never did a rear-guard behave more gallantly. The men were allowed only three hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, and but one meal a day. By starting and pushing forward three hours before daylight, they were enabled to get a breakfast, and this was the last repast till next morning. Yet the brave fellows bore all without a murmur; and night after night, and day after day, presented the same determined front to the enemy. Cornwallis, believing for awhile that he had the whole American force in front, rejoiced in its proximity, knowing that when it reached the river it must perish—then Virginia would lie open to his victorious arms, and the whole South be prostrate. But when he at length discovered his mistake, he strained forward with desperate efforts.

In the meanwhile, that fleeing army presented a most heart-rending spectacle. Half clad, and many of them barefoot, with only one blanket for every four men, they toiled through the mire, or left their blood on the frozen ground—pressing on through the wintry storm and cold winds in the desperate struggle for life. At night when they snatched a few moments' repose, three soldiers would stretch themselves on the damp ground under one blanket, and the fourth keep watch: and happy were those who had even this scanty covering. Over hills, through forests, across streams, they held their anxious way, drenched by the rains, and chilled by the water through which they waded—and,

unprotected and uncovered, were compelled to dry their clothes by the heat of their own bodies. Greene saw their distress with bitter grief, but it could not be helped—his cheering words and bright example were all he could give them. Now hurrying along his exhausted columns, and now anxiously listening to hear the sound of the enemy's guns in the distance, he became a prey to the most wasting anxiety. From the time he had set out for the camp of Morgan, on the banks of the Catawba, he had not taken off his clothes; while not an officer in the army was earlier in the saddle, or later out of it, than he. But undismayed—his strong soul fully resolved yet to conquer—he surveyed with a calm, stern eye, the dangers that thickened around him. Should the rear-guard fail, nothing but a miracle could save him—but it should *not* fail. Every deep-laid plan was thwarted, every surprise disconcerted, and every sudden movement to crush it eluded by its tireless, sleepless leaders. Often within musket-shot of the enemy's vanguard, the excited soldiers wished to return the fire; but the stern orders to desist were obeyed, and the two tired armies toiled on. It was a fearful race for life, and right nobly was it run.

At length the main army arrived within forty miles of the ferry-boats which were to place a deep river between them and the foe, and hope quickened every step. All night long they swept onward through the gloom, cheered by the thought that another day would place the object for which they struggled within their grasp. On that same cold and slippery night the noble rear-guard, slowly retreating, suddenly saw, at twelve o'clock, watch-fires blazing in the distance. There then

lay the army, for which they had struggled so nobly and suffered so much, overtaken at last, and sure to fall. In this fearful crisis, that gallant band paused and held a short consultation; and then resolved, with one accord, to throw themselves in an overwhelming charge on the English army, and rolling it back on itself, by a sacrifice as great as it was glorious, secure a few more hours of safety to those they were protecting. This noble devotion was spared such a trial; the fires were indeed those kindled by Greene's soldiers, but the tired columns had departed, and staggering from want of repose and food, were now stretching forward through the midnight, miles in advance. Cornwallis, when he arrived at the smouldering camp-fires, believed himself almost up with Greene, and allowing his troops but a few moments' repose, marched all night long. In the morning his van was close upon the rear of that firm guard. Now came the last prodigious effort of the British commander—that rear-guard must fall, and with it, Greene, or all his labor and sacrifice would be in vain. On the banks of the Dan he had resolved to bury the American army, and if human effort and human energy could effect it, it should be done. His steady columns closed more threateningly and rapidly on the guard, pushing it fiercely before them, and scorning all meaner success, pressed forward for the greater prize. Still Lee's intrepid legion, and Washington's fearless horsemen, hung black and wrathful around their path, striving desperately, but in vain, to check their rapid advance. On, on, like racers approaching the goal, they swept over the open country, driving everything before them.

But at noon a single horseman was seen coming, in

a swift gallop, up the road along which Greene had lately passed. Every eye watched him as he approached, and as he reined his panting steed up beside the officers of that exhausted, but still resolute band, and exclaimed, "*The army is over the river*," a loud huzza rent the air.

The main portion of the guard was now hastily dispatched by the shortest route to the ferry, while Lee still hovered with his legion in front of Cornwallis. As the former approached the river, they saw Greene, wan and haggard, standing on the shore, and gazing anxiously up the road by which they were expected to appear. His army was over, but he had remained behind to learn the fate of that noble guard, and if necessary, to fly to its relief. His eye lightened with exultation, as he saw the column rush forward to the river with shouts which were echoed in deafening accents from the opposite shore. It was now dark, and the troops were crowded with the utmost dispatch into the boats, and hastened over. Scarcely were they safely landed, before the banks shook beneath the hurried heavy tramp of Lee's legion, as it came thundering on towards the ferry. The next moment the shores rung with the clatter of armor, as those bold riders dismounted, and leaped into the boats ready to receive them. Their horses were pushed into the water after them, and the black mass disappeared in the gloom. In a few moments, lights dancing along the farther shore told of their safe arrival, and a shout that made the welkin ring went up from the American camp. Lee was the last man that embarked; he would not stir till his brave dragoons were all safe; and as the boat that bore him

touched the shore, the tread of the British van echoed along the banks he had just left. The pursuing columns closed rapidly in towards the river, but the prey they thought within their grasp had escaped. Not a boat was left behind, and Cornwallis saw with the keenest anguish, a deep broad river rolling between him and his foe. It was a bitter disappointment; his baggage had all been destroyed in vain, and this terrible march of two hundred and fifty miles made only to be retraced.

But no pen can describe the joy and exultation that reigned in the American camp that night. The army received that gallant rear-guard with open arms, and hailed them as their deliverers. Forgot was all—their lacerated feet, and stiffened limbs, and empty stomachs, and scanty clothing—and even the wintry wind swept by unheeded in the joy of their escape. Together they sat down and recounted their toils, and asked, each of the other, his perils and hardships by the way. Laughter, and mirth, and songs, and all the reckless gayety of a camp from which restraint is taken, made the shores echo. But it was with sterner pleasure Greene contemplated his escape; and as he looked on the majestic river, rolling its broad, deep current onward in the star-light, a mountain seemed to lift from his heart. He listened to the boisterous mirth about him, only to rejoice that so many brave fellows had been snatched from the enemy; then turned to his tent to ponder on his position, and resolve what next to do.

Thus ended this glorious retreat. It had been conducted for two hundred and fifty miles, through a country not furnishing a single defile in which a stand could be made. Three large rivers had been crossed—

forests traversed—and through rain and mud, and over frost and ice, Greene had fled for twenty days, baffling every attempt of his more powerful antagonist to force him to a decisive action. For the skill in which it was planned, the resolution and energy with which it was carried through, and the distance traversed, it stands alone in the annals of our country, and will bear comparison with the most renowned feats of ancient or modern times. It covered Greene with more glory than a victory could have done, and stamped him at once the great commander.

Cornwallis, far from his reinforcements, and in the heart of a hostile country, was now in a critical state. Greene no sooner saw his enemy halt, than he prepared to act on the offensive; and if the reinforcements promised by Virginia had been ready, he could easily have crushed him. His letters dated at this time, show how his heart was wrung at the obstacles thrown in his way. Bold and self-reliant, however, he did not give way to despondency; but the moment Cornwallis began to retreat, threw out his light troops in every direction, in order to harass his movements; and in five days himself crossed the Dan, and proceeded to a place between Troublesome Creek and Reedy Fork, where he established his camp. In the meantime, the British commander found himself surrounded by a cloud of republicans, who were incessantly driving in his pickets, beating up his quarters, and keeping his camp in a constant trepidation. Tarleton, sent out with fire and sword, was compelled precipitately to retrace his steps, followed fiercely by Lee and Pickens, whose troops, in their ardor, marched all night, guiding

their steps through the gloom by pine torches, and nearly succeeded in capturing him.

Cornwallis, to whom a decisive battle had become a matter of life and death, immediately started in pursuit of Greene; hoping to fall on him before his army, now rapidly swelling by reinforcements, should become too formidable to assail. But manœuvre baffled manœuvre, and the wily American turned and doubled on his adversary in such a way as completely foiled all his plans. He changed his camp every night, filling the Tories with alarm by his omnipresent army, while his light troops, imitating his example, were never to be found in the same place for two days together. Cornwallis labored like one in a dream, and knew not in what direction to expect the blow that seemed ever ready to fall. One day he would be told that his enemy was in front; but before he had advanced far, he would hear of him on his flanks, and again back to his old quarters. His light troops were worn out with constant exertions, his foraging parties cut off, and he was gradually wearing away; while his adversary, whose sleepless eye never for a moment lost sight of him, was gradually augmenting his forces. Never before had he found an enemy so difficult to deal with; and there seemed no end to the web in which it was sought to entangle him. At length, however, hearing that a large body of reinforcements was coming up in a certain direction, he immediately resolved to throw himself between them and Greene, and thus force him to a battle or to abandon his allies. But the American commander understood his designs before they were put in execution, and by a skilful manœuvre saved the

the reinforcements; while, to make the chagrin of Cornwallis still more galling, they just slipped through his fingers. Other reinforcements now arriving from Virginia, Greene saw his army swell to five thousand five hundred men. This was larger, numerically, than the force opposed to him; but most of them were raw recruits. Still, he determined with these to risk a battle, for he knew that it was the largest army he could hope to raise, and that he could not long hold even this number together. For two months in the heart of winter he had kept manœuvring, marching, and countermarching, retreating and advancing, until the time had come for striking a blow or abandoning the attempt forever. He might not win the victory, but he would cripple his adversary, so that he would be compelled to quit the field. With these views and this determination, he gave his troops a little repose, and his raw recruits a little discipline, and then started for Guilford Court House. Cornwallis, after his last attempt to cut off the American reinforcements, had retired, so that Greene's march was unobstructed.

BATTLE OF GUILFORD.

On the 14th of March he halted his army at Guilford, where he had formerly examined the ground, with the intention of making it, some day, a battle-field. The solitary building, called the court-house, stood on a hill in the centre of a small clearing. It was a lonely spot, not another house was in sight; and a limitless forest stretched away on every side, broken only here and there by a patch of cultivated ground, which some

adventurous settler had made. In front of the building was a belt of forest, and beyond it and parallel to it a long narrow cornfield. Along the farther edge of the field ran a rivulet. The road passed by the court-house through the belt of forest, and across the centre of the cornfield, and finally lost itself in the woods beyond, from which the enemy were to emerge. On the morning of the 15th of March, 1781, the drums beat their reveillè early, and Greene drew up his men in three lines on this secluded spot, which, before night, was to be strewed with the dead. Along the edge of the piece of wood, behind a fence, and facing the cornfield, he placed the North Carolina militia. In the wood, about fifty rods in the rear, he stationed the Virginia militia, under Stevens and Lawson: both these lines extended across the road. Four hundred yards behind these, on the hill around the court-house, were ranged the brave continentals, commanded by Greene in person. Two roads leading away from the court-house, in the rear, furnished a secure retreat. Thus strongly posted, with Lee's legion and some infantry covering the left flank, and Washington's heavy mounted dragoons the right, he waited the approach of the enemy.

It was a clear bright day as ever blessed the earth; the bracing air just stirred the tree-tops over the soldiers' heads, and all was beautiful and spring-like. Early in the forenoon scouts returned with the news that the British were advancing, and that gallant army stood to arms, and looked long and eagerly down the road along which they were to come. Noon came, and still the forest was silent and slumberous. But at length, about one o'clock, strains of martial music were

heard in the distance, struggling up from the tree-tops, and soon the sharp rattle of the drum, and the shrill tones of the fife and horn broke with startling distinctness on the ear, and then the head of the column began slowly to emerge into view. Two pieces of artillery under Singleton had been advanced along the road, and now opened on the approaching mass. Cornwallis immediately brought forward his artillery, and a fierce cannonade commenced. Under cover of the smoke of his guns, he pushed his columns across the brook into the cornfield, where, deploying rapidly to the right and left, they formed in order of battle. Relying on the discipline of his troops, he formed them into a single line, without any reserve, resolved, by one terrible onset, to sweep the field. The Carolina militia looked in terror over the cornfield before them, red with the scarlet uniforms. The steady tread of the advancing battalions, the long lines of light made by the glittering bayonets over their heads, the banners floating in the breeze, and the loud strains of martial music, drowned ever and anon by the roar of cannon, conspired to render it a scene that might awe even more veteran hearts.

On, on they came, with the terrible front of battle, unchecked by the distant random shots of some of the militia, until they approached within a few rods, when they halted, and, at the word of command, poured in a simultaneous volley—then throwing their bayonets forward, rushed, with loud shouts, to the charge. The poor militia, frightened half out of their senses by this sudden and awful onset, forgot, many of them, to fire at all, and dropping their guns, knapsacks, canteens and

everything, took to their heels like a flock of sheep. Greene had not calculated on their firing more than four or five rounds; but this was dastardly. Their officers strove bravely to rally them, seizing those nearest with their hands, entreating and threatening by turns, while Lee spurred among them with his drawn sabre, swearing he would ride them down with his terrible legion if they did not halt. It was all in vain, utter terror had seized them; and they swarmed in affright through the woods, back to the second line. The Virginians, untouched by the panic, taunted them as they fled through, and railed on them as cowards and poltroons; then bravely turned to meet the shock. Stevens had taken care his militia should not serve him as they did at Camden, and posted forty riflemen in the rear, with orders to shoot down the first man who should attempt to run.

The British, elated by their first success, sent up a loud huzza, and pressed furiously forward upon the second line. In a moment the woods were red with the scarlet uniforms as they swept, in one broad wave, up to the Virginians; but a deadly volley received them, and huge gaps opened in their files. Unable to stand this galling fire, they sprang forward with the bayonet, and with levelled pieces, and steady front, moved against the undisciplined militia—but not a rank broke, not a battalion fled. Opposing steel to steel, and in the intervals pouring in their rapid vollies, they held, for a long time, the whole British army in check. At length, however, forced back by superior numbers, the right wing, still hanging together, swung slowly round, on the centre as a pivot, until it reached the road,

then broke and fled. The left wing, in the woods, on the opposite side of the road, still maintained the combat. Greene, now seeing that the battle was to be thrown upon him—as that part of the British army opposed to the routed right wing, following up their victory, emerged into view—rode along the lines, telling the soldiers that all now rested on them. "Be firm and steady," said he, "and give the finishing blow." On came the unbroken British line, and drew up in order on the open ground in front of those stern continentals. The next moment, with a loud shout and terrible impetuosity, they rushed to the charge. Cool and steady, those brave regulars watched their approach, undismayed by their shouts and fierce aspect, until within sure striking distance, and then poured a destructive volley in their very bosoms. Stunned by the terrific discharge, the solid formations recoiled a moment, and before they could recover, the Americans were upon them with the bayonet. Shouting like madmen, they swept through the covering smoke and random discharges like a resistless tide. Nothing could check the fury of their onset; and through and through the broken ranks they went, with the strength of a falling mountain. Oh! that Washington's cavalry or Lee's legion had then been ready to burst on the shattered line, or even another regiment to follow up the victory, and the red field would have been won. Yet still, onward swept that victorious regiment of Marylanders, chasing the fugitives before them. Suddenly turning upon the first battalion of the guards, before whom their companions had fled in terror, they fell on it with such fury that they shivered it in pieces with one fell blow; and

then, without taking time to breathe, rushed on the others. The conflict here became dreadful. That brave regiment, disdaining to fly, bore up against the overwhelming numbers that increased as it advanced, and was still maintaining its ground, when Washington, seeing how hard beset it was, ordered the bugles to sound, and the next moment the ground shook under the steady gallop of his squadron, as with shaking sabres and loud shouts they burst on the enemy. In vain did those veterans close up their ranks to meet the shock, and surround themselves with a girdle of steel—in vain did their officers shout: "Be steady and firm:" over and through everything went the fierce riders, trampling them down like grass. Stuart, who led them on, strove manfully to rally them to the charge, and as he moved about in the tumult, came upon Capt. Smith of those glorious Marylanders, and sprang fiercely upon him. The latter, parrying the Englishman's small-sword with his left hand, brought down his heavy sabre on his head with such force that he cleaved him to the spine. The next moment, stunned by a musket-ball, though not killed, he fell on his antagonist. Scarcely had he touched the body, before the soldier who had fired the shot also fell across him. Nothing could now stay the excited Americans; and Washington's cavalry plunged amid the disordered guards, striking them down with their heavy sabres at every step. The battle seemed won; and Cornwallis, who saw the rout of his guards, spurred towards them. Washington, beholding him, pointed forward with his sword, and shouted to his men to follow. Pressing close after him, they dashed onward, and the

great prize was almost within their grasp, when Washington's cap falling from his head, he dismounted to pick it up. At the same moment the officer at the head of the column, shot through the body, reeled in his saddle; while his horse, now unmanageable, turned and carried him off the field. The squadron, seeing one leader down, and the other riding away, thought a retreat had been sounded, and wheeled after the latter. In a moment, however, Washington came galloping up, and with a loud voice arrested their retreat, and again led them to the charge. But Cornwallis had retired, and so Washington fell again upon the guards, breaking to pieces every formation, and riding down every incipient square. The British commander saw at a glance that this rout of his guards must be arrested, or the whole army ruined; and hastening to his artillery, that crowned a slight eminence, he ordered it to open on the driving mass. "*Stop*," said one of the leaders of that broken band, who had been borne back dreadfully wounded from the fight, "*you will destroy your own men.*" "*We must do it*," replied Cornwallis, "*to save ourselves from destruction.*" The flying guards were now mingled up with their pursuers so completely, that every shot aimed at the latter would strike them also. But stern necessity required the sacrifice, and the next moment the artillery opened like a clap of thunder, and the heavy shot went tearing through the bleeding guards with frightful effect. The wounded officer turned away sick from the murderous spectacle, but Cornwallis gazed sternly on the slaughter, and still kept up that heavy fire, till half the battalion was stretched on the field. This checked the pursuers,

who were compelled to retreat, but not the battle. Vollies of musketry, interrupted by explosions of artillery, kept the atmosphere in an uproar; while charging cavalry, and shouting infantry—firm-set columns, and broken ranks—horses galloping riderless over the plain, and heaps of dead, combined to make that lonely spot, and that bright afternoon, a scene and time of thrilling interest and terror.

No sooner had Cornwallis cleared the field with his artillery than the routed troops began to rally—some behind ravines, and some in the woods; while those regiments yet unbroken were moved forward. In the woods, on the left, Lee and Campbell still maintained the fight, and had done so from the outset, sternly refusing to yield one inch of ground. They and their foes were both out of sight, but the incessant and fierce discharges that rung through the forest, and the wounded officers and men borne constantly back, told how close and dreadful was the struggle. But no news came from Lee. That gallant chieftain was straining every nerve to hold his position, ignorant of what had befallen the other portions of the army. Greene, in the meantime, could not advance with his few unbroken regiments on the whole British force, protected as it was by cannon, without risking all on one hazardous throw. But this was the game for Cornwallis to play, not for him: it was victory or ruin with the former, and at length, by incredible efforts, he succeeded in forming his line of battle anew, and again steadily advanced. Discipline had restored to him all his unwounded men; while Greene surveyed, with an anxious eye, the few regiments on which alone he could rely.

Though burning to renew the conflict, he dared not trust again his militia, who had been broken at the outset, and so he ordered a retreat while it could be safely made. Silence had now fallen on the field, and all was still, save the beating to arms and the incessant vollies from the woods on the left, from whence no tidings reached Greene.

The moment the former began his retreat, Cornwallis sent forward two regiments to break the rear-guard; but the brave Virginians who composed it received them with such a scourging fire, and constantly presented such a firm front, that they soon gave it up, and the army retired three miles and halted.

The bright spring sun had now gone down in a mass of clouds, and the wind began to moan through the forest, foretelling a storm. After a few hours' repose, the weary army, in a cold and driving rain, again took up its line of march for its old encampment at Reedy Fork. All night long the bleeding patriots continued to press forward, with the storm beating upon them; and wet and exhausted, and many of them barefoot, reached, at daybreak, their camp. One cannot think of those brave continentals, and Virginia troops, measuring the heavy miles back from the battle which they had struggled so nobly to win, without the most painful feelings. Deserted by their own friends, they had, nevertheless, resolutely and gallantly met the onset of the whole British army;—then, stung with disappointment, and venting their rage on the cowardly Carolinians, closed their toilsome day by a heavy night-march. Many a noble heart lay cold and still on the field where they had struggled — here you could see the track of

Washington's cavalry by the ghastly sabre-strokes that disfigured the dead; and there by the heaps of the slain, where the gallant Maryland regiment, after it had broken to pieces one, a third larger than its own, met the guards in full career. Around the court-house the ground was red with blood, and American and Briton lay almost in each other's embrace. But amid the piles of the slain there were two scarlet uniforms to one of the continentals. Our unerring marksmen had made terrible havoc, and one-quarter* of Cornwallis's army had fallen on the field he had won. No wonder Fox said on the floor of the House of Commons, when the victory was announced: "*Another such victory will ruin the British army.*"

The troops under Greene, so far from being dispirited, were full of confidence and courage, and demanded eagerly to be led immediately against the enemy. Those who had fought bravely panted to re-measure their strength with the foe; while the regiments which had made such a shameful flight, stung by the reproaches of their comrades, earnestly asked for an opportunity to wipe out the disgrace. How different was the state of Cornwallis. He had taken nothing but three pieces of artillery, which could not be brought off except by hand, as the horses had been shot down, and so left behind; while encumbered with the wounded, and diminished in his strength, he lost all power to maintain his ground. No sooner, therefore, had he collected his wounded, than he began a precipitate retreat. His victory had been so dearly bought, that nothing but a rapid flight could save him.

* Six hundred killed and wounded.

This battle, so admirably planned, would have finished at once the career of the British commander, had all of the American troops behaved even with ordinary bravery. If the first line had poured in but *one* well-directed volley, the English army would have been shaken, and handed over to the second line disordered, or at least, discouraged, instead of fresh and excited, as it was; and by the time it reached the court-house, the fate of the day would have been settled. Or, had the second regiment of the Marylanders showed but half the firmness their comrades of the first did, the victory would have been complete. Greene reckoned, and not without cause, on the good conduct of this regiment; but instead of meeting the grenadiers of the guards with courage, they turned and fled at the first fire, leaving all the work to their companions, who had just broken one regiment into fragments. It was expected that the Carolina militia, unaccustomed to battle, would make but a feeble resistance; but the failure of this body was a grievous disappointment, and left but a small band on which the American commander could rely. When Greene beheld it, he hastened forward, and in his eagerness came near being taken prisoner; for, in approaching the spot where the conflict was raging, he suddenly found himself upon the enemy, and screened from them only by a few saplings. His danger was imminent; but with that presence of mind which never deserted him, he walked away quietly so as not to attract attention and provoke pursuit. His whole plan exhibited the greatest genius and daring combined; and as it was, he gained all that a mere victory would have

given him. An utter rout would have finished the campaign; but he could scarcely hope for this with the troops under him.

Still, undaunted by his reverse, he determined after giving his men a short repose to hazard another battle. In the meantime, he heard of the flight of his enemy, and was about to start in rapid pursuit, when, to his dismay, he found that his ammunition was nearly exhausted. This saved the victor from a complete overthrow; and those brave officers who had struggled so nobly, were compelled to remain inactive. Washington, and Lee, and Campbell, and Smith, and Howard, and Stevens, and Huger, and last and noblest, Gunby, and many others, had won for themselves an immortal name, but they were impatient for another trial.

As soon as he was able to make a demonstration, Greene sent forward Lee to hang on the rear of the crippled enemy, and immediately followed with his whole army. Nothing could shake the iron will of this man, or for a moment relax his energy. To-day retreating, to-morrow advancing—now pouring his columns to the charge, and now conducting them bleeding, through the storm and darkness, to a place of safety; and again, with scarcely a day's repose, breaking into a furious offensive—he exhibits all the qualities of a headlong warrior, and of a careful, great commander.

The British fled towards Wilmington, and Greene thundered in their rear. The former dared not hazard a battle, and pressed forward towards Deep River, and halting at Ramsey's Mills, threw a bridge across the stream, and waited the approach of the Americans. Greene, who had been detained a day, in order to

bring up his ammunition, urged his weary troops along the muddy roads, and at length approached the river. But Cornwallis had changed his mind, and without waiting to receive the attack, hurried his army across the bridge, and attempted to destroy it. But before he could effect his object, Lee burst on him with his legion, and he was compelled to seek safety in precipitate flight, leaving some of his dead on the banks, and the beef his men had killed hanging in the stalls. But here the troops, overcome by their rapid marches and long toils, and seeing the enemy again beyond their reach, refused to proceed any farther. No entreaties or remonstrance could prevail on them to stir; for the term of enlistment of many of them had expired, and they were far from their homes. Thus fell a second blow on the heart of this indomitable chieftain, and he was compelled to see his adversary withdraw in security. Still, could one have looked upon that army, he would scarcely blame them. Barefoot, half-clad, and without provisions, they had marched, fought, and retreated, and suffered, and now needed repose. Their iron leader could not expect from them what he himself would undertake, and he was forced to halt. With the most strenuous exertions, he could not get a supply of provisions; and the brave fellows, gnawed by the pangs of hunger, seized on the most disgusting food with avidity, but not a murmur escaped their lips. They loved their chieftain with devotion, for he asked nothing from them he did not himself cheerfully encounter; and many a night they had seen him drenched and worn, riding in their midst, encouraging their spirits, and rousing their patriotism. And now, as their term of service

expired, he called them out, and, after thanking them for their bravery and cheerful co-operation, dismissed them to their homes. With loud cheers they hailed him, as he rode along their lines, and then commenced their weary journey to their distant fire-sides.

With his army reduced to one-third of its size, no other course seemed left open to him but to take some central position, and watch the enemy. Cornwallis was beyond his reach if he attempted a pursuit; besides, he was too weak to risk a battle with him. He had accomplished all that could be done with an inferior force—out-manœuvred and thwarted his enemy till he could raise reinforcements—then fallen on him with terrible slaughter, and pursued him as long as an efficient army was left under his command, and now it was time to pause and reflect. What could be done in his crippled condition and destitute state? The gates of success, and even action, seemed shut upon him, but his genius struck out a plan as original as it was bold. With his little band he resolved to carry the war into South Carolina, and fall on the line of the enemy's posts established between Ninety-Six and Charleston. These were all well garrisoned and fortified; but if they could be taken, the base of Cornwallis's operations would be destroyed. Still it was a hazardous experiment; for if the latter, with his superior army, should follow him up, he would be crushed between it and the garrisons; but relying on his own resources and the confusion into which his sudden movements would throw his adversary, he set out on his desperate undertaking. Only a week's repose was given to the soldiers, and then a series of toils entered upon, to which all they had before

suffered was but a commencement. He had calculated all beforehand, and said: "*I know the troops will be exposed to every hardship. But, as I share it with them, I hope they will bear up under it with that magnanimity which has already supported them, and for which they deserve everything of their country.*" Secretly and carefully the army took up its line of march, and in twelve days reached Camden, where Lord Rawdon lay, strongly fortified.

BATTLE OF HOBKIRK'S HILL.

Greene took up his position on Hobkirk's Hill, about two miles north of the town, and remained there three days; when, hearing that a British reinforcement was coming up, he hastened to cut it off. Finding, after a fatiguing march, that the report was unfounded, he retraced his steps, and, on the 25th of April, again drew up his little army, scarce a thousand strong, in order of battle on Hobkirk's Hill. The troops, who had now been twenty-four hours without food, were hastily supplied, and sat scattered around in every direction, cooking it, when the fire from the videttes in the distance, announced the approach of the enemy. Greene was at the time in his tent, drinking a cup of coffee. In a moment he was in the saddle, his eye gleaming in exultation and confidence. The drums beat to arms—the hungry soldiers came rushing back to their posts—the stern order passed along the lines, and in a few minutes they stood prepared for the onset. The road ran directly through the American encampment, on each side of which extended the army in a

single line, one wing resting on a swamp, the other lost in the woods. The artillery occupied the road, while two hundred and fifty militia, and Washington's cavalry, were stationed in the rear, as a reserve. For awhile all was silent around that little army cresting the hill; and they stood and listened anxiously to the firing in the forest, as the picket-guards, retreating inch by inch, kept up a sharp fire on the advancing columns. Nothing could be seen except the smoke as it curled up over the tree-tops, revealing the struggle below, and all was breathless suspense, until at length the enemy emerged into the open ground, right in front of the height. The moment Greene's eye fell upon them, he saw that the narrowness of their front gave him a rare opportunity for a flank movement, and he resolved to overthrow them by one fell swoop. "*Let Campbell and Ford turn their flanks, the cavalry take them in the rear, and the centre charge with trailed bayonets,*" fell, in a single breath, from his lips; and swinging down round the enemy, the whole army precipitated itself forward. The artillery opened, followed by the rapid vollies of the infantry; and, in a moment, the field was in a blaze. Washington went galloping by a circuitous route to the rear; while that resolute line closed like the hand of fate around the British column. Thrown into confusion by the searching fire, and rolling back before the steadily advancing bayonets, the enemy began to break on all sides, and one more bold push and the day would be won. Greene, at the head of a single regiment, fought like the meanest soldier, and led the intrepid band steadily through the fire that wasted it. But in this critical moment, the veteran regiment of

Gunby, which had wrought such prodigies at Guilford, gave way; and Rawdon, rallying at the sight, rapidly extended his lines—pushing back the wings of the Americans, until, at length, the two armies stood front to front. Greene, broken-hearted at the flight of his favorite regiment, on which he had placed his hopes, galloped up to it, and sending his stern commands through the ranks, again rallied them: but it was too late. Spurring his steed up the hill, he cast his eye on the conflict beneath, and lo! all was lost. His centre was pierced, the artillery pushed back, and the enemy, with loud shouts, were rolling in one broad wave up the hill. His fond hopes were all blasted; and the irretrievable rout of his army burst like a thunder-clap upon him. Instantly ordering a retreat, he covered it with a single regiment; and spurring amid the bullets which rained in an incessant shower about him, succeeded in restoring partial order. In the meantime his artillery was almost within the enemy's grasp. The men had left the guns, and had just turned to flee, when Greene burst in a fierce gallop among them, and leaping from his horse, seized the drag-ropes himself. This heroic example shamed the men into courage, and they flew again to their places. At this critical moment Smith came up with forty-five of the camp-guards to their defence. On this little band, drawn up behind the guns, the British charged with both infantry and cavalry, and in a few minutes the Americans, though they fought with incredible fury, were reduced to fourteen: the next moment, having fired simultaneously, the cavalry was upon them while in the act of loading, and every man of them fell dead in his footsteps. The

artillery seemed now irretrievably lost; but before the victors could secure their prize, Washington burst upon them with his fierce riders, trampling them under foot, and scattering them like leaves from his path. In the outset of the battle he had reached, as he was ordered, the rear of the army, where he came upon a motley group of surgeons and attendants, and so forth, which he should have rode down without hesitation, and charged home upon the main body of the enemy. This, however, his generous heart forbade him to do, and while he was securing the prisoners the battle was lost. Had he rode steadily forward, he might have compensated for the failure of Gunby. But the fortunate moment had passed, and finding that Greene had been beaten back, he made good his retreat, and arrived just in time to save the artillery. Each man had his prisoner behind him, and thus, riding double, they came upon the enemy—but it was the work of only a moment for those bold dragoons to tumble each of those prisoners off, and then, with a shout, rush to the charge. Having rescued the artillery, Washington wheeled and fell like a loosened cliff on the shouting and victorious army, rolling it back on itself in utter amazement. This checked the pursuit, and Greene withdrew without further attack.

The grand cause of the failure was the unexpected retreat of Gunby's regiment; though the brave fellows who composed it were not to blame. As they were advancing, the first line, instead of charging bayonet, began to fire—this being arrested, they marched on down the hill, when the captain commanding the right fell dead. This caused a little confusion, though not a

company retreated, or even halted. Gunby, seeing there was some little disorder, and fearing it might increase, ordered the line to halt until the second line could close in at quick-step. He shouted this command at the top of his voice; but amid the noise of battle, it was not understood; and the soldiers, mistaking it for an order to retreat, turned and fled. Gunby was court-martialled for his conduct, and severely reprimanded. It was clear that he ought not to have halted his men, but kept them moving till the second line advanced to their aid. This reversing orders and confusing the soldiers in the very moment of attack, is the most ruinous thing that can be done.

Greene retreated only a few miles after the battle, hoping that Rawdon would be encouraged to a second attack; but he wisely forbore, and shut himself up in Camden.

Never was the former in a more critical situation than at this moment. The blow he had planned so secretly, and planted so skilfully, had not only failed, but waked up the enemy in every quarter to his designs. Cornwallis, when he heard of it, knew that his line of posts was threatened, and revolved long and anxiously his course. First he determined to push on after his daring and adventurous adversary, and overwhelm him; but finally turned his steps to Virginia, to close his career at Yorktown. In the meantime, reinforcements were hurrying up to Rawdon from Georgetown. On these Marion and Lee hung with threatening aspect, but they finally succeeded in reaching Camden. With his little destitute army about him, Greene now felt the full peril of his position, and, for

the first time during the campaign, his strong heart sunk in despondency. Rawdon was within striking distance of him, with a large force, while word was brought that Cornwallis was marching rapidly against him. His ammunition was exhausted, his recruits destitute of arms, and Congress seemed to have abandoned him to his fate. Deserted, impoverished, almost surrounded—with only a small and half-naked band around him, he for a moment bent under this accumulation of troubles, and the tide of despondency his iron will had so long kept back, flowed in one resistless flood over his manly heart. He drank deep of the cup of bitterness, and a heavy cloud rested on his brow as he sought in vain to pierce the gloom that surrounded him. It was, however, but a moment, and his strong nature roused itself to grapple with the difficulties that beset him. "*We will dispute every inch of ground,*" said he, "*though Lord Rawdon, I know, will push me back to the mountains.*"

The news of Cornwallis's march to Virginia, saved him this alternative, and allowed him to carry out his original plan. Rawdon, seeing that dispatch alone could save his garrisons south, immediately broke up his encampment at Camden; and having destroyed his stores and fortifications, and with the blazing town, which he had fired, to light his path, began his rapid march towards Fort Motte. Thither, also, Greene hastened, to save Marion and Lee, who were pressing the siege. Both commanders, one with alarm and the other with joy, heard, just before they reached it, that it had surrendered to our arms. This fort occupied a sort of middle position, between Ninety-Six on

the extreme northwest and Charleston on the extreme southeast: hence its fall broke the chain of posts completely.

The field was now open again to Greene, and sending forward Lee against Fort Granby, he followed in rapid marches with the main army. On approaching the place, he found it already in the hands of Lee. His face brightened up at the news—the morning was dawning, and a few more efforts, and lo! the sun of prosperity would rise. Hurrying on Lee, to unite with Pickens, now before Augusta, he turned his steps towards Ninety-Six, the last and strongest fortress. The garrison had been ordered long before to withdraw, but the messenger who bore the dispatch was captured, and Cruger, who commanded, was left to defend himself as he could.

STORMING OF NINETY-SIX.

On the 22d of May, after a fatiguing march, Greene found himself before the fort, and immediately began his approaches. With Kosciusko and Pendleton, he made the entire circuit of the fortifications, going so near that he was fired upon by the sentinels. First came a heavy redoubt surrounded with a ditch and frieze, and an abatis. A few rods distant, was a stockade fort, supported by two strong block-houses—the whole defended by a well-supplied garrison. On the 23d, Greene broke ground, and pushed his operations on with the utmost vigor—day and night, without a moment's intermission, the spade and pick-axe were heard in the trenches. Sally after sally was made by the enemy,

and a fierce fire kept up, but still the resolute workmen toiled on. Lee having failed before Augusta, now came up with his legion, and invested the stockade fort, and soon cut off the supply of water—the guns had been silenced before. Day after day the work went on, and closer and closer drew the toils around the garrison. All that bravery and resolution could do, had been done, and for eighteen days they had made desperate efforts to arrest the progress of the besiegers. But now the scene was drawing to a close, and in a few days more the fortress must fall.

At this critical juncture, news arrived of the rapid approach of Rawdon by forced marches, to relieve the garrison. Greene strained every nerve to bring up Marion, and Sumpter, and Pickens, that he might meet his enemy once more in the open field. "Let us have a field day," said he, "and I doubt not it will be a glorious one." Vain wish! the British commander knew that everything depended on celerity, and he soon was upon him with double the number of his army. Nothing now remained but to retreat; but this the soldiers could not bear to think of after all their toil, and begged so earnestly to be led to the assault, that Greene at length consented. He would not cripple his whole army by a general storm, and so he directed some picked regiments to make the attempt first on the stockade fort. On the 17th of June, the regiments destined to the assault stood to their arms—the forlorn-hopes took their stations; while fascines, with which to fill up the ditch, and hookmen, with long iron hooks, to pull down the sand-bags that lined the ramparts, completed the stern preparation. The riflemen were in their

towers, and the artillery was trained on the fort. At eleven o'clock the first cannon was fired, and the men sprung into the trenches; then the whole opened at once, the signal for the assault, and amid the roar of artillery, and peals of musketry, the brave fellows, with one fierce shout, plunged into the ditch, and began to climb the walls. In a moment a dreadful volley swept them down, yet they still pressed on over their dead companions, and mounted the ramparts against the line of bayonets that bristled above them. The fort was gallantly won, but the redoubt continued to hold out, and poured an incessant, galling fire on the Americans who crowded the ditch. But not a man yielded, and the assault was pressed with desperate impetuosity. But the ditch was too deep, and the parapets too high, and all efforts to scale them were unavailing. For a whole hour had this deadly conflict continued, before Greene ordered the troops to be withdrawn. He had won the stockade fort, and might yet win all; but he was afraid to risk his entire army, when Lord Rawdon was almost upon him. The assault had been nobly made, and the soldiers behaved with the courage of veteran troops, and it was with despondency and gloom they heard the orders to retreat. They had been nearly a month laboring to secure the prize, and now they were compelled to abandon it—with heavy hearts they beheld the ramparts, still red with the blood of their comrades, fade away in the distance.

Rawdon came rapidly up, and, passing the fort, pressed hard after Greene; but after marching twenty-two miles, his overtasked troops gave out, and he returned. Ordering Ninety-Six to be evacuated, he began

his retreat, harassed at every step by Lee, who kept dealing blow after blow, and yet receiving none in return. In the track of the retreating army were crowds of men, women and children, fleeing from the vengeance of the Whigs, whom they had insulted, and robbed, and slain without mercy. The day of retribution had come; and the panic-struck wretches fled to Charleston, to escape the vengeance due to their crimes.

Greene no sooner saw his enemy retreat, than he turned, with his usual daring, in pursuit. Following rapidly on his flying traces, he again and again, by his deep-laid plans and unwearied exertions, almost captured a part of the army. Daunted by no danger, overcome by no toil, never beguiled into repose, he seemed omnipresent to his foe. At length, after having forced him back at every point—Orangeburg alone remaining occupied between him and the coast—he resolved to rest his troops. The heat of summer had set in, and the suffering and exposure of his men demanded some relief. Choosing out a salubrious position on the high hills of Santee, he went into summer-quarters, and all the freedom and wild mirth of a camp life commenced. But to Greene there was no repose; and he immediately set about a re-organization of the army. Congress, however, could do nothing, and no money was sent him with which to pay off the soldiers. Still, partial success crowned his efforts—resulting from the re-establishment of the civil power, which the presence of the enemy had abolished.

As soon as he had rested his troops, he was again in motion, saying, "*We will seek the enemy wherever*

we can find them, unless they take refuge within the gates of Charleston." On the 22d of August he broke up his encampment, and began his march, looking anxiously for reinforcements, without which he would be powerless. Said he, in writing to Lee: "*We must have victory or ruin; nor will I spare anything to obtain it.*" Pushing on under the broiling August sun, he ordered in Pickens and Marion with the troops under their command, and approached Orangeburg. At length he heard that the enemy had halted at Eutaw Springs, and immediately moved forward to within seven miles, and halted. Here Marion joined him; and that night, the 7th of September, the toil-worn chieftain wrapped himself in his cloak, and slept on the ground, in the midst of his soldiers, with the root of a tree for his pillow.

BATTLE OF EUTAW SPRINGS.

With the first dawn the drums beat to arms; but Greene was already on horseback, and soon had his troops under way. The eastern sky was red and glowing with the near approach of the up-rising sun, and the dew-drops lay fresh and sparkling on the foliage, as they passed through the forest. In two columns—the militia under the gallant Marion and Pickens, in front, and the brave continentals in the rear, while Lee's fierce legion led the van, they moved silently on. But, with the exception of the officers, there were few bright uniforms to be seen. Whole ranks were barefoot and in rags, and hundreds were stark naked, with nothing but tufts of moss on their

shoulders and hips, to keep their muskets and cartridge-boxes from chafing their skins. It was a sight to move the heart, to see those naked freemen pressing on to battle, under the flag of liberty. Greene cast his anxious eye along the dark files, as they swept noiselessly onward, feeling that a few hours more would settle the fate of his army. The enemy he was advancing against was not only superior in numbers and discipline, but occupied an advantageous position, while a large portion of his own soldiers had never been in action, and would be compelled to take such ground as would be left them. No wonder that his heart was filled with the deepest solicitude, as he thought of the unequal contest he was seeking. Still, a battle he must have, and a victory too, cost what it might, before his troops again disbanded.

About eight o'clock, when yet four miles from Eutaw, the rolling of drums in the distance announced the approach of the enemy. It proved to be only a detachment, which Lee's legion scattered before them like chaff of the summer threshing-floor. The shouts that were sent back over the American columns, inspired new hope and courage, and they pressed triumphantly forward.

The British army, under Stewart, lay at Eutaw Springs, in an open field—the only one in the whole region—protected on one side by the Eutaw creek, while in the rear stood barns and out-houses, presenting a rallying point in case of disaster. Added to all this, there was a strong brick house, commanding the entire ground. This house was in fact an impregnable fort, for the Americans had no artillery heavy enough to

batter it down. Through this open space ran the road along which Greene was advancing. For miles away on either side, it was an unbroken forest; and that sweet spot, resting in the very bosom of nature, solitary and alone, was to be the meeting-place of the armies. When the news of Greene's approach was brought him, the English commander was surprised, but immediately began to put his army in order of battle. The tents were left standing in the morning sunlight, and the troops formed in a single line in front of them, and awaited the onset. They had not long to remain in suspense, for with streaming banners and glittering bayonets the American columns came steadily on, and soon the first line drew up face to face with the whole British force, and the battle opened. Gaines, with the American artillery, came sweeping in a gallop along the road, and hastily unlimbering his guns, vomited forth fire on the British line—the enemy's artillery replied, and an incessant peal of thunder rolled through the forests of Eutaw. The raw militia bore up like veterans, and though outnumbered, two to one, delivered their fire with such precision and swiftness, as for a while to overbalance that of the enemy. It ran in a sharp, quick rattle from one extremity of the line to the other, with deadly effect, while the deep regular vollies of the English replied. Greene's eye kindled with exultation as he saw how firmly and resolutely his untried troops closed on the foe. But at length the superior numbers of the enemy began to tell, and they moved forward. The militia shaking under the pressure, slowly recoiled when Greene ordered up some of his own battalions to their relief, which,

led on by the gallant Sumner, came into action in beautiful order, and delivered such a scourging fire, and followed it up with such rapidity and precision, that the English were compelled to fall back to their first position, and the battle raged again with tenfold fury. A part of the artillery on both sides had been dismounted; but the rest kept thundering on in deafening explosions, till the trees trembled and rocked above the combatants. Finding his line pressed so hotly, the English commander ordered up his reserve, and the entire army was now engaged. Greene still kept by him two battalions of continentals, the brave Marylanders and Virginians, while Washington, with his fierce horsemen panting for the fray, sat in the rear. With these he had planned a terrible blow, but the moment to deliver it had not yet arrived. His eye flashed fire as he surveyed the tumultuous field, and he watched with delight the advancing smoke of the American vollies. Loud shouts were borne back to his ear, and our gallant troops made head against the whole British array. But superior numbers at length prevailed—our line halted, and then, after a short struggle, bent backward like a serpent of fire over the ground. Vainly struggling to spring to its place again, it became broken; when, observing it, the whole English army threw itself forward with deafening shouts. But pressing up its advantage too eagerly, it became disordered, which Greene's quick eye detected instantaneously. This was his time, and he shouted to his brave continentals, "*Advance, and sweep the field with the bayonet!*" A loud huzza was the answer; and, with leaning forms and trailed, bayonets those

two terrible battalions moved swiftly and sternly forward. In a moment the whole interest of the battle gathered around them, and every eye was turned on their ranks, as they came in beautiful order and stern array within reach of the enemy's vollies. The British saw them approach without dismay, and sending up a loud shout of defiance, poured in a rapid and wasting fire. But nothing could stop those noble troops—on, on they swept, shoulder to shoulder, without shrinking, through the driving sleet. The Virginians, galled dreadfully by the fire, gave one volley, then rushed forward: but the stern Marylanders never pulled a trigger. Their rapid tread shook the field, their terrible shout drowned even the roar of musketry, and with their eyes bent in wrath on the enemy, they moved in one dark and dreadful wave to the shock. Before their steady valor and determined aspect, the firmest veterans shrunk in dismay, and with one loud cry they fell like a rolling rock on the shaking ranks. Through and over them they went with headlong fury, turning the whole army in affright over the field. Lee, too, came down on the flank with his legion, and the bugles of Washington's cavalry rung over the tumult, and their fierce gallop made the earth tremble. The British army became like a flock of sheep before them. Past and through their camp, and along the road to Charleston, they fled, leaving their tents standing on the plain, and all seemed lost. But, alas! that deserted camp, with its luxuries, was more potent than when filled with warriors. Breaking from their ranks, the soldiers swarmed through them after the spoils—all but Lee's gallant legion, which turned neither to the right hand nor to the left, but pressed

fiercely on after the fugitives. In this crisis, a few British soldiers, with Sheridan at their head, threw themselves into the brick house; and, though pressed so closely by the Americans, that there was a desperate struggle at the door for the mastery, they succeeded in shutting themselves in. Many of their own officers and men, however, were left without, whom the Americans seized and held before them as they retreated, as shields against the marksmen in the house. The artillery was hurried up, but proved to be too light to batter down the walls, while from every window was poured an incessant fire. It was then that those who had broken their ranks and rushed into the tents, received the punishment of their deeds. As fast as they emerged into the open air, the deadly shots from the house mowed them down, and many a gallant officer, in striving to force his men out, was picked off. Thus ingloriously fell those brave troops, who had passed scathed through the fight.

Meanwhile, in an impenetrable thicket, which flanked the field of battle, there still remained a detachment of upwards of three hundred British, whom no effort could dislodge. Washington came thundering on them with his squadron, but he could not pierce the hedge-like shrubbery. Halting to wheel his men by sections into an open space where he thought he could make a charge, such a destructive fire was opened on him, that every officer but two, and one-third of his entire squadron, fell at the first volley. His own horse was shot under him, and himself bayoneted and taken prisoner. The remnants of the shattered band, undismayed, wheeled and charged with incredible fury. Vain valor! the thicket was like a

wall of adamant in their faces, and the Delaware infantry brought up to their relief met with no better success. The British officer who commanded that detachment, finding the Americans slowly enveloping him, at length began to retreat, hugging the thicket and ravine as he went, until he came where the house protected him. This enabled the British commander to form his line of battle anew. But Greene had already gained enough to secure his object. One-quarter of the whole English army had fallen on the field dead or wounded, another quarter he had taken prisoners; and this brilliant success he did not wish to risk in another engagement, since he knew that his adversary would be compelled to retreat. He had driven the enemy from the field, taken a part of their artillery and a quarter of their army, and crushed forever their boasted superiority with the bayonet; and so leaving a strong picket on the ground under Hampton, retired from the combat, though he could have renewed the battle with success, and gained it the second time. But with his prisoners and wounded, and his army exhausted with fatigue, he could not continue the pursuit, and hence a complete victory would end only in the retreat of the enemy—a result that would occur without any more fighting.

Lee went with a flag to the English commander, to propose that both armies should unite in burying the dead. The roar of the conflict had died away, and the burning sun was still high in the heavens, when the hostile bands, forgetting their animosities, mingled together in bearing off their fallen comrades. There they lay, friend and foe, side by side—many mutually trans-

fixed, and scowling on each other in death. The field was red with blood, and the slain lay thick as autumn-leaves over that open space. But there was one spectacle which, as it met his gaze, wrung Greene's heart with the bitterest anguish. Before him, in ghastly rows, lay fifty of his brave officers, pale and cold in death, or bleeding fast from their wounds. In a small, miserable hovel, standing by itself, were the officers of Washington's squadron, who had fallen under that dreadful fire from the thicket. They were all noble young men, in the morning of life—heroes every one of them, who had closed firmly round him in his darkest hours. As he passed among them his lips quivered —his eyes filled with tears, and to those stretched on the floor, still breathing, he said, in a voice choked with emotion: "*It was a trying duty imposed on you; but it was unavoidable. I could not help it.*"

So overcome with thirst and heat were the men, after the battle, that they ran and plunged bodily into the ponds and swamps. But their sufferings did not end with the day. The sickly season had set in, and fevers were added to wounds, till the hospitals were crowded, and the surgeons and physicians worn down with constant labor. The enemy had fled in affright, immediately after the battle, closely pursued by Lee's legion, and Marion's men; and Greene himself would have pushed on, but his sick and dying army required repose, and he repaired to the hills of Santee. In this distressed and crippled condition his feelings were sorely tried, and in no way more than in seeing the sufferings of his faithful soldiers. He would go himself through the hospital, cheering up the desponding, and stooping

over the fevered couch of the dying, while blessings and tears followed his footsteps.

Two months passed away in this manner, and the enemy were gathering their forces again. The recruits on their way to join him, had been stopped at Yorktown, and but a feeble band remained under his command. Apparently deserted and abandoned, his officers began to despond, and proposed to abandon all further effort. "*No,*" said the intrepid and noble-hearted patriot, "*I will save the country or perish in the attempt:*" and while yet in the midst of his troubles and embarrassments, hearing of the approach of Washington against Cornwallis, and fearing the latter would attempt to retreat through the Carolinas, to Charleston, he made preparations to cross his path, and again measure strength with him. But on the 9th of November, 1781, the news was brought of the surrender of the British army; and joy and exultation reigned throughout the camp.

Greene now hoped to draw the French fleet south, to co-operate with him in reducing Charleston; but failing in this, he boldly took the field against the enemy. Sending Marion to operate between Charleston and Santee, and Sumpter to overawe the Tories at Orangeburg, he, with eight hundred men advanced against Dorchester, where one portion of the English army was lying. Stewart, his old adversary of Eutaw, was only seven miles from this place, with the other division; but Greene hoped by a surprise to crush the former, before he could come to its relief. With his eight hundred men he moved rapidly over the intervening country, and abandoning the public roads, made his

way through forests and swamps, and falling on the English cavalry and breaking it in pieces, suddenly presented himself before Dorchester. But the British had heard of his approach, notwithstanding his precaution, and destroying their stores, precipitately retreated to within six miles of Charleston. Thither also Stewart fled, and thus, by a brilliant manœuvre, Greene drove the enemy from all their strong posts, and cooped them up around Charleston. The country rung with applause, and his own officers were dazzled at the genius and daring which had accomplished so much. Following up his success, he began to draw his toils closer and closer around the city. But in the very midst of his victories, came the news, that two thousand men from New York, and three thousand from Ireland, were on their way to relieve the place. Instead of yielding to despair at this unlooked-for danger, he summoned all his energies to meet it. He called on the separate States, in the most beseeching language, for reinforcements, and the state of his mind at this time may be imagined, from a letter he wrote to Davies. "*For God's sake!*" said he, "*give no sleep to your eyes, nor slumber to your eyelids, until you get the troops on the march.*" Desperate as was his position, he was determined to fight; and if he could not win the battle, at least so burden the enemy with wounded, that they could not pursue him. The report, however, turned out to be a gross exaggeration, and a world of anxiety was taken from his mind. In writing to a friend afterwards, he says, with a mixture of mirth and firmness: "I have not been fright-

ened, as Dr. Skinner says, but *I have been confoundedly alarmed.*"

John's Island was now the only point around Charleston in possession of the British troops, and this he determined to carry by storm. There was but one place where an army could wade to the island, and over that only at low tide; while galleys moored within four hundred yards of each other, commanded the passage. Two columns were put in motion on the night of the 13th of January, and silently began their march. Lee's reached the shore, and cautiously passed over; while the "All's well," from the galleys, ringing through the darkness, showed that they had not been discovered. He drew up his men on the beach, and there, wet and shivering, waited the arrival of the other column. This, however, being deserted by its guide, and losing its way, had wandered all night through the fields. Messengers had been dispatched in every direction, but the secrecy with which everything had been conducted rendered their search fruitless. At length light streaks along the eastern sky announced the approach of day, and the brave column was recalled to the main land, and reached it in safety, though the tide was running breast-high. This bold and skilfully laid plan had failed—but nothing daunted, Greene ordered up his artillery, and opened a fierce fire on the galleys, which forced them from their position, and drove the enemy into Charleston. Pressing up his advantage, he now threatened the city itself.

But during the privations of the winter the troops became discouraged, and some of them, mostly Pennsylvanians, plotted a revolt. They opened communica-

tions with the enemy, and everything was arranged to deliver Greene into their hands. But the day before this infamous plot was to be carried into execution, it was discovered, and the leader of it hung in presence of the army.

In the meantime Greene continued to draw his lines closer and closer around Charleston. The spring found him still menacing the town, but without the power to inflict a blow. Summer came, and still he lingered; until at last the pestilential atmosphere began its work. Struck down by disease, the men died by scores, and the air became loaded with the stench of putrid corpses. In approaching the camp, you would have thought, from the smell, that the whole army was rotting in the sun. It was perfectly horrible; and at last Greene himself was stricken down with the fever though his resolute spirit still remained unbroken. The utmost destitution prevailed; so that even salt had to be manufactured on the sea-shore, to furnish a supply. The soldiers were without clothing—there was scarce one blanket to ten men—hundreds were entirely naked; and thus, consumed with fever, they slowly wasted away. There were a thousand so destitute of garments, that Greene could not ask them to appear on duty, except in the most desperate emergency. Thus the spring and autumn passed. At length the army received a good supply of clothing, and the sickness began slowly to disappear.

The enemy were still in Charleston, but their condition was every day becoming more and more straitened; and at last they determined to evacuate the city. When the morning gun of the thirteenth of

December broke over the American camp—the signal for the embarkation to commence—loud shouts of exultation went up; and as the soldiers entered the town, so great was their eagerness, that the officers could scarcely restrain them from pressing on the ranks of the retiring foe. At three o'clock Greene entered, with the governor by his side, preceded by thirty dragoons, and followed by a long procession of citizens, while his brave cavalry brought up the rear. With banners flying, and drums beating, and bugles breathing forth their most triumphant strains, the imposing procession moved through the streets. Every window was thronged with happy faces; and the whole city had turned out to see the man, the history of whose toils, and sufferings, and battles, and victories had become familiar as household words, and who was now bringing them freedom, and joy, and peace. At first, a breathless silence hung over the immense multitude, and eyes swimming in tears were turned in mute love and admiration towards the advancing chieftain. Suddenly, as if by a common impulse, there arose over this deep hush, one long and deafening shout, till the city rocked and rung with the jubilee; and "*God bless you! God bless you!*" fell on every side, from hearts overflowing with joy and gratitude. That was a proud day to the noble-hearted veteran; and in that single moment of bliss he received a full reward for his toils. As he looked on the thousands of beaming and happy faces, his manly breast heaved with emotion, and that iron heart, which no toil, nor suffering, nor danger, could subdue, sunk under the tide of affection, and the eye that had never blenched, in the wildest of the battle,

flowed in tears. Noble man! those tears honored him more than his hard-earned laurels.

This ended the war in the South—Greene had conquered at last, though under circumstances that fill the historian with wonder as he traces back the stream of events.

Of his efforts in behalf of his soldiers, and the difficulties he surmounted while commanding in Charleston, I will say nothing. In April, the news of peace was received with illuminations, and salutes of cannon, and unbounded demonstrations of joy; and in August he bade farewell to his army, which had become endeared to him by a common suffering, and a thousand proofs of devotion, and took his journey northward. At Princeton, he met his beloved commander Washington, and there they talked over together their toils, and the glorious prospects before their country. Hastening on to his family, in Rhode Island, he was everywhere received with applause. He found his affairs involved, but taking a small house at Newport, he began to gather around him the comforts of home. But his great exposures and incessant toil, together with his sickness in his southern campaigns, had made severe inroads on his iron constitution. He, however, rallied again, and, in 1785, after passing through great pecuniary embarrassments, removed to Georgia, to a plantation on the Savannah river, which had been presented to him by the State. Soon after his arrival, he received a challenge from a Captain Gunn, on account of some decision he had made against him during the war, respecting a horse. Greene promptly rejected it, thus furnishing a noble example to the South, of which he

had become a citizen. This was a bold step to take, considering the state of public feeling at that time, and Greene knew it, and wrote to Washington asking his advice. It is needless to say, the latter approved his course.

The next year he removed his family to his plantation, called Mulberry Grove, and there, surrounded by those he loved, he seemed to recover the freshness and elasticity of youth. His happiness, however, was of short duration. On his way home from Savannah, in June, whither he had gone on business, he stopped with Mr. Gibbons over night, and next day walking out with him to view his rice plantation, received a partial sunstroke. He reached home, but the death-blow had been inflicted, and after a few days of suffering, he, on the 18th of June, 1786, closed his career. He was in the prime of life, being only forty-four years of age when he died. His body was carried to Savannah; and there followed by an immense concourse of people, and amid general mourning, was borne to the grave.

HIS CHARACTER.

Next to Washington, Greene was the ablest commander in the revolutionary army. In person he was above the middle height, and strongly made. He had a fine face, with a florid complexion, lit up by brilliant blue eyes. His natural expression was frank and benevolent, but in battle it assumed a sternness, which showed that beneath his easy and gentle manners, was a strength of purpose not easily overcome. When highly excited, or absorbed in intense thought, he had

a curious habit of rubbing violently his upper lip with his fore-finger. Inured by exposure and toil, his frame possessed a wonderful power of endurance, rendered still greater by the indomitable will it enclosed. A self-made man, he rose from the ranks to major-general of the army, solely by his own genius and force. Ignorant at first of military tactics, he applied himself with such diligence to the subject, that he mastered them in less time than many employ on the rudiments: and the knowledge he obtained was not merely so many maxims and rules stowed away, but principles, out of which he wrought his own plans and system. He had an almost intuitive perception of character. He resembled Washington in this respect, and seemed to take the exact measure of every man who approached him. Many of his actions in the field were based upon this knowledge of his adversaries, and hence, though often inexplicable to others, perfectly clear and rational to himself. Thus, in the southern campaign against Cornwallis, his movements were sometimes considered rash in the extreme by those who judged of them merely from the relative position and strength of the armies. But to him, who could judge more correctly from his knowledge of men's views and character, than from their transient movements, what course they would take, they appeared the wisest he could adopt. A more fearless man never led an army; and his courage was not the result of sudden enthusiasm, or even of excitement, but of a well-balanced and strong character. He was never known to be thrown from his perfect self-possession by any danger, however sudden; and was just as calm and collected when his shattered army tossed

in a perfect wreck around him, as in his tent at night. The roar of artillery, and the tumult of a fierce-fought battle, could not disturb the natural action of his mind—his thoughts were as clear, and his judgment was as correct in the midst of a sudden and unexpected overthrow, as in planning a campaign. This gave him tremendous power, and was the great reason that, though beaten, he could not be utterly routed. No matter how superior his antagonist, or how unexpected the panic of his troops, he was never, like Gates, driven a fugitive from the field. He possessed two qualities seldom found united—great caution, and yet great rapidity. His blow was carefully planned, but when it came it fell like falling lightning. His mind was clear and comprehensive, and worked with ceaseless activity and energy. Nothing could escape his glance, and he seemed to forecast all the contingencies that did or could happen. His fortitude was wonderful. All exposures, all privations, all embarrassments, toils and sufferings, he bore with a patience that filled his soldiers with astonishment and admiration. During his southern campaign he never took off his clothes, except to change them, for *seven months;* and sometimes would be in the saddle two days on a stretch, without a moment's repose. His energy was equal to his endurance; for he not only *bore* everything bravely, but, under difficulties that would have weighed an ordinary man to the earth, put forth almost super-human exertions. No sooner was one obstacle surmounted than he attacked another; and no sooner was one danger escaped than he plunged into another, again to extricate himself, to the astonishment of all. Tireless as fate itself, he would neither take repose

nor allow it to his enemy. His whole career, while opposed to Cornwallis, is one of the most remarkable in the history of military men. When he took command of the southern army, he found it to consist of a mere handful of destitute, undisciplined, and ragged troops: yet, with these, he entered the field against one of the best generals of the age supported by an army of veteran soldiers. With his raw recruits around him, he immediately began the offensive; and before his powerful enemy had time to penetrate his plans, smote him terribly at Cowpens. Having by this movement brought the whole English force against him, he was compelled to retreat, and by a series of skilful manœuvres and forced marches, completely foiled every attempt to reach him. Unable to cope with his adversary, he, nevertheless, refused to quit the field—retiring like the lion, slowly and resolutely. He kept his pursuer ever under his eye, so that he could not make a mistake without receiving a blow. He stopped when his adversary stopped, and looked him boldly in the face, till he provoked him to burn his baggage, in order to convert his entire army into light troops, and thus facilitate his movements. But even then he would out-march and out-manœuvre him, penetrating and baffling every plan laid against him, and carrying out every one of his own. He thus led his enemy through the entire State of North Carolina; and the moment he turned, followed him, and dealt him such a staggering blow at Guilford, that he was compelled to a precipitate flight. No sooner was Cornwallis beyond his reach, than he turned furiously on his posts in South Carolina, and carrying them one after another,

brought the war to the doors of Charleston. His combinations, throughout the whole campaign, were admirable, and succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations. He did not commit a single error, and every failure that befell him was the result of the most arrant cowardice on the part of some of his militia.

Years before, the English officer opposed to him in Jersey, wrote, saying, "Greene is dangerous as Washington—he is vigilant, enterprising, and full of resources;" and the Chevalier de la Luzerne, Knight of Malta, in speaking of his southern campaign, said: "Other generals subdue their enemy, by the means which their country or sovereign furnishes them; but Greene appears to reduce his enemy by his own means. He commenced his campaign without either an army, provisions, or military stores. He has asked for nothing since; and yet, scarcely a post arrives from the South that does not bring intelligence of some new advantage gained over the foe. He conquers by magic. History furnishes no parallel to this."

The resources of his mind were inexhaustible—there was no gulf out of which he could not find a way of escape, and no plan, if necessary, too hopeless for him to attempt. Without a dollar from government, and penniless himself, he nevertheless managed to keep an army in the field, and conquer with it. True, it was half-naked and half-starved; but by his wonderful power he succeeded in holding it together. His soldiers loved him with devotion, and having seen him extricate himself so often from apparently inevitable ruin, they at length came to regard him as invincible. Sharing all their toils and dangers, and partaking of

all their sufferings, he so wound himself into their affections, that they would go wherever he commanded. He made of raw militia all that ever can be made of them, in the short time he had them under his control.

His patriotism was of the purest kind, and Washington spoke from correct knowledge when he said: "Could he but promote the interests of his country in the character of a corporal, he would exchange, without a murmur, his epaulettes for the knot." His own reputation and life he regarded as nothing in the cause of freedom. Next to his country, he loved Washington; and no mean ambition, or envy of his great leader, ever sullied his noble character. That affection was returned, and the two heroes moved side by side, as tried friends, through the revolutionary struggle. He was a man whose like is seldom seen; and placed in any country, opposed to any commander, would have stood first in the rank of military chieftains. In the heart of Europe, with a veteran army under his command, he would have astonished the world.

XIII.

MAJOR GENERAL MOULTRIE.

Patriotism of South Carolina—Moultrie fights the Cherokees—Commands the troops in Charleston—Battle of Fort Moultrie—Made Brigadier General under Lincoln—Saves Charleston by his Decision—Bravery at the Siege of Charleston—Is taken Prisoner—Blowing up of a Magazine—His Character.

In that crisis of our history, when not only the liberty of this country, but the fate of freedom, the world over, hung quivering upon our decision, South Carolina acted a noble part. The colonies were full of hesitation and fear at the gathering tempest, which, in its slow rising, darkened the whole heavens; and when Massachusetts sent forth her appeal, thousands of patriotic hearts throbbed anxiously to hear the response which should be returned. South Carolina suffered least of all from the system of taxation insisted upon by the parent country, yet she was among the first to hail her New England sister; and pledging her treasures and her hardy sons to the struggle, swore, on the common altar, to stand or fall by her side. Governed more by principle than interest, and obeying that generous sympathy which prefers death with the oppressed to honor with the oppressor, she stepped into the glorious sisterhood, who twined their arms together in the no-

MOULTRIE.

Willm Moultrie

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blest sacrifice ever witnessed among the nations of the earth.

May her love to the Union ever be as pure and unselfish, and her feet the last to leave the common platform on which they were first to be placed at such a cost of blood and treasure.

Of the patriotic and chivalrous men of our Revolution, South Carolina, considering her population and extent, furnished an unusually large proportion. With Moultrie, the two Pinckneys, Sumpter, Laurens, Rutledge, and Marion, and others, she presented a galaxy of noble men, of which even a *nation* might be proud.

William Moultrie was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1731 ; and, like many of our distinguished officers, took his first lessons in war in combats with the Indians. When thirty years of age, he was appointed captain in a provincial regiment, raised to chastise the Cherokees for their frequent irruptions into the settlements. Marion was his lieutenant. He led his company gallantly into battle at Etchoe, where the Indians were completely humbled; and performed that long and tedious march through the hostile territory, in which privation, and hunger, and toil almost unparalleled, were endured. Through such swamps and thickets, and difficulties innumerable, an army scarce ever before made its way. At its close the soldiers were literally mangled, though untouched by the enemy. The nightly bivouacs in the limitless forest—the sleepless vigilance—the destitution and labor of this campaign, were a good school for the future chieftain, and taught him to despise that ease and luxury which have been the grave of so many noble efforts.

At the commencement of the Revolutionary War, the provincial congress of South Carolina voted a million of money to defray the expenses, and immediately commenced raising an army. In this, Moultrie, on the very day the battle of Bunker's Hill was fought, was appointed colonel, and Marion promoted to a captaincy. His first expedition was against Fort Johnson on James Island, then in possession of the British. With a detachment of men he started at midnight, prepared to carry the works by storm, and expecting bloody work; but the enemy had got wind of the projected attack, and fled. Previous to their departure, they had dismantled the fort, and it was with great difficulty Moultrie could mount three cannon before the British vessels of war appeared before it. They, however, concluded it was not best to venture an attack, and hauled off. At length, in November, the ships undertook to clear a passage through Hog Island channel, up to the town, which ended in a cannonade.

In December, Moultrie erected a battery on Haddell's Point, for the purpose of driving off two men-of-war, which annoyed the inhabitants exceedingly. Taking with him two hundred soldiers and several of the citizens, he started on a cold December night, and by the dim starlight toiled away till morning. When daylight dawned, they were well covered, and the vessels moved away.

The next spring, early in March, he was ordered to take post on Sullivan's Island, and complete a fort there —the outline of which had already been marked out— within point-blank shot of the channel leading into Charleston harbor. A British fleet was expected to

attack the town, and this was the only defence the inhabitants could make. Palmetto trees had been cut in the forest, and the logs in huge rafts lay moored to the beach—the best material that could be obtained with which to resist the heavy broadsides of English frigates. Ignorant of gunnery, but confident in their own resources, and nerved with resolute courage, these hardy sons of the soil heaved those huge palmettoes from the water, and began the work. A square pen was built, with bastions at each angle, capable of covering a thousand men. The logs were laid in two parallel rows, sixteen feet apart; bound together with cross-timbers dove-tailed and bolted into the logs, and the wide space between filled with sand. When completed, it presented the appearance of a solid wall sixteen feet wide; but its strength was yet to be tested. Behind this, Moultrie placed four hundred and thirty-five men, and thirty-one cannon, some of them twenty-sixes, some eighteens, and the rest of smaller calibre—throwing in all five hundred and thirteen pounds.

At this juncture, Lee arrived from the North, and took command of the troops. When his eye, accustomed to the scientific structures of Europe, fell on this rudely-built affair, he smiled in derision, calling it "*a slaughter-pen*," and requested Governor Rutledge to have it immediately evacuated. But that noble patriot was made of sterner stuff, and replied, "that while a soldier remained alive to defend it, he would never give his sanction to such an order."

BATTLE OF FORT MOULTRIE.

At length a fleet of fifty vessels was seen bearing up under a cloud of canvass, for Charleston. In an instant, all was commotion; soldiers were hurried off in every direction, the lead wrenched from the windows of the houses and churches, and run into bullets, and everything put in a state of preparation to receive the enemy. Consternation seized the inhabitants; many left the town, and the most hopeful began to despair of success. A former captain of an English man-of-war, went over to the fort to see Moultrie, and while they were walking on the platform together, looking at the vessels as they floated lazily up, said to the latter: "Well, colonel, what do you think of it *now?*" "We shall beat them," was the laconic reply. "Sir," exclaimed the captain, in the most emphatic manner, "when those ships come to lay alongside of your fort, they will knock it down in half an hour." He expected Moultrie would be astonished at this announcement, but he very coolly replied: "*Then we will lay behind the ruins, and prevent the men from landing.*" Every experienced seaman in the harbor made the same declaration; and with these on one side, and Lee, of world-wide experience in military matters on the other, it is a little singular that a provincial colonel, who had seen no real service, and a governor, who did not pretend to know what English broadsides could do, should persist in defending it. This is the more strange, when we remember that the men knew little or nothing of artillery, having never fired anything heavier than a rifle, and hence could have but little confidence in their

own skill. Besides, they had never been accustomed to the tremendous uproar of a heavy cannonade, and it was not to be expected they would, for the first time, be particularly steady or true in their aim.

But these brave men had labored hard to build a fort, and whether it could be held or not, were determined to defend it to the last extremity. They knew nothing of artillery. They knew not the relative strength of such a fort to heavy frigates, nor what the result would be; but they knew they could *fight—that* much, at least, was within their comprehension. Lee would not stay in a structure which would be shattered into fragments in thirty minutes, and retired some distance, in order to manage the retreat. In the meantime, Moultrie received the following laconic note from Rutledge. "General Lee wishes you to evacuate the fort. You will not, without an order from me. *I will sooner cut my hand off than write one.*"

At length, on the morning of the 28th of June, the wind being fair, the British fleet hoisted sail, and came streadily up towards the fort. There were nine of them in all—two of fifty guns each, five of twenty-eight, one of twenty-six, and a bomb-vessel. In a moment the rapid roll of the drums behind the works, beating to arms, brought every man to his station. It was a warm and beautiful day—a light ripple just stirred the bosom of the bay, and all was calm and peaceful. As the vessels swept gracefully up to their positions, Moultrie's eye flashed with delight; and the men, eager for the fray, kept training their heavy guns upon them as they advanced. At length, as they came within point-blank shot, the order to fire was given, and that low, dark

structure opened its thunder. The shores shook to the tremendous explosion, and in a moment the wharves, and steeples, and heights of Charleston were black with spectators, gazing with throbbing hearts on the volumes of smoke that rose in a vast cloud from that distant island. Without returning a shot, the vessels steadily advanced, until directly abreast of the fort—then letting go their anchors, and clewing up their sails, they poured in a terrible broadside. More than a hundred cannon opened at once, with such a wild uproar, that the boldest for a moment held his breath. The battle had now fairly commenced, and the guns were worked with fearful rapidity. It was one constant peal of thunder, and to the spectators in Charleston, that low spot, across the bay, looked like a volcano breaking forth from the sea. Lee stood on Haddrell's Point, watching the effect of the first fire. When the smoke lifted, like the folds of a vast curtain, he expected to see that "slaughter-pen" in fragments; but there still floated the flag of freedom, and beneath it beat brave hearts, to whom that awful cannonade was but "a symphony to the grand march of independence." When the fight had fairly begun, they thought no more of those heavy guns than they did of their rifles; and delighted to find they could wield them with such skill, stripped to the work. Their coats were hastily flung one side, and their hats with them—and in their shirt-sleeves, with handkerchiefs bound about their heads, they toiled away under the sweltering sun, with the coolness and courage of old soldiers. The fire from those nine vessels, with their cannon all trained upon that pile of logs, was terrific,

and it trembled like a frightened thing under the shock; but the good palmettoes closed silently over the balls, as they buried themselves in the timber and sand, and the work went bravely on. Thus, hour after hour did it blaze, and flame, and thunder there on the sea, while the shots of the Americans told with murderous effect. At every discharge those vessels shook as if smitten by a rock—the planks were ripped up—the splinters hurled through the air, and the decks strewed with mangled forms. Amid the smoke, bombs were seen traversing the air, and dropping in an incessant shower within the fort—but a morass in the middle swallowed them up as fast as they fell. At length, riddled through and through, her beds of mortar broken up, the bomb-vessel ceased firing. Leaving the smaller vessels, as unworthy of his attention, Moultrie trained his guns upon the larger ones, and "Look to the Commodore! look to the fifty-gun ships," passed along the lines, and they *did* look to the Commodore in good earnest, sweeping her decks at every discharge, with such a fatal fire, that at one time there was scarcely a man left upon the quarter-deck. The Experiment too came in for her share of consideration—her decks were slippery with blood, and nearly a hundred of her men were borne below, either killed or wounded. Nor were the enemy idle, but rained back a perfect tempest of balls—but that brave garrison had got used to the music of cannon, and the men, begrimed with powder and smoke, shot with the precision and steadiness they would have done in firing at a target. As a heavy ball in full sweep touched the top of the works, it took one of the coats lying upon the logs, and lodged it in a tree. "See that coat!

see that coat!" burst in a laugh on every side, as if it had been a mere plaything that had whistled past their heads. Moultrie, after a while took out his pipe, and lighting it, leaned against the logs, and smoked away with his officers as quietly as if they were out there sunning themselves, instead of standing within the blaze, and smoke, and uproar of nearly two hundred cannon. Now and then he would take the pipe from his mouth, to shout forth "*fire!*" or give some order, and then commence puffing away again, and talking —thus presenting a strange mixture of the droll and heroic. The hearts of those spectators in the distance—many of whom had husbands and brothers in the fight, were far more agitated than they against whom that fearful iron storm was hailing.

After the fight had continued for several hours, Lee, seeing that the "slaughter-pen" held out so well, passed over to it in a boat, and remained for a short time. Accustomed as he was to battle, and to the disciplined valor of European troops, he still was struck with astonishment at the scene that presented itself as he approached. There stood Moultrie, quietly smoking his pipe, while the heavy and rapid explosions kept up such a deafening roar, that one could hardly be heard, though shouting at the top of his voice—and there stooping over their pieces, were those raw gunners, firing with the deadly precision of practised artillerists. Amazed to find an English fleet carrying two hundred and sixty-six guns, kept at bay by thirty cannon, and four hundred men, he left the fort to its brave commander, and returned to his old station.

Amid the hottest of the fire, the flag-staff was shot

away, and the flag dropped outside of the ramparts upon the beach. When it fell, the people of Charleston were filled with despair, supposing the fort had surrendered; and men were seen hurrying through the streets with pale faces and tearful eyes. But the firing did not cease, and soon that flag was again seen fluttering amid the smoke. Sergeant Jasper, when he saw it stretched in dishonor on the sand, leaped over the ramparts, and walking the whole length of the works, though the balls were crashing fearfully around him, picked it up, and calling for a cord, bound it to a sponge-staff, and coolly mounting the logs, planted it on the bastion. As it again shook its folds in the sea-breeze, a loud shout went up, followed by an explosion which made that enclosure tremble.

Every man was a hero, and, borne up by that lofty enthusiasm which inspires the patriot in every age, thought only of the country for which he was struggling. Macdaniel, mangled horribly by a cannon-shot, was borne mortally wounded from the embrasure; and as he was carried pale and bleeding away, cried out, "*Don't give up—you are fighting for liberty and country.*" At length the ammunition began to fail, and Moultrie hearing that a large force had effected a landing at some distance off, and was marching down to storm the works, relaxed his firing, in order to save his powder for the muskets, when it should come to a closer fight. Marion was hurried off to an American sloop-of-war for a supply, and another messenger to Charleston. Both were successful. With the five hundred pounds from Charleston, Rutledge sent a hasty note, saying, "HONOR AND VICTORY, my good sir, to

you and our worthy countrymen with you!" To this was attached the following postscript: "Do not make too free with your cannon—*cool, and do mischief.*"

The fire now opened with redoubled fury. At first, as long intervals followed between every explosion, making a feeble response to the heavy and rapid broadsides from the water, the citizens had again thought that resistance was almost over. The English themselves imagined that the Americans were gradually yielding; but the first crash that followed the arrival of the ammunition, convinced them of their error. The British commander, finding his shots had produced so little effect, redoubled his efforts, and poured in broadside after broadside with such terrible rapidity, that there was scarcely an interval between the explosions. Once the broadsides of four vessels exploded together, and when the balls struck the fort, it trembled, in every timber and throughout its entire extent, and shook as if about to fall in pieces.

All day long had that brave garrison toiled like slaves, and now the sun was sinking behind the distant shore, sending its level beams a moment through the cloud of battle ere it departed. Slowly the gray twilight began to creep over the water, and at last darkness settled on the shores and the sea. The scene now became one of indescribable grandeur. That heavy cannonade still continued, and still the spectators who lined the main land, and covered the houses of Charleston, gazed seaward through the gloom, towards the spot where the battle still raged. Night had fallen on the island and fort, and all was dark and invisible there, except when the flash of the guns lit up its form, and then

its mysterious bosom for a moment would be inherent with flame, and it seemed as if the sea itself had opened and shot forth fire. Around those ships the smoke lay like a dark and heavy storm-cloud, through which the lightnings incessantly played and thunders rolled. Moultrie and his men could distinctly hear the heavy blows of their shot, as they struck the ships and crushed through the solid timbers.

At length, about half-past nine o'clock, the English, finding their vessels cut up, and the crews dreadfully reduced, slipped their cables, and moved quietly away. The uproar had suddenly ceased, and darkness and silence fallen on the scene; but from that little fort went up three hearty cheers; and when the news reached the town, one long, loud huzza rent the air, and "*Victory! Victory!*" ran like wildfire through the streets, filling every heart with joy and exultation.

The loss of the Americans in this gallant action was slight, amounting to only thirty-six, both killed and wounded, while that of the British, according to their own account, was a hundred and sixty. Double the number would probably be nearer the truth. The commodore had his arm carried away.* One is sur-

* The springs of the cable of the Bristol were cut in the engagement by a cannon-ball, and she swung round stern-foremost to the fort. In a moment "look to the flag-ship," ran along the lines, and every cannon that could be brought to bear was trained on her. She was raked terribly, and scarce an officer was left on her splintered-rent decks but Captain Morris, and he was wounded in the neck. He maintained his post till a chain-shot struck his arm, shattering it in pieces. He was then taken into the cock-pit, and while he was undergoing the tortures of amputation, a hot shot entered it, killing two of the assistant-surgeons and wounding the purser. Soon as the ope-

prised that so few of the garrison were killed, when it is remembered that nearly ten thousand shot and shells were fired by the enemy during the day. The Acteon, during the action, went aground, and the next morning a few shots were fired at her, when a party was sent to take possession. The crew, however, setting fire to her, manned the boats, and pushed off. When the Americans got on board they turned two or three of the guns on the fugitives, but finding the flames approaching the magazine, abandoned the vessel. For a short time she stood a noble spectacle, with her tall masts wreathed in flame, and her black hull crackling and blazing below. But when the fire reached the powder, there suddenly shot up a huge column of smoke, spreading like a tree at the top, under the pressure of the atmosphere—and then the ill-fated vessel lifted heavily from the water, and fell back in fragments with an explosion that was heard for miles around.

Thus ended one of the most brilliant actions of the Revolution.

That a small garrison, in an unfinished fort, made of green logs and sand, should attempt, contrary to the best military advice, with thirty-one pieces of artillery, to overwhelm the fire of a fleet of nine vessels, will ever be a matter of astonishment. But that they should

ration was over, this gallant officer mounted to the deck again. But he had not been long in the action before a shot passed directly through his body. Again he was carried below, but lived only a few minutes. Some one asking him, as he was dying, if he had any instructions to leave respecting his family, "No!" said he, "I leave them to the providence of God and the generosity of my country," and expired. The British government afterwards settled a pension on his wife and children.

actually succeed, and after maintaining the unequal combat for eleven hours, come off victorious, is still stranger. Lee could not contain his delight at the result. All his arrangements for a retreat had been useless—indeed, Moultrie told him they would, he declaring he never had any intention of retreating.

A few days after the battle, Governor Rutledge, and many of the distinguished ladies of Charleston, came down to the fort, and lavished their praises on the brave men who had so nobly defended it. The rough soldiers were taken by surprise at the familiarity and kindness with which they were treated—never dreaming, before, that their fate had been so dear to those lovely and noble women. Governor Rutledge took a sword from his side and buckled it on the gallant Jasper, in reward for his daring and chivalric act, in planting the flag on the ramparts; while Mrs. Elliot presented a pair of elegant colors to the regiment under Moultrie and Motte, saying: "The gallant behavior in defence of liberty and your country, entitles you to the highest honor: accept of these two standards as a reward justly due to your regiment; and I make not the least doubt, under Heaven's protection, you will stand by them as long as they can wave in the air of liberty." Jasper heard this speech with kindling feelings, and remembered it afterwards amid the carnage of Savannah.

The ladies of Charleston were distinguished, during the Revolution, for their devotion to the cause of freedom. Enthusiastic, self-sacrificing and cheerful, they inspired hope, and courage, and daring in the men, and

shed glorious sunlight on that night of gloom. They were worthy mothers of noble sons.

The defeat of the enemy at Fort Moultrie left South Carolina free from all immediate danger, and Moultrie was sent to Savannah, to make preparations for an attack on St. Augustine, of which his brother was governor. But the troops being withdrawn, it was abandoned. At this time he received his appointment of brigadier-general, under Lincoln, who had taken command of the Southern department.

From this time till 1779, he was constantly in the field, though engaged in no important battles. In February, of this year, he defeated a force larger than his own at Beaufort. The enemy had the advantage also in position, being covered by a wood, while the Americans were compelled to form in the open field; yet the latter drove them from their cover, and forced them into a precipitate retreat. Soon after, Lincoln marching into Georgia, left him with a little over twelve hundred men, to watch the British and Tories, rapidly collecting their forces to strike at some important point. At length, with upwards of three thousand men, Prevost, the English commander, commenced his march for Charleston. Moultrie no sooner heard of it, than he threw himself and his little army into the place, and began to cast up works. The town was in a state of terrible alarm, and even the governor and privy council thought that Moultrie, with his feeble force, could not make a successful defence, and hesitated about risking the result of a storm. The latter was for defending the place to the last extremity, but between the governor and privy council he found himself fet-

tered in all his plans. One day, just as he was riding rapidly out of the intrenchments, he heard the governor say to the soldiers, "You are to obey the orders of the governor, privy council, and General Moultrie." The latter, without stopping his horse, merely turned his head as he rode away, and exclaimed, "You will obey no orders of the privy council." In the meantime Prevost had sent a summons to the town to surrender:—the council in deliberating upon it, came to the decision that it was best to deliver up the place. One of the members, when he heard the decision, burst into tears. But in coming to terms, it was found that the English commander would have nothing to do with the governor and council, declaring that his business was "with General Moultrie alone." Upon this they looked very grave, and all eyes were bent upon Moultrie. The latter, after a pause, said, "Gentlemen, you see how the matter stands—the point is this: am I to deliver you up prisoners of war, or not?" Some replied, "Yes." The former sternly replied, "*I am determined to do no such thing. We will fight it out.*"* On hearing this, the brave Laurens, who was in the tent, jumped to his feet, with a smile of exultation on his face, and exclaimed, "Thank God! we are upon our legs again." This settled the question. A flag was waved—the signal that the conference was ended—and preparations were immediately made for battle. Prevost, however, remembered Fort Moultrie, and he had no wish to measure strength with the brave defender of it, and withdrew his forces, and Charleston was saved.

* Vide memoirs of Moultrie.

Ever active, he menaced the enemy wherever he appeared, until at last, in 1780, he was shut up with Lincoln in Charleston, and bore a conspicuous part in that long and memorable siege. He was placed over the artillery, and kept at his post day and night, until at length, overcome with fatigue, he one evening retired into the interior of the town, where he should be less disturbed; and lay down to sleep. Early in the morning he was startled by a fierce and heavy cannonade; and springing into the middle of the floor, was just putting on his regimentals, when a cannon-ball in full sweep crashed through the house, and entering the bed from which he had but that moment arisen, tore it into fragments.

In the capitulation, he and his troops were surrendered prisoners of war, which closed his military career. When the militia laid down their arms, many of the muskets were still loaded, and in this state were thrown into the carts and carried away to the store-room. Some of them went off as they were pitched hurriedly together, and the officers informed the British of the danger that would ensue, if the whole were not discharged. But no attention was paid to the warning; and when they were piled away into the store-room, in which were also four thousand pounds of powder, the accidental discharge of one of them ignited the magazine, and away went the building, heavenward, and every one of the fifty guards with it. The houses around were levelled with the ground, and the whole town shook under the terrific explosion, as if an earthquake had suddenly opened beneath it. Dismembered bodies, arms and legs were whirled through

the air like branches of trees on the wings of the hurricane. One man was hurled violently against the steeple of a church, from whence he dropped a mass of mangled flesh to the ground. He left his bloody mark high up where he struck, and it could be seen by the passer-by for days after.

Immediately, the cry of "fire" rang through the streets—the contiguous buildings were in flames, while a magazine, containing ten thousand pounds of powder, stood near. Alarm and consternation spread on every side, and shouts of "The magazine is on fire!" sent paleness to every cheek. Men and women streamed in crowds from the dangerous neighborhood; and Moultrie, knowing the shock would knock down all the houses in the vicinity, walked towards the water, to escape the danger. As he was passing along, a British officer, in a state of the highest excitement, met him, and exclaimed, "Sir, if that magazine takes fire, the town will be blown to hell!" Moultrie, not particularly pleased with this rough salutation, coolly replied, "I expect it will be a hell of a blast!" and walked on. The magazine, however, was saved, and the threatened catastrophe escaped. Moultrie remained a prisoner for two years, when he was exchanged, and appointed by Congress major-general. The war soon after closing, he retired to private life. But the South Carolinians, remembering his distinguished services, elected him Governor of the State, in 1785, and again in 1794. He lived to a good old age, and died September 25th, 1805, in his seventy-fifth year.

HIS CHARACTER.

Moultrie was unlike most of the Southern officers, whose bravery is usually of the fiery chivalric kind, and accompanied with intense excitement. He was brave as man can be; but his courage was of that easy, nonchalant character, which always infuses a little of the comic into the heroic. Stubborn as a rock, decided, and watchful, he was nevertheless quiet and unexcited, and went into battle with the sang-froid he would go to bed. When the governor and privy council proposed he should surrender up both them and the city to the enemy, he did not dash off into enthusiastic appeals, but quietly said, "*I will do no such thing—we will fight it out:*" and went to work with the cool and dogged resolution of one whose arm is better than his tongue. In his little palmetto fort, enveloped in the blaze of nearly two hundred cannon, he quietly lighted his pipe, to while away the time whose minutes were measured by peals of thunder. Yet there was no carelessness in all this—his calm eye surveyed everything—took in the whole field of danger, while his blow fell with the suddenness of thought.

He was lax in his discipline, and easy with his men, who loved him with devotion. This trait in his character distressed Lee exceedingly when he took command of the Southern army, and he feared the worst results from it in the attack on Fort Moultrie: but the hero knew his men, and knew himself, and had not the least concern about the way they would fight. A fiery-hearted, enthusiastic leader will carry soldiers in a storm, or sudden onset, farther and fiercer than a cool

and steady one; but for *deliberate* courage, self-confidence and strength, the latter is by far the best. In that unbroken composure, and invincible will, soldiers behold not only courage, but hidden resources and strength on which they can safely rely. They are not roused by his appeals, but they are filled with trust in his ability. This quality of a great commander, Moultrie possessed to a remarkable degree. What he would have done with a large army, and during a long campaign, it is impossible to tell; but the British officers had a high opinion of his skill.

But his noblest quality was his pure and exalted patriotism. His country and liberty he loved above his life; and no selfish ambition or sordid feelings sullied his honorable career. While a prisoner of war, a British officer, the former Governor of South Carolina, and once his intimate friend, endeavored, by every argument, to persuade him to enter the English service. He did not ask him to turn traitor, like Arnold, for that he knew him incapable of doing; but to leave the country, and serve in Jamaica. He was a prisoner; and probably would remain so till the close of the war, and hence could be of no service to America; while, as an English officer abroad, he could run a career of glory. But his ear was deaf to every offer that would divide him from the land of his birth, and from the interests of freedom; and he wrote the following noble reply to the friend who sought to corrupt him: "When I entered into this contest, I did it with the most mature deliberation, and with a determined resolution to risk my life and fortune in the cause. The hardships I have gone through I look back upon

with the greatest pleasure. I shall continue to go on as I have begun, that my example may encourage the youths of America to stand forth in defence of their rights and liberties. You call upon me now, and tell me I have a fair opening of quitting that service with honor and reputation to myself, by going to Jamaica. Good God! Is it possible that such an idea could arise in the breast of a man of honor? I am sorry you should imagine I have so little regard for my own reputation, as to listen to such dishonorable proposals. Would you wish to have that man, whom you have honored with your friendship, play the traitor? Surely not. You say, by quitting this country for a short time, I might avoid disagreeable conversations, and might return, at my own leisure, and take possession of my estates for myself and family. But you have forgot to tell me how I am to get rid of the feelings of an injured honest heart, and where to hide myself from myself:—could I be guilty of so much baseness I should hate myself, and shun mankind. This would be a fatal exchange from my present situation, with an easy and approved conscience, of having done my duty, and conducted myself as a man of honor."

Such were the men who planted the tree of liberty in this soil, and watered it with their blood.

XIV.

MAJOR GENERAL KNOX.

His early Life—Joins the Army as Volunteer—Transports Cannon from Canada—Appointed over the Artillery—Fights bravely at Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth—Appointed Secretary of War—His death and Character.

In battle the commander of heavy artillery, though one of the most efficient men, has but few opportunities to perform brilliant deeds. Neither commanding a division, nor expected to make a charge, his power is seen only in the way he manages his guns. Artillery is the most powerful arm of an army, and, when well served, makes terrible work on a field. Bonaparte, perhaps, rendered it more effective than any other general, and had some of the best artillery officers in the world. Drouot stands first among these. So rapidly would he discharge his guns, that in advancing to an attack one could hardly discover that he stopped to load: they seemed to explode as they moved, and with terrible effect. He never could be prevailed upon to ride a horse like other commanding officers, but always moved on foot amid his guns. A Polish officer in one of the late revolutions in Poland, saved the army by charging with his artillery, as if it had been cavalry. The battle was fierce, and had raged for a long time, when, seeing

his countrymen beginning to give way, he ordered the horses to be attached, the gunners to mount the carriages, and the drivers to go in a full gallop straight on the Russian lines. He started with fifty pieces; the earth smoked and trembled where they passed, and the Russian infantry, dismayed at this new mode of attack, broke in disorder. Wheeling suddenly in their midst, he opened all his cannon at once. The slaughter was horrible; and this whole wing of the army was utterly broken.

At the commencement of the Revolution we were exceedingly deficient in artillery, and it was only by taking the forts on Lake Champlain that we eventually obtained a supply. Washington felt very much the want of heavy guns when laying siege to Boston; and, indeed, could effect but little, till Knox, at his own request, went in mid-winter to the Canadian frontier, and brought overland a quantity of artillery.

Henry Knox was born in Boston, July, 1750, and educated in the best schools of the city. When quite young he opened a book-store, and drove a thriving business till the Revolution. He early evinced his military taste, and at the age of eighteen was chosen an officer in a company of grenadiers, composed of the young men of Boston, and distinguished for its thorough discipline. When the gathering storm finally burst on the country, he threw up his business, cast his prospects of fortune to the winds, and entered with all the enthusiasm of his young and noble soul into the contest. When from every sweet valley, and sheltered nook, and high hill of New England, the hardy yeomanry came thronging by thousands, to avenge the blood shed

at Concord and Lexington, he hastened to join them. Taking his young wife with him, who sewed his sword in the lining of her mantle, to escape detection, he sallied forth a soldier of fortune. Only twenty-five years of age, he first drew his blade behind the intrenchments on Bunker's Hill, and saw, with strange enthusiasm, the veteran thousands of England rolled back before the children of the soil. From this time on, his course never wavers. Pure in his patriotism, unswerving in integrity, and of noble self-devotion, he rises steady and strong, till he stands one of the chief pillars in the temple of American liberty.

Washington, with his penetrating glance, saw at once the strength and energy of the youth who asked for permission to bring artillery across the country, from Canada, and cheerfully gave his consent. No one can appreciate the difficulties Knox encountered in the expedition. Without men, and relying solely on the aid of the inhabitants; to transport heavy cannon through the wintry forests, and over the miserable roads that then stretched between Boston and Canada, was a task the oldest soldier might hesitate to undertake. Yet this strong-hearted youth accomplished it safely, and at length dragged triumphantly into camp the guns, which in a short time were bristling on Dorchester Heights, and before which the British were compelled to retire.

As a reward for his labor, he was placed, young as he was, over the artillery. There were many competitors for the post, but Knox had so nobly earned it, it could not be refused him. These guns he never left, but kept them thundering on the enemies of free-

dom, till success smiled on our efforts. At Trenton his loud voice was heard above the roar of the storm, guiding the distracted troops across the Delaware. At Princeton his guns sent havoc through the English regiments, and at Brandywine and Jamestown were served with terrible effect. But at Monmouth he showed the greatest skill and energy. Dragging his cannon over the sandy roads, and through the scorching sun, he formed in line of battle, and opened with fearful precision on the English ranks. He made that hot field smoke and thunder; and with such skill and rapidity did he work his heavy pieces, that the British officers were amazed, and could not restrain their admiration. The time—the increasing danger called for immense effort; and he cheerfully exerted it, though his constitution was severely shattered under the exhausting toil of that burning day. Last of all, he trained them on the enemy's works at Yorktown, and his practice did not suffer, side by side, with that of the French artillerists.

He was selected as one of the commissioners to adjust the terms of peace, and afterwards, when Washington formed his cabinet, was chosen Secretary of War, which post he filled for eleven years.

At length he retired from public affairs, and removed to Maine, on a tract of land thirty miles square, which he possessed. He was frequently elected member of the Legislature, and Council of the State, which was then composed of both Massachusetts and Maine. In 1798, when war was expected with France, he was selected as one of the chief commanders. He died at Thomaston, October 25th, 1806, aged fifty-six years. He was

sick but a short time, and, from perfect health, was hurried by a sudden internal inflammation into his grave.

The services of Knox are not to be measured by the space allotted him. Occupying no separate command, and appointed to sustain attacks, rather than make them, it is difficult to give a lengthened sketch of his actions. Still, he was a strong man, and an officer of rare abilities; and as the friend of Washington, one who never left his side through all that gloomy period—stood by him firmly in every trial—was sworn soul and body to the common cause—he fastens himself in our affections forever. No vacillation of purpose is seen in him—no low ambition or selfish schemes. Loving two things, his country and Washington, he ever rises before us the cool warrior, the devoted patriot, and the noble man. Washington loved him, and they never separated for any length of time, till the former retired to Mount Vernon after his public career was over. He stands by him on the shores of the Delaware—moves with him over every battle-field, and finally weeps on his neck in the farewell scene in Francis' tavern. Of brilliant imagination, of strong, yet tender feelings—benevolent, brave, frank, generous and sincere; he was an honor to the army, to the country, and to man. As he stood a strong and high-souled youth, on the summit of Bunker's Hill, so he stood amid all the corruptions of a camp, and the factions of selfish men.

He was a man of much religious feeling; though his creed did not agree with the strict notions of those times. He died as he had lived, an incorruptible patriot, and needs no brighter immortality than to be called THE FRIEND OF WASHINGTON.

XV.

MAJOR GENERAL LINCOLN.

His Youth—Enters the Army—Appointed Major General—Narrowly escapes Capture—Sent to Vermont—Joins Gates at Saratoga—Is wounded—Appointed over the Southern Army—Battle of Stono—Siege and storming of Savannah—Siege of Charleston—Its surrender—Siege of Yorktown—Is elected Member of Congress—Quells Shay's Rebellion—His death and Character.

Some men, though possessed of every requisite to secure success, never, or seldom, meet with it. Placed in circumstances that mock their endeavors, they show their power and force only by the noble manner in which they fail. Benjamin Lincoln was one of these. Though serving throughout the war, and engaged in several fierce battles, he never won a victory. Born in the little town of Hingham, near Boston, January 23d, 1733, he was forty-two years old when the battle of Bunker's Hill was fought. His father joined the two occupations of farmer and maltster, and was enabled to give his son only a common-school education. When twenty-two years of age the robust young farmer was appointed adjutant in a regiment of militia, commanded by his father; and afterwards rose to lieutenant-colonel. He took sides with the colonies from the outset, and in 1775 was elected member of the pro-

LINCOLN.

vincial Congress. The next year he was appointed brigadier-general, and soon after major-general of the militia.

After the army left Boston for New York, he remained in command of the troops around the former place, till he cleared the port entirely of the enemy, and then joined Washington in the Jerseys, with the rank of major-general in the continental army. His career, however, came very near closing at the outset; for, while lying at Bound Brook, on the Raritan, with only a few hundred men, he was surprised by Cornwallis and Grant, at the head of a large force. At daybreak, one spring morning, as he was reposing quietly in his camp, he was startled by the cry of "to arms!" the fierce roll of the drum, and report of cannon. Looking from the house in which he was quartered, he saw the enemy within two hundred yards of him. Through the carelessness of the patrols, they had been allowed almost to enter his camp without the alarm being given. Springing to his horse, he, with one of his aids, rallied his troops with inconceivable rapidity, and led them between the two rapidly closing columns of British, and escaped to the mountains with the loss of sixty men killed and wounded. One of his aids, all his baggage and papers and artillery, fell into the hands of the enemy.

In July, 1777, he was detached North to assist in repelling the invasion of Burgoyne. Taking his station at Manchester, Vermont, he rallied around him the militia, and boldly descended on the British garrisons at Crown Point and Ticonderoga, in the hope of wresting these strongholds from their grasp, and thus cut off

Burgoyne's retreat. Dividing his corps into three portions, he ordered the first to surprise Ticonderoga; the second to scour the country around Fort Independence, and, if possible, take it; while the third was to reduce Skeensborough, Forts Ann and Edward. The first, under Col. Brown, surprised all the posts upon Lake George, Mount Hope, and Mount Defiance, and took two hundred batteaux, an armed brig, several gunboats, nearly three hundred prisoners, and liberated a hundred Americans; with the loss, on their part, of only three killed and five wounded. The second party, under Johnston, arrived before the walls of Fort Independence, but after cannonading it four days was compelled to abandon the siege. Lincoln, in the meantime, with the main army joined Gates at Saratoga, and took command of Arnold's division. He bore no important part in the battle of the 7th of October; but remained quietly within the lines, while Arnold, though bereft of command, was sweeping like a tornado over the field. The next morning after the action, he marched out, at one o'clock, with his division, to relieve the troops which had been engaged the day before, and to occupy the battle-ground. While riding forward to reconnoitre and locate some of his regiments, a party of the enemy came suddenly upon him, and poured a volley of musketry into his suite. One ball struck his leg, shattering it dreadfully, and he was borne helpless from the field. He lay crippled for several months at Albany, and was finally compelled to have a part of the bone removed. He bore all with the firmness and heroism which distinguished him, and during the most painful operations—while his friends, overcome by the

scene, were compelled to leave the room, would relate anecdotes and stories with the utmost cheerfulness.

He was afterwards removed to his native place, Hingham; but during the summer, though his wound continued in an ulcerated state, joined the army. He suffered several years from this accident, and the limb became shortened through the loss of a portion of the bone, which made him lame for life.

In the fall he was sent to command the Southern army, and reached Charleston in December. The campaign did not open auspiciously; for not only were the British in possession of Savannah, thus controlling Georgia, but at the first movement robbed him of a quarter of his army by the victory over General Ashe, at Brier Creek.

When Prevost threatened Charleston, Moultrie was thrown into the place and saved it;—Lincoln, in the meantime, meditated an attack on the English forces at Stono Ferry.

BATTLE OF STONO.

On his first approach, Lincoln found his enemy too strong and well supported to risk an attack; but Prevost having withdrawn a part of his force, leaving Maitland in command of the residue, he determined to carry out his plan. Maitland felt secure behind his works—with his flanks resting one upon a morass, and the other on a ravine, and coolly awaited the approach of the American general. The ground in front of the intrenchments was level, and at a little distance from them covered with lofty pine trees. Lincoln, knowing

that the Highlanders, the best troops under Maitland, would be placed against his left, wisely reversed the usual arrangement in our army, and put the continentals on the left instead of the right, so as to oppose them. Butler led the continentals, and Sumner the militia.

It was a warm summer morning*—a light breeze just stirred the tops of the pine trees, when Lincoln put his columns in motion, and passing under their deep shadows, emerged on the open ground in front. The roll of the drum and shrill tones of the fife blent in with the stern words of command, as, driving the pickets before them, they moved steadily forward upon the enemy. All there was still; and the haughty banner of England swung heavily over the silent works. Lincoln had given orders not to fire a shot, but trust to the bayonet alone; and with shouldered arms the steady troops firmly advanced. It was a moment of fearful suspense—not a shot was heard along the lines, and not a sound broke from the intrenchments. On, on, in perfect time and order, moved the intrepid Americans, until within ten rods of the works, when "*Fire!*" rang along the British lines. The next moment artillery and infantry opened together, and a sheet of flame rolled furiously over the advancing ranks. Stunned, but unterrified, they withstood it gallantly; but instead of rushing forward with the bayonet, the men began to fire, and kept up a perfect blaze with their vollies for half an hour, and finally forced the British back in disorder. Lincoln strained every nerve to arrest the firing, and finally succeeded. A sudden and ominous

* The twentieth of June.

hush fell on the scene; for while the American general was preparing his troops to charge, Maitland was rallying his own anew, and soon presented a firm front. When all was ready, the order to advance and charge bayonet was given; but receiving that same galling fire, the soldiers again halted, and began to return it. Nothing could check them, and for more than an hour it was an incessant peal of musketry, to which the thunder of artillery, at short intervals, acted as an accompaniment. At length Prevost was seen rapidly marching up to Maitland's relief. Moultrie had not been able, as directed, to occupy him; and therefore, as soon as the latter heard the heavy firing, he began to retrace his steps. Lincoln, despairing of making successful head against these fresh troops, immediately ordered a retreat. To cover it, he directed Pulaski's cavalry to charge on the pursuers. The bugles sounded, and the gallant squadron swept forward in a steady gallop, and with loud shouts, to the shock. Maitland, seeing at a glance the threatened danger, ordered his ranks to close compactly and instantly together, and, throwing their bayonets forward, await the onset. From this living wall and girdle of steel the horses swerved, and the whole column wheeled to the right-about. But before the huzza of the British had died away, Mason was upon them with his brave Virginians in such a fierce charge, that they staggered back in dismay, and the retreat was secured.

In this short and bloody affair nearly four hundred men had fallen, showing how fierce and sanguinary the conflict had been. The loss was nearly equal, being about two hundred in killed and wounded to each

army. Lincoln was repulsed, but brought off his troops in good order. Had they obeyed his commands, and charged bayonet, there is but little doubt he would have won a signal victory.

After this, he kept manœuvring with his small force in the vicinity of Charleston, until the news of the arrival of D'Estaing with a French fleet, destined to operate against Savannah, caused him to break up his camp and march forward to assist in the disembarkation of the French troops.

SIEGE AND STORM OF SAVANNAH.

The two armies having formed a junction, proceeded to Savannah, and sat down before the town. D'Estaing, with the laurels of Grenada fresh on his brow, sent a haughty summons in the name of the King of France to the English commander to surrender. Prevost, inevitably lost, without some little delay, protracted the correspondence as long as he could, and then demanded twenty-four hours to consider the proposition, which D'Estaing madly granted. Had he immediately advanced on the place, it would have been an easy conquest, for the fortifications were in bad repair—but few of the cannon being mounted, and the garrison small. During this interval, Prevost worked on the defences without intermission, and, at the end of the twenty-four hours, had nearly a hundred cannon lining the ramparts. Maitland had also arrived, with his choice troops, thus swelling his army to three thousand men. He now felt himself strong—the arguments which had influenced his determination were of the most forcible

kind, and he sent to D'Estaing a polite note, saying he had resolved to hold out to the last.

To attempt to carry the works by storm, strengthened as they now were, would be madness; and so the French commander and Lincoln, with an army of six or seven thousand men, sat down before them in regular siege. The trenches were opened, and amid the fire of the artillery, the workmen toiled on with such vigor, that by the fourth of September a sap had been pushed to within three hundred yards of the abatis. At length the batteries were completed, and on the night of the fourth of October the tragedy commenced. The autumn landscape was lighted up by the constant blaze, and it was one peal of thunder till morning. The uproar then became still more terrific—thirty-seven cannon and nine mortars were opened at once upon the devoted town, while sixteen heavy guns from the fleet —making in all more than sixty pieces—kept up their stern accompaniment. To this deluge of iron, the garrison replied with nearly a hundred cannon. The earth shook under the tremendous explosions, and a vast field of billowy smoke trembled and hovered above the tumult. Carcasses were hurled into the town, which set the houses on fire; and crackling timbers mingled in with the crash of cannon-balls. Shells smoked and burst along the streets, or hanging a moment like fiery messengers in the air, dropped with an explosion on the dwellings. Amid the uproar and thunder without, and the shrieks of women and children within, Savannah presented a strange and fearful appearance. And when night came on, and darkness shut in the landscape, the scene was still more appall-

ing. The smoke refused to lift in the damp air, and settled like a fog over the armies, adding a deeper gloom to the midnight. Through this the artillery kept playing, making the spot on which it rested appear like a volcano; while in the distance a mass of flame would suddenly flash up, revealing the tall masts and rigging of ships, and then the deep echo roll heavily by. Through this thick and turbulent atmosphere, shells were constantly hissing and bursting, leaving long tracks of light in their passage or meteor-like splendor in their explosion. And when the sun rose in the morning, it came struggling up through a sulphurous cloud, and at evening its golden rays strove in vain to pierce the sullen folds. Thus day and night, for five days, did it thunder, and clatter, and flame there on the shores of the Savannah; but still the besieged nobly maintained their post.

At length D. Estaing began to be concerned for his fleet. The stormy season was coming on, and it would not be safe to ride at anchor on the open coast, and he therefore proposed to Lincoln, to carry the works by storm. This was considered hazardous; for, that five days' cannonade had opened no breach, and battered down scarcely a defence which had not been fully repaired. Besides, if the siege were pressed a little longer, the town must surrender. The sufferings of the inhabitants had become intolerable, and the resistance could not be protracted, in their confined and straitened condition. But twenty days had now elapsed since operations first commenced, and no one could tell how long the place might hold out. The season, moreover, was rapidly advancing, and dangers

of every kind were thickening around the fleet, and therefore a crisis of some sort must be hastened.

D'Estaing being resolved on an assault, it only remained to determine the manner which it should be conducted. He and Lincoln, after a short consultation, concluded to make the attack on the right side of the town; where there was a deep hollow, along which the assailants could march perfectly covered till within a few rods of the walls.

The ninth of October was fixed upon for the attempt; and at one o'clock in the morning the Americans stood in order of battle, though the French did not take their station till three hours after. At length the flower of both armies, in one long column, stretched forward till they reached the open space in front of the works, when they broke off into their several divisions, as arranged beforehand, and advanced on the respective points to which they were destined. The French advanced in three columns—the Americans in one—D'Estaing and Lincoln gallantly leading them on. In the darkness they got confused in the swampy hollows, but as the gray light began to dawn in the east, they formed anew, and pressed forward. D'Estaing, wishing to take the garrison by surprise, immediately spurred to the head of the first column, and without waiting for the others to come up, waved his sword over his head, and shouted "advance." Straight on the abatis, and through it—up to the very walls, and up their sides streamed the excited troops, while those hundred cannon opened in the twilight, like a peal of thunder, and one fierce fire of musketry rolled down on their heads. Still, "Advance! advance!" rung along the shattered

column, and still D'Estaing cheered them on, till struck to the earth, he was borne wounded from the field. But nothing could withstand that deluge of grape-shot and balls; and the first column, riddled into fragments, swerved from the horrible storm, and wheeled away into the cover of the woods. The second, however, coming up, passed rapidly over their dead companions, and with shouts that were heard above the deafening uproar, gallantly mounted the walls. Around a redoubt on the Ebenezer road, the struggle and the carnage were awful. Again and again did this firm-set wall of living men move on that wall of stone and earth, and taking the loads of grape-shot in their bosoms, rush shouting on the guns. Mowed down as they advanced, and stretched in ghastly rows along the ditch, they dissolved like mist in the path of the whirlwind.

In the midst of the gloom and tumult, two hundred horsemen were seen, with a fearless rider at their head, galloping straight for the entrance to the town, in order to gain the enemy's rear. That was Pulaski, the noble, the chivalric Pole, and his strong cavalry. With their sabres shaking and flashing amid the smoke, they rode all steadily forward through the fiery sleet, shouting as they went, until their gallant leader, struck by a swivel-shot, was hurled, mangled and bleeding, to the earth—and then broke and fled.

This second column too, at length recoiled, and then the third, and last, closed in over a pavement of dead bodies; but still that same deluge of fire rolled over them, and the ranks shook, and reeled, and disappeared in the covering smoke, as if they had been mere visions,

which the first breath could dissipate. The uproar was terrific; and the heavy peals of artillery shaking the earth—the incessant roar of musketry, mingled with the maddened shouts of near ten thousand warriors, and all in the morning twilight, conspired to render it a scene of appalling grandeur. But death and carnage are nothing to the excited passions of men; and that last broken column stormed on, until, at last, it too, turned discomfited back. In the midst of this deadly conflict the American column, with the chivalrous Laurens at its head, pressed straight on the Spring-Hill redoubt, and crowding into the ditch, in the face of a tremendous fire, endeavored to scale the ramparts. But the parapets were too high; and hurled back rank after rank, and mowed down with merciless slaughter, they recoiled on each other in inextricable confusion. The brave South Carolina regiment, regardless of the fate of their companions and of the iron storm that smote them down, pressed fiercely forward, and soon the two standards presented to it at Fort Moultrie, were seen waving on the ramparts. Vain valor!—the besieged, seeing that the fury of the attack had slackened, sallied forth, with loud huzzas, and swept the walls and ditches. Then the ill-fated Laurens, seeing his troops routed, flung away his sword, and with his noble soul wrung with the bitterest anguish, stretched forth his arms, and prayed for death, and refused to stir, till forced away by his companions. Close beside him, in the ditch, lay that model of a soldier—the tender, the lion-hearted Jasper, hugging his standard in death, and burying his bloody face in its folds. He had declared he would never surrender it

but with his life ; and there with his heart's blood ebbing slowly away, he stretched himself upon it.

The strife was over, and that bleeding army rolled slowly back from the ruddy and blackened ramparts. But what a scene that October morning presented! The conflict had lasted only a little over an hour, and yet there lay over a thousand French and Americans, bleeding, or stark and stiff in death.* Here was a solitary limb—there a disembowelled body and headless corpse, while the ditch looked as if a flood had suddenly wafted a dead multitude into it. Around the Ebenezer redoubts the blood was seen flowing in rills from out the wrecks of the fight, and gathering in deep pools amid the heaps of the slain, while the most pitiful groans loaded the air. And over all this, like a pall, hung a cloud of smoke, which had settled down upon the field, and was slowly twining itself into fantastic shapes above the dead. Dark, and sombre, and awful spread the field under this sulphurous canopy. At last the bright sun rose over the sea, and the morning wind breaking from its sleep, stirred the slumberous folds of that murky curtain, till they slowly lifted and rolled upward, leaving the blue sky to look down on the ghastly spectacle. The dew glistened in the early light, but the red drops of the human heart outnumbered them a thousand to one.

Wide pits were dug, and the dead crowded hastily into them—and when that October sun went to his evening repose, nothing but the trampled and still ruddy earth, and broken muskets, and dead steeds, remained to tell of the direful struggle.

* Six hundred and thirty-seven French, and four hundred and fifty-seven Americans.

D'Estaing had failed; and precipitately raising the siege, embarked his troops and artillery, and put to sea. Lincoln, his militia having disbanded, took with him his few remaining regulars, and crossed over the Savannah and retired to Charleston. Prompted to this undertaking by the general complaint, that our allies were effecting nothing—D'Estaing undertook it hastily, then became cautious and dilatory when haste would have brought success, and finally crowned the whole by a rash act, which ended in a signal defeat and dreadful slaughter. The British, protected by high ramparts, suffered comparatively little. The whole blame of this unlucky affair rests on D'Estaing, who, by right of seniority, took the supreme command. Lincoln seconded him ably, when he found he could not alter his plans, and rather gained than lost in public estimation by the result.

A more vigorous campaign was now planned by the British, and Clinton set sail from New York with ten thousand men to seize Charleston, which had so long baffled all attempts to take it. Lincoln, foreseeing the approaching storm, called loudly on Congress for reinforcements. A few troops were sent him, but not enough to give him any hope of long withstanding the overwhelming force brought into the field. In this state of affairs, it was clearly his duty to abandon Charleston to its fate, and fall back on the interior of the country. But the town had so long been preserved, and held such a large quantity of stores and ammunition, and was withal the key of the State, that he resolved, at the urgent solicitation of the principal men of the place, to risk all in defending it.

The British fleet soon sailed unmolested up the har-

bor—Fort Moultrie made no resistance;—the troops were disembarked, and, on the 30th of March, the siege commenced. It is useless to go into the particulars of this distressing siege. With an army that might have swept in one resistless flood over the works, and carried the town in a few hours, Clinton pursued a more cautious course, and advanced by regular approaches. On the 10th of April, the first parallel was completed, and the garrison summoned to surrender. Lincoln, determined with his three thousand troops to hold out to the last extremity, sent a refusal; and the siege went on. In ten days more the second parallel was finished, and a second summons sent and rejected. A furious cannonade then commenced, and was kept up, day and night, for several days, filling the bosoms of the inhabitants with terror, and carrying destruction into the town. Lincoln strained every nerve to resist this steady advance—his men were kept constantly at work on the lines, the parapets were mounted with sand-bags, and the batteries served with untiring vigor. The immense number of cannon employed kept Charleston in a tremor, and the incessant explosions were almost deafening. Lincoln, seeing how desperate his situation had become, endeavored to make up in activity and energy what he lacked in strength. Night and day he was seen on the lines, cheering up the men, and directing and overseeing everything. One day he was ten hours in the saddle, without once dismounting—riding hither and thither, with his great heart filled with anxious foreboding; and the last fortnight he never took off his clothes to rest. Flinging himself, in his uniform, on a couch, he would snatch a few mo-

ments' repose, and then again be seen riding along the lines. All that man could do he did, and against the entreaties of the suffering inhabitants, the distress of his own men, against even his own convictions of final success, held out with a tenacity and courage worthy of a better result. As he passed along his shattered works, he would see his soldiers—their faces bloated with toil, sleeping with their instruments and muskets by their sides. The provisions were all exhausted, save a little rice; and fears of famine were added to the miseries that already enveloped him. It was a sad spectacle to see that firm old soldier standing amid the wreck of his defences, fighting against despair itself, and still refusing to submit to the decree he knew to be inevitable. To have that long campaign, on which he had staked his reputation, end in utter failure; and surrender that army with which he had been intrusted to protect the South, was a thought too bitter to contemplate; and he turned away to renew the struggle. Vain courage; shut up by sea and land—part of his guns bursted, others dismounted—without provisions—almost without-defences, and with but twenty-five hundred effective troops, it was impossible to check the approach of that veteran army of nine thousand. The parallels gradually drew nearer, till the batteries opened within eighty yards of him, and preparations were making for a general storm. Then, to save the inhabitants and the town which he knew could not be held, he capitulated, and his entire army laid down their arms. Charleston fell; and South Carolina lay open to the victorious troops of the enemy. Lincoln was shipped on board an English vessel and sailed for N. York. In November

he was exchanged for General Philips, and in 1781 again joined the army, then around New York, and soon after accompanied Washington in his march to Yorktown.

SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.

On the 28th of Sept., 1781, at five o'clock in the morning, Washington, having approached near the place, put the combined army in motion, and advancing in two columns—the Americans on the right and the French on the left—arrived in view of the enemy's lines at four o'clock in the afternoon. The next day the investment was completed, and Cornwallis, abandoning all his advanced works, retired behind his principal fortifications. On the first of October he opened on our lines with his artillery, and kept up a cannonade all that day and night. But everything went steadily on, and in five days Washington was ready to begin his first parallel. This was commenced by Lincoln, who commanded one of the central divisions. On the eighth it was completed, and the next day the French opened a twelve gun battery from the extreme right, and the Americans one from the extreme left. At daybreak the following morning, fifty more guns, some of them of very heavy calibre, began to hurl their storm of iron on the enemy with prodigious effect. At seven o'clock, the Carron, of forty-four guns, was set on fire by our shot, and totally consumed; and soon after other vessels began to blaze up along the river. On the night of the 11th the second parallel was begun, and in three days completed. In the meantime two redoubts were stormed, one by Viomenil, and the other by Lafayette. Both

were carried at the point of the bayonet, though with the loss on our part of some hundred and forty men. On the 16th the British made a fierce sortie, and storming over one of our batteries, swept it of the artillerists, and spiked seven pieces; but being charged in turn, were driven back, and the spikes withdrawn. Cornwallis, finding his camp perfectly deluged with balls and shells, determined to cross the river by night, and try his fortune on the farther side; and had succeeded with a part of his troops, when a furious storm arose, which drove the boats down the river, and arrested the passage of the remainder. Washington observing the movement in the morning, ordered all his batteries to play, and it rained a horrible tempest on the British army, smiting down the crowded ranks with fearful slaughter. The earth shook under the heavy explosions, and at length the English lines were heard beating a parley. Shut in by the French fleet seaward, and blocked in by land, his camp uncovered and his army reduced, there was no door of escape left open to Cornwallis, and he proposed to surrender. After some little delay, the terms of capitulation were agreed to—the same as those given to Lincoln at Charleston; and the humbled army, with colors cased—no more to float in the breeze as a symbol of England's might—marched out and laid down their arms. Lincoln was appointed to receive the sword of Cornwallis—an honor he richly deserved. Washington loved him, and he took this opportunity to heal his lacerated feelings—and as he had been compelled once to surrender his spotless sword to an English commander, determined to make him the nation's representative in receiving the submission of this veteran army.

A hundred and sixty pieces of cannon, most of them brass, eight mortars, two frigates, twenty transports, and seven thousand prisoners, besides the seamen, were the fruits of this victory. Twenty other transports had been burnt in the bombardment, five hundred and fifty slain, and nearly two thousand wounded. Nor had the victory been bloodless on our part—four hundred and fifty had been slain or wounded. Deeds of valor had been done, and a skill and bravery exhibited by Washington and his troops that covered them with unfading glory.*

This ended Lincoln's military career; and in 1781, he was chosen member to Congress. At the end of two years he resigned, and retired to private life, and employed himself on his estate. Now and then he was engaged in public employments—once or twice in treating with the Penobscot Indians, and again in settling a tract of land in Maine.

In 1787, he was appointed over the troops called out to quell the famous *Shay's* rebellion. He left Boston with his forces on the 20th of January, and marched to Worcester. Having protected the court in its session, he proceeded to Springfield, and routed the rebel. From thence he was ordered to West Springfield, and dispersed a detachment under Day, and then followed on to Amherst, where Shay was preparing to intrench himself. He came upon the latter at Pe-

* It is not, perhaps, generally known, that during this siege, when the French admiral was in haste to be off to the West Indies, Washington, to detain him, and hold him to the promise given to Lafayette, sent Hamilton on board his ship with an urgent request not to depart. Hamilton passed unharmed through the entire British fleet, and returned with the joyful intelligence that the French ships would remain.

tersham, on the night of the 2d of February. The weather was biting cold and severe, and the rebels, not expecting an attack on such a fierce night, were wholly taken by surprise, and dispersed or captured. This ended the rebellion, and Lincoln returned home. In April he was elected lieutenant-governor, but gave way the next year to Samuel Adams, and was chosen member of the convention to ratify the new constitution. In 1789, he was delegated commissioner to treat with the Creek Indians, and in 1793, with the western tribes. The close of his life was spent in literary and scientific pursuits, and he stepped gradually down the declivity of life, until at length, May 9th, 1810, at the good old age of seventy-seven, he passed to a better world.

HIS CHARACTER.

Lincoln was a noble man, even among the noble men of that time. In person, he was of the middle height, with an immense breadth of chest, and very muscular. His countenance was open and benevolent, and he was almost too good a man for a warrior. The demoralizing life of a camp never stained the purity of his character; and, like Washington, he passed through the terrible ordeal of a military career, with a pure heart, and unshaken religious principles.

As an officer, he was brave without being rash—perfectly cool and self-possessed in the hour of danger; but without any of that chivalric feeling which loves adventure, and the tumult of the battle-field. He was a strong man—one of those firm, determined characters, which nothing can deter or discourage. Resolute and decided, he was nevertheless kind, even to gentleness,

and possessed of the warmest sympathies. Unlike Putnam, and Starke, and Arnold, and Greene, he was a gentleman of the old school, and believed in carrying on war in the old dignified legitimate way. There were several such officers in our army, as St. Clair, and Knox, and others, strong and noble men, but not precisely adapted to the spirit of our nation. The American soldier is impulsive—loving action and daring, and will *follow* anywhere, but go without his officer scarcely nowhere.

Lincoln has been blamed by many for the way he conducted the Southern campaign. It was disastrous —as much, and even more so, than that of Gates, which succeeded it. But the former was guilty of no gross blunder, like that which attended the overthrow of the latter. He managed skilfully and ably with the means placed in his hands, and committed no important error, except in risking his army in Charleston, when such an immense force was advancing against him. He ought, no doubt, to have retreated; and it seems strange he should ever have dreamed of being able to sustain himself there. This is all very clear now; but it does not follow, it was equally so then. It is very easy to point out mistakes already made, but quite another matter to escape making them ourselves. Lincoln doubtless feared the disastrous effect of giving up Charleston, on the entire South, to say nothing of the stores and munitions of war gathered there. Besides, it had been defended twice against a superior force, and the chief men of the place thought it could be again. He could not anticipate that Fort Moultrie, which had shivered one fleet to pieces, would let that of Clinton

enter the harbor without disabling a single vessel. We cannot now appreciate the circumstances in which he was placed, and hence, cannot judge correctly. A partisan war Lincoln never could have carried on—yet this was the only alternative, if he abandoned Charleston; and he probably did better, with the facts in his possession, to risk all as he did.

In his later years, the old veteran was remarkable for his somnolency—he would drop into a sound sleep while sitting at table; and frequently, in driving along the road, would be in the land of dreams, while his horse trotted quietly on his way. When he commanded the militia against Shay, he would sleep between the sentences of his dispatches; yet never seemed to lose the connection. When jogged out of his slumbers by his secretary, he would go on as if nothing had happened. He kept the run of things just as well sleeping as waking; for, when his strong mind once got under way, it was no slight thing that could jar it from its course. He grew corpulent as he advanced in years, and this doubtless had something to do with his lethargic tendency.

Lincoln was unlucky in his military career; but the fact, that his failures never shook public confidence, shows conclusively that he must have possessed qualities of the highest order.

XVI.

MAJOR GENERAL LEE.

Early made a Soldier—Serves in this country—Adopted into a tribe of the Mohawks—Assails the Ministry of England—Made Aide-de-camp of the King of Poland—Appointed Major General in the Russian service—Travels in Italy—Returns to England, and takes up warmly with the American Colonies—Comes to America—His energy and activity—Appointed Major General in the Army—Boldness at New York—Sent South—Disobeys Washington's orders, and is taken prisoner—Anecdote—Battle of Monmouth, and Lee's retreat—Insults Washington, and is court-martialled—Review of the Proceedings—Is suspended—His strange mode of life in Virginia—Striking death—His Character

In all revolutions, the successful leaders spring out of the people, and are a part of the times that generate them. Skill and experience gained in other fields, do not compensate for the want of sympathy between them and the mass, and the energy and resolution which one born of the struggle possesses. Thus Gates and Lee, both natives of England, had been trained in the British army, and become familiar with the military tactics of Europe; yet they both failed. The country had great expectations of them—their familiarity with the regular and scientific modes of warfare, it was thought, would render them able to cope with the veteran British commanders. Lee was called the "Palla-

LEE.

dium of American Liberty," and Gates was crowded by the voice of the people into a place he ought not to have had. There can be no greater error committed, than for the leaders of a revolution to select, for military commanders, those whose tastes and habits have been formed under an entirely different organization of things. They have no sympathy with the impulsive, irregular movements, ardent hopes, and wild energy which a people exhibit just as they feel the shackles falling from their limbs, and, Samson-like, begin to cast abroad their arms in the joy of recovered freedom. The pillars of everything before stable and firm, shake and totter in their grasp. There was not a lord in England who could have carried Cromwell's army as it went, under its appropriate leader, from victory to victory. Cromwell was a creature of the revolution; and the strong bond of sympathy between him and his soldiers did more for him, than all the science and experience of a long military career could have done. Had Bonaparte chosen his marshals from the old and experienced military leaders of France, he never could have led his conquering eagles as he did, the length and breadth of Europe. He took the power the revolution rolled into his hands, and used it. Moreau, an old veteran, and of good extraction, betrayed him; and Grouchy, born a count, ruined him at Waterloo. So Gates, proud of his military experience, sought to supplant Washington; while Lee, actuated by a similar desire, and filled with the same pride, almost lost us the battle of Monmouth, and finally sunk into disgrace. Such men as Wayne, and Stark, and Putnam, and Greene, and Sullivan, and Schuyler, and Marion, and Sumpter, and others, who

were born on our soil, partook of our character, and understood our feelings, were the men who stood firm in the hour of trial, and led our armies to victory.

Charles Lee, youngest son of General John Lee, was born in England, in 1731, and when eleven years of age was a commissioned officer in his majesty's service. He pursued no regular course of study; but educated partly in England, and partly in Switzerland, at an early age devoted most of his attention to military tactics. When twenty-four years old, he was placed at the head of a company of grenadiers, and commenced his military life.

Fiery, impetuous, and headstrong, the young officer from this point starts on a career so wild and irregular, and adventurous—now flashing up in splendor, and now sinking in darkness—that his life seems a strange romance rather than a reality. Storming over half the world, to let off his surplus energy—plunging into every adventure for the mere love of it, he exhibits all the grandeur and all the folly of a bold but erratic genius. His fiery flight through history leaves a long bright track behind it, over which, finally, the clouds of disappointment and regret slowly and fatally gather.

The regiment Lee was in, formed a part of the expedition sent against Louisburg in 1757. But on arriving at Halifax, the English commander found the place too strongly garrisoned to be taken, and deferred the attempt till next year. In the meantime, he sent a portion of his army to New York. Lee accompanied it, and soon after found himself stationed at Schenectady. Here he fell in with the Mohawk Indians, whose wild appearance, unshackled movements, and proud bearing,

just suited his wayward, romantic spirit; while his own frank, impulsive manner and ready confidence, won equally on them. He would spend hours with these savage warriors, and they finally became so fond of him, that they adopted him into one of their tribes under the name of Ounewaterika, or *boiling water*. Even in his peaceful intercourse with them, his natural vehemence and fierceness so constantly worked out, that they gave him a sobriquet to indicate his restless character.

He remained here, however, but a short time; for his regiment was ordered to join Abercrombie, then assembling his forces to attack Ticonderoga. Young Lee commanded a company of grenadiers in that fatal assault; and while bravely attempting to lead them through the storm of grape-shot, up to the breastworks, was severely wounded in the side, and borne from the battle. With other officers, he was sent to Albany to recover from his wounds, and next winter was stationed on Long Island. Here occurred one of those hair-breath escapes for which the rash are always remarkable. He had offended a surgeon in some way, who, in revenge, wrote a libel on him. Lee hearing of it, met him and gave him a severe flogging. The doctor not relishing the chances that would be against him in a duel, waylaid the former, and seizing his horse by the bridle, presented a pistol to his breast, and fired. The flash startled the horse, and he sprang so suddenly one side, that the bullet only bruised the side of Lee, without entering his body. The surgeon, bent on murdering him, immediately drew another, but a friend of the latter near by, struck up the weapon, and thus

saved his life. The poor culprit had to make a public acknowledgment, and leave the army.

We next find Lee besieging the French fort at Niagara, where, in a sharp conflict with the French and Indians, two bullets grazed his hair. Thence, with one officer, and only fourteen men, he crossed Lake Erie, and proceeded to Fort Duquesne, on the Ohio. A march of seven hundred miles back to Crown Point was his next exploit. After a short repose he went to Oswego, and afterwards to Philadelphia, where he wintered. In 1760, he accompanied General Amherst down the St. Lawrence, to Montreal; and at the close of the war, soon after, returned to England. In our wild solitudes and new life, and in the fatiguing marches and hazardous exploits inseparable from his career, his fierce, adventurous spirit found enough to satisfy its cravings, and employ its energies.

On his arrival in England he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and in that capacity joined the army sent to assist Portugal in repelling the invasion of Spain. He was attached to the brigade of Burgoyne, who was stationed on the river Tagus. While there, the latter formed a plan to cut off a portion of the Spanish army left around the Moorish castle of Villa Velha, and intrusted the execution of it to Lee. Crossing the river after dark, he led his men by a difficult circuitous march, and at length, a little after midnight, approached the enemy's lines. He then halted and formed his troops, who at a given signal rushed forward and swept the camp at the point of the bayonet.

Returning from Spain, he scarcely gave himself

time to look about before he plunged, with the same suddenness and impetuosity, into the distracted politics of England, that he did into battle. Wielding the pen with the same reckless energy he did the sword, he soon drew public attention to himself. A republican of the school of Byron, his liberal principles grew out of his scorn of fools in power, rather than from love of the lower classes. Utterly destitute of all reverence for those who controlled the nation, he hurled the arrows of his wit, and sarcasm, and hatred against the entire administration and all its acts. His active spirit would not let him rest a moment; and if not charging through the smoke of battle, he must expend his fury on the heads of government.

But he soon tired of this unsatisfactory warfare; and a cloud gathering over unhappy Poland, he hastened thither, seeking only glory, and free scope to his burning passions. Received as a friend by the Prince of Brunswick; he hastened on to Berlin, to be flattered by Frederick the Great; and then flew to Poniatowsky, King of Poland, at Warsaw, and was honored by him with the post of aide-de-camp. Here treated like a prince—with a seat at the king's table, he remained two years, passing his time, Heaven alone knows how. Passionate, fond of pleasure and excitement, his court career must have been anything but favorable to the development of his better qualities. At length, satiated with the pleasures of the Polish capital, and having exhausted the sources of excitement within his reach, he started with the king's ambassador, for Turkey. Prompted only by curiosity, or driven by that fever of the spirit which was like

a constant spur in his side, he undertook this long journey, which well-nigh cost him his life. Impatient of the slow movements of the ambassador, and eager to be at the end of his route, solely because his burning ardor pushed everything to its utmost limit at once; he joined a company of Turks, who were carrying the Grand Seignor's treasure from Moldavia home, and pushed on. The company however was short of provision, and the whole came near dying with cold and hunger on the Bulgarian mountains. Several horses and men perished; and Lee, after incredible fatigue, and suffering from cold, finally reached Constantinople. Here he remained only four months—just long enough to be rocked by an earthquake, which shook the houses down about his ears—and then returned to Poland. The next December he appeared in England, urging his petition for promotion in the army. Not a whisper is breathed of his reasons for leaving King Stanislaus, with whom he continued to correspond as a friend. Obeying his impulses alone—ever a law unto himself—and acting as if no other person had, or ever would have any interest in his movements, he gives us no account of his actions. He leaves England and rises to the surface in Poland—again disappearing for two years, he emerges a moment to the view in Constantinople. We get simply a glimpse of him again in Warsaw, when he is once more in England.

During his absence, the quarrel had begun between the colonies and Great Britain—the stamp-act had been passed and repealed, and everything was in commotion.

His efforts to obtain promotion proved abortive, for

ministers had not forgotten his sarcasm and ridicule; and after two years' stay in his native country, he started for Corsica, to recruit his health. But changing his plans at Paris, where he met Prince Czartorinsky, he turned his steps towards Poland. Appointed major-general at Warsaw, he entered the Russian service, but was compelled to wait awhile for an opportunity to join the army, then on the frontiers of Turkey. In writing home, he says, "I am to have a command of Cossacks and Wollacks, a kind of people I have a good opinion of. I am determined not to serve in *the line; one might as well be a church-warden.*" A place in the line did not suit his untamed spirit; but at the head of a wild band of Cossacks, sweeping over the field, he could enjoy himself. He found it difficult to reach the Russian army, on account of the number of banditti that infested the country; and even in Warsaw, he says that alarms are so frequent, that he is compelled to "sleep with pistols on his pillow."

His mind, never a moment at rest, had already marked out his future movements, if he did not succeed in joining the Russian army. In a letter home, he says, "If I am defeated in my intention of joining the Russians, I think of passing through Hungary, and spending the ensuing winter in Italy, Sicily, or some of the islands in the Egean Sea. As to England, I am resolved not to set foot in it till the virtues, which I believe to exist in the body of the people, are set in motion." Hurling contempt on the government at home, he speaks of the unpopularity of the English at Warsaw, and says, "A French comedian was the other day

near being hanged, from the circumstance of his wearing a bob wig, which, by the confederates, is supposed to be the uniform of the English nation. *I wish to God the three branches of our legislature would take it into their heads to pass through the woods of Poland in bob wigs.*"

He at length succeeded in overtaking the army, just before a battle took place. The columns were marching through a ravine, when fifty thousand Turkish cavalry came rushing to the charge. Scattering the Cossacks and light-horse from their path, they fell with terrible fury on the infantry, and threw it into disorder. Rallying, however, they made good their stand until reinforcements came up, when they rolled back that cloud of horsemen and pressed forward. Selecting a good position, they threw themselves into squares to resist the shocks of cavalry. But those fifty thousand splendid horsemen swept to the charge in such successive and terrible onsets, that they were compelled gradually to fall back and take post on the heights of Choczim. Lee's eye rested with admiration on the cloud of cavalry, bursting again and again in a headlong gallop on the steady squares. It was a new sight even to him, who had been trained in the camp.

But the campaign that had opened with such a magnificent display, soon closed to the discomfiture of the Russians. The grand vizier, arriving with a hundred and seventy thousand men, forced them to retire behind the Dniester, and abandon their project of invasion.

The change from the court, with its luxuries, to the camp, with its privations, proved too much for Lee—he was seized with a slow fever, which gradually eat

away his strength. He left the army for the waters of Buda, in search of health; but had proceeded no farther than Hungary, when his disease became so violent, that he was compelled to stop—and in an inn of a miserable village, lay three weeks on the verge of the grave. But his naturally strong constitution finally triumphed, though for a year afterwards he suffered from the effects of this attack. In the spring he went to Italy, where he remained during the summer. But not even sickness could weaken the force of his passions; and here, becoming embroiled, for some cause or other, with an Italian, he fought and killed him —losing himself the use of two of his fingers in the encounter. In the winter he was again in England, as restless and untamed as ever, and finding nothing else on which to expend his fire, plunged anew into politics. He attacked Hume's History of the Stuarts with all the severity, sarcasm, and wit he was master of.

In 1772, we find him in France and Switzerland, still furiously assailing Hume. Returning to England, he took up warmly in behalf of the American colonies. Throwing himself soul and body into this vexed question, as he did into everything he seized upon, he started for this country, to view things for himself. Arriving in the fall of 1773, he commenced travelling through the Southern colonies. Whether his love of liberty, or the desire to strike a blow at the government at home, which he had so often attacked, actuated him, he nevertheless openly and vehemently assailed the iniquitous measures adopted against us. His frank and fearless spirit, his eccentric manners, his fiery enthusiasm, and the romance thrown around his past life, soon made

him one of the most prominent men in the country. His brilliant wit, biting sarcasm, and often cogent arguments, fell in a perfect shower on the advocates of taxation. He never seemed to have a moment's repose, but was either travelling, or writing letters, either to the friends or to the enemies of the colonies. He was present at the first continental Congress, and was struck with the strength and wisdom congregated there. His pen at this time was never idle: he sent a letter to General Gage at Boston—replied to a pamphlet written by Rev. Dr. Cooper, in favor of governmental measures, and wrote to Lord Percy and Edmund Burke, boldly expressing his views of the approaching conflict, and its probable issue. He went to Boston, and afterwards back to Maryland, everywhere feeding the fire that was already kindled into fearful intensity. He conversed with everybody, and gave counsel to state-deputies and members of Congress:—in short, in ten months, he had so managed as to make himself one of the principal leaders of the revolutionary movement. In the meantime, he made Gates a visit in Berkley, Virginia, and was persuaded by him to purchase an estate bordering on his own.

At length that event towards which everything had been so rapidly tending, occurred—blood had been shed, and the Revolution commenced. Congress, in organizing the army, appointed Lee second major-general. His military experience and rank, and, above all, his vanity, may have led him to suppose he should be elected commander-in-chief. This would not only have given him prominence in this country, but made him formidable to the British ministry, for which he

entertained such a violent hatred. He, however, had the good sense to keep his disappointment, if he had any, to himself, and accepted the appointment. First, however, he sent in his resignation to the Secretary of War at home. In doing this, he not only gave up his chance of promotion in the English army, but ran the risk of losing his entire property in England, and otherwheres, at the disposal of the government—yielding in all an income of some six or seven thousand dollars per annum. All this, says he, "I staked on the die of American liberty; and I played a losing game, for I might lose all, and had no prospect, or wish, to better it." It is true, Congress promised to remunerate him for any losses he might sustain in joining the American cause.

This difficulty being disposed of, he accompanied Washington to head-quarters, at Cambridge, and was placed over the left wing of the army. Carrying the same zeal and earnestness into everything he undertook, he set about vigorously the organization of the troops. His military experience—his energy and his noble appeals, were of great benefit; and he gave promise of being one of the firmest pillars of American liberty. In December he was sent to Rhode Island, to superintend matters there; and while at Newport, pointed out the best plans to fortify, and went through the ridiculous formality of making the disaffected take a solemn oath to be faithful to the cause of the colonies.

In January he was ordered to New York, to fortify the place and disarm the Tories on Long Island. With a small escort he set out—but on arriving in Connecticut, where nearly two thousand men had been raised for him, was taken sick with the gout, and compelled to

stop for several days. In the meantime, the inhabitants of New York, hearing of this movement, were filled with alarm, lest the presence of American soldiers in their midst should provoke a cannonade from the ships of war in the harbor. The provincial Congress, too, was seized with sudden apprehensions at this apparent stretch of military power, and immediately wrote to Lee, expressing their astonishment that troops should be marched to New York, without their orders; and requesting him not to move them beyond Connecticut, lest the city should suffer from the enemy's vessels. Lee, still on his back with the gout, was filled with indignation at this letter, which he, in reply, told the Congress, in plain terms, was "*wofully hysterical.*" He declared he had no intention of provoking hostilities, and sought only to protect and secure the city; but added significantly, "If the ships of war are quiet, I shall be quiet; but I declare solemnly that, if they make a pretext of my presence to fire upon the town, *the first house set in flames by their guns, shall be the funeral-pile of some of their best friends.*" In the meantime, he sent on Colonel Waterbury with one regiment to the city. The committee of safety refused to provide any accommodation for the troops, declaring the whole movement to be an encroachment on the power of the provincial Congress. In this dilemma Lee arrived—having been brought from Stamford on a litter. His presence, together with that of a deputation from the Continental Congress, soon calmed the troubled elements, and he took possession of the place. Disregarding the threats of the naval commanders, that if he took certain steps they would fire the town,

he went boldly to work. He began three redoubts in Brooklyn, another at Hurl Gate—pulled down an old fort which the enemy might convert into a citadel, and barricaded the streets, mounting some of the barriers with cannon. Not satisfied with this, he seized the prominent Tories on Long Island, and compelled them to take the same oath he administered in Rhode Island: and when Congress, alarmed at his extraordinary use, as they deemed it, of his military power, wrote to him, he sent back a very submissive letter, though he never altered his plan of operations. He brought all his energies to the task before him; and the soldiers being inspired with a portion of his ardor, the work went bravely on. He labored here for two weeks without cessation, and was then appointed to command the army in Canada. Rumors however reaching Congress, that the English were about making a descent on the South, they reversed their instructions, and ordered him to Virginia. He immediately entered on his duties, and was pressing everything with all the force he possessed, when news arrived of the approach of the enemy's fleet on Charleston. He then hastened to South Carolina, and the troops, by order of the governor, were placed under his command. Sullivan's Island was already fortified. To strengthen this, and secure passages for retreat, in case of disaster, occupied all his attention till the attack commenced. Colonel Moultrie commanded the fort, while Lee stationed himself on Haddrell's Point, too far off to render any service, except in case of retreat. Why he did not take command of the fort in person, since the great struggle was to be there, is not stated; but having no idea

it could withstand the fire of the English fleet, he probably thought it best to remain where his chances of being made prisoner were much less. During the engagement, however, he passed over to it in an open boat, and after pointing some of the guns, returned. He was where he could watch the whole contest, and it was with the most lively exultation, he finally saw the fleet hoist sail and bear away.

After commanding here six months, he was ordered to Philadelphia. General Ward having resigned, he was now second in command to Washington, and enjoying the fullest confidence of the people. His untiring activity, and great energy, had accomplished much, and a bright and glorious career was opened before him.

Washington, with the army, was at this time on Harlaem heights, and thither Lee, at the order of Congress, repaired, and took command of the right wing. He covered the rear in the retreat to White Plains, and commanded the corps left there when Washington crossed over into the Jerseys to counteract the movements of Sir William Howe in that State. But Washington's army constantly dwindling away, was not able to cope with that of his enemy, and he began his heroic retreat. Feeling the necessity of immediately concentrating his troops, he wrote to Lee to join him as speedily as possible, with the force under his command. So hard pressed was Washington, that he wrote as he fled —from Hackensack, then from Newark, and finally from Brunswick and Trenton—first requesting, as the former delayed, then sternly ordering him to hasten forward with all the dispatch in his power. But Lee had plans of his own to accomplish, and refused to stir. He

endeavored to force Heath, then commanding in the Highlands, to send a portion of his own troops: but he steadily refusing to obey any orders but those of the commander-in-chief, a quarrel arose between them. All this time Washington was retreating before his enemies, looking anxiously in the direction he expected the reinforcements to arrive: but day after day, and week after week passed, and yet they did not appear. At length Lee put his troops in motion; but even after he had crossed the Hudson, he advanced slowly, and lingered on the way, as if held back by some powerful spell. He was ten days in reaching Baskinridge; where, as a just punishment for his disobedience, he was captured in the most ridiculous manner. Governed by some freak or whim, or still baser passion, he took up his quarters at a house *three miles* distant from camp—a nice communication to keep up between a commander and his army in the heart of a disaffected country. A Tory passing by the house in the evening, was told that General Lee was there with only a small guard, and conveyed the intelligence to a party of British dragoons near by. The commander of it immediately started off, to secure the prize thrown so unexpectedly in his hands.

Next morning, just after breakfast, as Lee was writing a letter to Gates, he was startled by the report that a company of British dragoons were charging on a full gallop down the lane that led to the house. The next moment they had surrounded it. Lee exclaimed, "Where is the guard? why don't they fire?" The guard were running for their lives over the fields, and the dragoons after them. Bareheaded, and with no-

thing but slippers on his feet, and a blanket-coat on his back, the aide-de-camp of the King of Poland, and the first major-general in the American army, was placed on a horse and led away to the British camp at Brunswick.

The manner of his capture gave rise to many suspicions that it was premeditated and voluntary on his part. The fact that he was so far from his army, and that his guard never fired a shot, were regarded as strong circumstances against him. These accusations were groundless; and we are to look for this strange location of his quarters to some private whim, which he thought not best to disclose. But it is not so easy to account for his protracted disobedience of orders, thereby placing Washington in the most critical danger. It is said that ambitious views of his own held him back—that he expected, and waited to deliver some brilliant stroke on the enemy, of vastly more service than to join the main army, as he was repeatedly ordered to do. But this is a frivolous excuse. A man of his military experience, and knowledge of what belongs to a subordinate officer, knew perfectly well there could be no greater error, and scarcely a greater crime, than to refuse the repeated and peremptory orders of his commander-in-chief, closely pursued by a victorious enemy. Those who render this apology, pay a poor compliment to his moral sense, or regard for his obligations—still it may be better than a worse one. Others have whispered, that knowing the distressed condition of Washington, he delayed, on purpose to have him and his fragment of an army fall into the hands of the enemy, so that the supreme com-

mand might devolve on him. Whether his schemes looked forward to such a direful result as this, or not, it is evident he ran the risk, for the sake of promoting his selfish ends. It seems to me to matter very little, whether he wished Washington defeated, that he might mount to his place, or was willing to hazard such a catastrophe to advance his own fame—the crime is the same in both cases: the only difference is, *one is the other matured*, or simply a degree higher in the same scale.

Notwithstanding these suspicions, which, whether just or not, Lee cannot complain of, the country deeply mourned his loss. His enthusiasm, activity, boldness and success, especially at the South, had endeared him to the people, and they regarded him one of their strongest supports. The treatment he received from his captors, who declared him a deserter, rather than a prisoner, awakened strong sympathy for him throughout the nation; and Washington, whatever might have been his suspicions, took a deep interest in his welfare. He wrote to Howe, proposing an exchange, and declared, if he presumed to touch a hair of his head, he would retaliate it severely on the Hessian officers he had captured at Trenton. Those officers were immediately placed in close confinement, till Lee should be treated as a prisoner of his rank in the army was entitled to be. It was well for the latter that the commander whom he had left to his fate—by a bold stroke at Trenton, had obtained the means of retaliation; or he might have been sent to England, and subjected to the treatment Ethan Allen received, if not court-martialled as a deserter. In consequence of this

firm attitude of Washington, Lee was allowed to go abroad on parole, and granted the liberty due his rank, until he was finally exchanged, in May, 1778.

It is said that while he was a prisoner, a discussion arose one day at dinner respecting the American army, and the bravery of its officers. The conversation grew animated, when a young officer directly insulted Lee. The latter immediately rose to his full height, and while the star of honor he won in Poland, rose and fell on his breast, as it heaved to the tide of indignation that swept through it, he fixed his eye fiercely on his adversary, and hurled defiance in his face. The British officers generously took sides with him, and the young bravado had to make an apology.

Immediately after his release, he joined the army at Valley Forge, and was reinstated in his old command. In the middle of June, Clinton evacuated Philadelphia, and began his march across New Jersey, while Washington closely watched his movements, and hung like a gathering storm on his flanks. A council of war was called, to determine whether it was best to hazard a general engagement. Lee declared it was not; and took such strong and decided ground, that he carried many of the officers with him. His reason was, that with a force only a little superior to that of the British, it was impossible to contend with them on the open field. The battles of Long Island, Brandywine, and Germantown seemed to corroborate his opinion; but Steuben had been with the army since then, and imparted new power to it, by his energy and strict discipline.

The result was, the council decided against a general action, and dissolved. This was a bitter disappoint-

ment to Washington. Greene, Lafayette, and Wayne, however, came to his relief, by each sending in a remonstrance against the decision rendered. This decided him, and he moved forward, determined, as he said, "to be governed by circumstances;" while it is evident, he designed to arrange circumstances so that a battle could not be prevented.

BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

The English army, ten thousand strong, had evacuated Philadelphia, and was passing through New Jersey, on its way to New York. The whole country was filled with the marching columns—the baggage-train alone stretching *twelve miles along the road.* On the rear of this army, in order to cut it and the baggage-train from the main body, Washington determined to fall, and sent forward five thousand men to commence the attack. The command of this belonged to Lee, but he refusing to accept it, it was given to Lafayette. The former, however, thinking it would have a bad look to decline serving in such an important battle as this promised to be, changed his mind, and asked for the post assigned him, which was generously surrendered by Lafayette.

The 28th of June, was one of the sultriest days of the year—*it was also the Sabbath-day*—yet at an early hour, Lee, who was but five miles from Monmouth, where the British army had encamped the night before, put his troops in motion. Pushing rapidly on through the broken and wooded country, he at length emerged in view of the plain of Monmouth, which, like that of Marengo, seemed made on purpose for a battle-field. Forming his

men in the woods, to conceal them from the enemy, he and Wayne rode forward to reconnoitre—and lo! all the ample plain below them was dark with the moving masses. To the stirring sound of music the steady columns of the grenadiers moved sternly forward, their bayonets glittering in the morning sunlight; while, far as the eye could reach, followed after, the immense train—horses and wagons, toiling through the sand and filling the air with dust.

Wayne descended like a torrent upon this line of march, and soon the sharp rattle of musketry and roar of cannon, and heavy smoke, told where he was pouring his troops to the charge. Lee, in the meantime, with the rest of his division, was taking a circuitous march to fall on the head of the corps with which Wayne was engaged, when he learned that the whole British army had wheeled about, and was hurrying back to protect the rear. That plain then presented a magnificent appearance. Far away the cloud of horses and wagons was seen hurrying from the field, while nearer by, the glittering columns fell, one after another, in the order of battle—the artillery opened like a sudden conflagration in their midst—the cavalry went dashing forward to the charge, and amid the pealing of trumpets, unrolling of standards, and shouts of men, the battle commenced.

But at this moment, Lee, who had not expected to meet a strong force, and not liking to have a heavy battle thrown on him, with a morass in his rear, ordered a retreat—and the brave Wayne, grinding his teeth in rage, was compelled to fall back, and came very near being cut off in the attempt. Across the morass, and over the broken country, the division kept

retiring, with the victorious columns of the British in full pursuit.

In the meantime Washington, ignorant of this shameful retreat, was marching up with the other division of the army. As the sound of the first cannonade broke dull and heavy over the woods, the troops were hurried forward—and the soldiers, eager for the encounter, threw aside their knapsacks, and many of them their coats, and with shouts pressed on. It was a terrible day—the thermometer stood at *ninety-six*—and as that sweltering army toiled through the sand and dust, many sunk in their footsteps overpowered by the heat. Washington had dismounted where two roads met, and stood with his arm thrown over the neck of his white horse, that was reeking with sweat—listening to the uproar in the distance, and watching his eager columns as they swept along the road. Far in advance, he heard the thunder of artillery that was mowing down his ranks, while before him fluttered the flag of his country, soon also to be enveloped in the smoke of battle. A shade of anxiety was seen to cross that calm, noble countenance; but the next moment it grew dark as wrath. A horseman, dashing up to him, cried out that Lee was in full retreat, bearing down with his disordered ranks, full on his own advancing division. The expression of his face at that moment was dreadful; and with a burst of indignation, that startled those around him, he sprang to the saddle, and plunging the rowels in his steed, launched away like a bolt from heaven. A cloud of dust alone told where he and his suite sped onward; and those who looked on him then, with his usually pale face flushed, and his blue eye emitting fire,

knew that a storm was soon to burst somewhere. He swept in a headlong gallop up to the van of the retreating army, and the moment his white horse was seen, the brave fellows, who had not been half beaten, sent up a shout that was heard the whole length of the line, and "*Long live Washington,*" rent the air. Flinging a hasty inquiry to Osgood, as to the reason of this retreat, who replied with a terrible oath, "*Sir, we are fleeing from a shadow;*" he galloped to the rear, and reining up his horse beside Lee, bent on him a face of fearful expression, and thundered in his ear, as he leaned over his saddle-bow, "*Sir, I desire to know what is the reason and whence arises this disorder and confusion.*" It was not the words, but the smothered tone of passion in which they were uttered, and the manner, which was severe as a blow, that made this rebuke so terrible. Wheeling his steed, he spurred up to Oswald's and Stewart's regiment, saying, "On you I depend to check this pursuit;" and riding along the ranks, he roused their courage to the highest pitch by his stirring appeals, while that glorious shout of "*Long live Washington,*" again shook the field. The sudden gust of passion had swept by; but the storm that ever slumbered in his bosom was now fairly up; and galloping about on his splendid charger, his tall and commanding form towering above all about him, and his noble countenance lit up with enthusiasm, he was the impersonation of all that is great and heroic in man. In a moment the aspect of the field was changed—the retreating mass halted—officers were seen hurrying about in every direction, their shouts and orders ringing above the roar of the enemy's guns. The ranks opened, and under the

galling fire of the British, wheeled, and formed in splendid order. Washington then rode back to Lee, and pointing to the firm front he had arrayed against the enemy, exclaimed, "*Will you, sir, command in that place?*" He replied, "Yes." "*Well,*" then said he, "*I expect you to check the enemy immediately.*" "Your orders shall be obeyed," replied the stung commander; "and I will not be the first to leave the field." The battle then opened with renewed fury, and Washington hurried back to bring his own division into action.

It was a glorious triumph of discipline, and the power of one master-mind—and a noble spectacle, to see how those retreating troops recovered their confidence, and formed under the very fire of their pursuers, and before the panic had been communicated to the other portion of the army.

But the danger had only just commenced; the few regiments which had been thrown forward, could not long withstand the heavy shock to which they were exposed. Swept by the artillery, and enveloped in fire, they were gradually forced back over the field. They fought bravely, as if they knew the fate of the battle rested on their firmness, yet the advanced corps finally recoiled on the reserve. On this, too, the victorious legions of the enemy thundered with deafening shouts—the grenadiers pressed furiously forward—the cavalry hung like a cloud on our flanks, while the steadily advancing cannon galled the ranks with a most destructive fire. Our whole line of battle began to shake. Washington, with the rear division, was not yet up, and every moment threatened to throw Lee's whole shattered corps back in disorder upon it.

Everything quivered in the balance, but at this terrible crisis, the noble, the chivalric Hamilton, with his hat off and his hair streaming in the wind, was seen crossing the field in a sweeping gallop, making straight for Lee. Knowing that the fate of the battle rested on his firmness, and fearing he might shrink again under the heavy onsets of the enemy, he flew to his relief. Reining up his foam-covered steed beside him, he exclaimed in that lofty enthusiasm, which that day saved the army: "I will stay with you, my dear general, and *die with you. Let us all die here rather than retreat.*" Nobly said, brave Hamilton!—the firmest prop of American liberty stands fast in this dreadful hour.

In this decisive moment, Washington appeared on the field, and rapidly formed his division in front of the enemy. Casting his eye over the battle, he saw at a glance the whole extent of the danger, and strained every nerve to avert it. His orders flew like lightning in every direction, while full on his centre came the shouting headlong battalions of the enemy. Both his right and left flanks were threatened almost simultaneously; yet calm and collected, he sternly surveyed the rapidly advancing storm, without one thought of retreating. Never did his genius shine forth with greater splendor than at this moment. Ordering up Stirling with the artillery, on the left, and the other portion of the army to advance, he watched for an instant the effect of the movements. Stirling came up on a furious gallop with his guns, and unlimbering them, poured such a sudden fire on the enemy, that they recoiled before it. At the same time the veteran Knox hurried up his heavy cannon on the right, and

began to thunder on the dense masses, while the gallant Wayne, at the head of his chosen infantry, charged like fire, full on the centre. The battle now raged along the whole line, and the plain shook under the uproar. But nothing could withstand the impetuosity of the Americans, and the fierce fire of our artillery. The hotly-worked batteries of Knox and Stirling, were like two spots of flame on either side; while the head of Wayne's column, enveloped in smoke and flame, pressed steadily forward, bearing down everything in its passage, and sweeping the field with shouts that were heard above the roar of the artillery. Every step had been contested with the energy of despair; and under the oppressive heat, scores of brave fellows had fallen in death, unsmitten by the foe.

The whole English army retreated, and took up a strong position on the ground Lee had occupied in the morning. Almost impenetrable woods and swamps were on either side, while there was nothing but a narrow causeway in front, over which an army could advance to the attack. The battle now seemed over; for under that burning sun and temperature of ninety-six degrees, the exhausted army could hardly stir. Even Washington's powerful frame was overcome by the heat and toil he had passed through; and as he stood begrimed with the dust and the smoke of battle, and wiped his brow; the perspiration fell in streams from his horse, which looked as if it had been dragged through a muddy stream, rather than rode by a living man. The tired hero gazed long and anxiously on the enemy's position, and notwithstanding its strength, and the heat of the day, and the state of his army, deter-

mined to force it. His strong nature had been thoroughly roused, and the battle he sought and would have won thrown unexpectedly upon him, and well-nigh lost; and he now resolved to press it home on the foe. All around him lay the dead, and the cry for water was most piteous to hear—even those who bore back the wounded, were ready to sink under the heat. The eye of Washington, however, rested only on the English army, and ordering up two brigades to assail it, one on the right flank and the other on the left, he brought the heavy guns of Knox forward to the front. In a few minutes these tremendous batteries opened, and the English cannon replied till it was one constant peal of thunder, there over the hot plain. In the meantime the burning sun was stooping to the western hills, and striving in vain, with its level beams, to pierce the smoke and dust-filled atmosphere, that spread like a cloud above the field. Still, that heavy cannonade made the earth groan, and still those gallant brigades were forcing their way onward through the deep woods and over the marshes to the attack. But the almost insurmountable obstacles that crossed their path, so delayed their march, that night came on before they could reach their respective positions. The firing then ceased, and darkness shut in the scene. For a while the tread of the battalions, taking up their positions for the night—the heavy rumbling of artillery-wagons, and the moans of the wounded, and piteous prayers for water, disturbed the calmness of the Sabbath evening, and then all was still. The poor soldiers, overcome with heat and toil, lay down upon the ground, with their arms in their hands, and the two tired armies slept. Within

sight of each other they sunk on the field, while the silent cannon, loaded with death, still frowned darkly from the heights upon their foes. The young moon just glanced a moment on the slumbering hosts, then fled behind the hills. The stars, one after another, came out upon the sky like silent watchers, and the smoke of the conflict hung in vapory masses over the woods and plain. Washington, determined with the dawn of day to renew the battle, wrapped his military cloak around him, and throwing himself on the ground beneath a tree, slept amid his followers. So did Bonaparte, on the first night of the battle of Wagram, sleep by the Danube, lulled by its turbulent waters.

But at midnight the English commander roused his sleeping army, and quietly withdrew, and before morning, was beyond the reach of Washington's arm. So profound were the slumbers of our exhausted troops, that no intimation of the departure of the enemy was received until the morning light revealed their deserted camp. The prey had escaped him; and so Washington followed on slowly—moving his army by easy marches to the Hudson.

This battle, though not so bloody as many others, was one of the most remarkable of the Revolution. The presence of mind and firmness of Washington, which restored it after it seemed lost; the steadiness and bravery of the troops, that rallied and formed right in the face of their pursuers; and the energy and strength which not only overcame pursuit and restored the day, but finally broke into a furious offensive, scarcely have a parallel.* Especially do we feel this

* The corps of Col. Dearborn, he who fought so gallantly at Bunker

to be true, when we remember the extraordinary heat of the day, and that the troops, from a little after sunrise till sunset, marched and fought on a field, where no water was to be had. I never heard of a battle before lasting twelve hours, and with the thermometer at ninety-six Fahrenheit. It seems impossible that troops could be aroused to put forth such exertions under such a scorching sun. The fact that many fell dead with a sun-stroke, shows that on this sandy plain, the suffering from heat and want of water must have been intense. Over twenty thousand men packed into that valley, and struggling a whole day in such a temperature, made doubly worse by their own smoke and fire, is one of the most remarkable spectacles the history of war presents.

Immediately after the battle, Washington reinstated

Hill, and charged with such desperate impetuosity at Saratoga, presented a striking exhibition of the triumph of discipline. When the British made a demonstration on the left wing, a body of troops separated from the main army, and were seen advancing through an orchard towards a position that would give them great advantage. Washington's quick eye observed it, and he detached Col. Dearborn with three hundred and fifty men to attack them. Under a tremendous fire that little band moved steadily forward, with shouldered arms. The enemy, alarmed at their firm and threatening attitude, filed off and formed on the edge of a morass, which made a corresponding movement of the Americans to the right necessary. The latter never stopped, but as the order, "Right wheel," passed along the lines, wheeled in perfect order, and moved steadily up to the opposing ranks, and taking a full volley, kept on with shouldered arms until within eight rods, when they halted, dressed, poured in a destructive fire,—then sprang forward with the bayonet, scattering those veteran troops in affright from their path. Washington, from his position, saw this movement with unbounded delight, and exclaimed, "What troops are those?" "Full-blooded Yankees from New Hampshire," was the reply.

Lee in his old command, thus showing that he meant to overlook the whole matter. But the latter having been severely galled by the rebuke* he had received, and still farther irritated by the severe remarks made by the officers on his retreat, wrote a saucy letter to Washington, which called forth a short and severe reply. Stung by this additional attack, he wrote a still more impertinent and ridiculous letter, demanding a court-martial to decide on his conduct. Washington wound up his letter to Lee, with a curtness and tartness uncommon for him—declaring that he "was guilty of a breach of orders and of misbehavior before the enemy, in not attacking them as he had been directed; and in making an unnecessary, disorderly, and shameful retreat." Lee's reply was: "You cannot afford me greater pleasure, sir, than in giving me an opportunity of showing to America the efficiency of her respective servants. I trust that the temporary power of office and the tinsel dignity attending it, will not be able, by all the mists they can raise, to effusate

* There is some doubt about the exact language used by Washington on this occasion. Weems says that he exclaimed, as he rode up, "For God's sake! General Lee, what's the cause of this ill-timed prudence?" to which the latter replied, "No man, sir, can boast a larger portion of that rascally virtue than your excellency." This eccentric historian, I know, is not considered very reliable authority; but the language here given corresponds precisely to the characters of the two men, in the state of mind in which they then were, and to me bears internal evidence of truth. Mr. Sparks informs me that he once asked Lafayette, at La Grange, what the expression of Washington was on that occasion. He replied, that he did not know, and though near them both at the time, could not have told an hour afterwards. He said it was not the language, but the *manner*—no one had ever before seen Washington so terribly excited; his whole appearance was fearful.

the bright rays of truth. In the meantime, your excellency can have no objection to my retiring from the army." A more insulting letter could scarcely have been written, and he was put under arrest immediately. In August the court-martial sat, and he was tried under three charges: First, for disobeying orders, in not attacking the enemy; Second, for "making an unnecessary and disorderly retreat;" and Third, for "disrespect to the commander-in-chief in two letters." He had a fair trial, and was found guilty on all three charges, except that, in the second, the word "shameful" was expunged, and "*in some instances*" disorderly, inserted. He was suspended from the army twelve months. This decision fell like a thunderbolt on him, and his indignation against Washington burst forth like a torrent, and never lost its intensity till the day of his death. Many exceptions have been taken to this decision, and even Mr. Sparks thinks the charges not fully sustained by the evidence. Lee's defence is, that he *did* attack the enemy in the first place, and that he did not order a retreat in the second place—that when he found the whole English army on him, he fell back, and Scott's brigade, forming a large portion of his division, mistaking an oblique movement of a column for a retreat, crossed over the marsh without his orders—that he could not reverse this movement in face of the enemy safely, and so he fell back also, intending to form his men in the first favorable position, which did not occur till he reached Washington. This statement at first sight is very plausible, but when sifted amounts to very little. In the first place, it is a mere farce, to say he attacked the enemy in the spirit of his instructions. On

the same construction, the firing of a single platoon might be called an attack. He knew, and everybody else knows, that Washington meant more than he performed, by an "*attack*." It is ridiculous to quibble on the letter of his instructions in this way. Washington did not send him forward, with five thousand men, to execute a manœuvre. In the second place, it is asserted that Lee's orders were discretionary, and therefore he could not be charged with disobedience of them by retreating if he thought best. His orders were to attack the enemy, unless there were "*powerful reasons to the contrary*." I see precious little that is discretionary in such an order. No general-officer receives one less so, unless he is acting under the direct eye of the commander-in chief; or if he does, it is always construed in this way. No man, if ordered with five thousand men to "attack the enemy *at all hazards*," would feel himself bound to do so, if on coming up there were fifty thousand men strongly posted, instead of five thousand as supposed. A man would be court-martialled for carrying out the letter of his instructions under such circumstances. The whole thing lies in a nutshell. When a man like Lee is sent forward with half the army, on purpose to commence the attack, and bring on a battle, he is expected to do it, and under such orders, he is under obligations to do it, unless he finds circumstances so utterly different from what was expected, that there can be no doubt the commander-in-chief would change his orders if he were present. No such difference existed in Lee's case, and he was bound to put himself in a position where he could commence the attack. The whole defence made on the

word discretionary, is a quibble, and only serves to reveal the weakness of the argument it is designed to support. The mere fact that he declares he intended to make an attack, when Scott retreating without his permission, forced him also to retire, shows how he construed his discretionary orders, and makes all he says about having "saved the army by a timely and judicious retreat," supremely ridiculous. He either did or did not design to attack the enemy, before Scott retreated. If he did, the retreat about which he boasts so much was an accident, and not in any way owing to his excellent judgment; if he did *not*, he violated his orders, and the whole story about being *forced* to retire by Scott's movement is a falsehood.

He has been accused of designing to ruin Washington, but this is not so clear. At first sight the plain facts seem to be—he went into the battle reluctantly, and only to save his reputation, and hence would not fight if he could help it. Having no confidence in his troops, or in his ability to make a successful attack, he would, if possible, refrain from doing it. Hence he wavered and hesitated, when the utmost promptness and decision were necessary. This uncertain action deceived his troops, who knew not what was expected of them, and so Scott retreated at the first appearance of a retrograde movement. Lee, glad of an excuse to follow his wishes, did not order him back, and retreated also. In the meantime, he designed to occupy the first strong position he came to, but finding none, continued to fall back until met by Washington.

There are only two objections to this charitable construction. In the first place, he had marched over

the ground just before, and he knew that behind that morass was the best place to make a stand between him and Washington; yet when the latter came up, there was no demonstration towards a rally. The second is, he retreated several miles without once sending word to Washington, who he knew was rapidly advancing, unapprised of his flight. The excuse, that he expected to rally and make a stand every moment, and thought he would not shake the courage of the approaching corps, by announcing a pursuit he expected to check, is utterly worthless. It might bear him out during the first mile of his retreat, but not when he found himself to be almost upon the other division. He was too old a soldier not to be perfectly aware, that there was no danger so great as to come in full flight, unannounced, upon a body of advancing troops. He knew there was scarcely one army out of a hundred, that could be rallied under such a sudden shock; and that the steadiest would be dreadfully shaken. It was the height of madness to pour his five thousand disordered troops upon an equal number unprepared to receive them; and this refusal to apprise Washington of his movements, is the darkest thing about the whole affair. Nothing prevented the catastrophe he was precipitating, but the providential arrival of a farmer, who reported his disorderly retreat. Still, it is unjust to accuse him of the base motive to destroy Washington. There was never any low trickery in his actions, none of this underground treacherous dealing about his character. What he did, he did boldly, nay, defiantly; and hence, it is more reasonable to look for an explanation of his conduct in these traits,

than in one he never seemed to possess. The truth of the whole matter doubtless is—his anger being aroused at the summary manner in which the commander-in chief had set aside the decision of the council of war, he would just as soon have the attack unsuccessful as not. Going into the battle with these sullen feelings, he put forth no effort, and showed no zeal, and retreated at the first appearance of strong opposition. Attributing his repulse to the self-will of the former, rather than to his own bad management; he, in his savage anger, wished to see him punished, and determined to let events take their own course—charging the whole responsibility over to his obstinacy in not regarding the opinions of his officers. His insulting letter to Washington, which he knew would recoil upon him, sprung out of this same reckless, independent feeling.

At all events, this ended Lee's military career, and justly too. A man too proud to obey except when the orders harmonize with his own views, and so selfish and reckless, as to prefer the gratification of his passions to the salvation of an army, is not fit to be trusted with one. His downfall from this moment was rapid. Too haughty to submit to the decision of his peers, and too ungoverned and fierce to control himself, he launched his invectives both against Congress and Washington. Colonel Laurens, a brave and gallant officer, and member of the staff, finally took up the quarrel, and challenged him. They fought with pistols, and Lee was wounded. In a short time he retired to his estate in Virginia, where in an old shell of a house, without a single partition in it, except imaginary ones, indicated by chalk-marks on the floor; destitute of

windows, and of furniture, with his pet horses and dogs about him, he lived the life of a hermit. "To a gentleman who visited him in this forlorn retreat, where he found a kitchen in one corner, a bed in another, books in a third, saddles and harness in a fourth, Lee said, 'Sir, it is the most convenient and economical establishment in the world. The lines of chalk which you see on the floor, mark the divisions of the apartments, and I can sit in any corner, and give orders, and overlook the whole, without moving from my chair.'"* Here he employed himself on his farm, and in writing *Queries, Political and Military*, the design of which was to injure Washington. But that great man had become too deeply fixed in the heart of the nation, to feel for a moment the revengeful attacks of a disappointed, ambitious man.

After the term of his suspension from the army had expired, he was told that Congress designed to take away his commission altogether. In the suddenness of his anger, and without waiting to know whether the report was true or not, he wrote that body an insulting letter, which, of course, precipitated his dismission. He afterwards sent a humble apology, condemning himself unsparingly for his language, and expressing his sincere regret for having used it.

With the exception of a little interest which he took in some political questions in Virginia, he, after this, devoted all his attention to his farm. Under his bad management, however, it grew worse and worse, until at length it become so encumbered, that he resolved to sell it. In the fall of 1782, he went to Baltimore to

* Vide Sparks' Biography.

negotiate the sale, and from thence to Philadelphia. At the latter place he was seized with an ague, which terminated in a raging fever, producing delirium. Every remedy failed to arrest the disease; and on the second of October, he was evidently fast sinking. Just before his death, his delirious soul, like that of Napoleon, was in the midst of a heavy fight, and he seemed struggling amid the smoke and carnage of battle. He was again amid the falling ranks, and as, upon his dying ear, came the thunder of cannon, his glazing eye flashed for a moment with its wonted fire; and "*Stand by me, my brave grenadiers,*" broke from his pallid lips. But the tumult around his tossing spirit was not that of the turbulent fight, but of dissolving nature; and in a few moments more, that fierce heart had ceased its throbbing, and the warrior was at rest.

HIS CHARACTER.

One ought always to average such a character as that of Lee, and let the good balance the bad. A man of constant and great extremes must not be judged in any one phasis he exhibits. As a general thing, the frank, impulsive, positive man possesses the best qualities; and yet he receives the severest condemnation. He who trims his principles to suit the times, and his conduct to harmonize with prevailing prejudices, glides smoothly down the stream of public favor; while the soul that scorns meanness, and strikes it with withering rebuke—bursts into anger at oppression, and leaves its curse upon it, is viewed with dislike and suspicion. The world, in its judgment also, pays very little regard

to temperament, and stretches a man with a soul of fire, and a heart of passion, on the same iron bedstead it does the meek and gentle, or even inefficient and stupid spirit, and gauges him by the same rule. Yet the tame or timid man could not by any effort or depravity possess that violent, fearless, reckless nature. The lamb cannot become the lion, nor the lion the lamb, by any sort of cultivation. Therefore, such a person is not to be judged solely by the extent and frequency with which he passes the line of right. His noble generosity—magnanimous self-devotion to the welfare of others, his hatred of oppression, and scorn of meanness—are to be placed against his bursts of passion, sudden revenge, and those faults which are committed in moments of excitement. Besides, a man of strong and violent nature may put forth more effort, exercise more principle, resist temptation more manfully and nobly, and yet fall at last, than one who, with nothing but his stupidity to contend with, exhibits, in becoming a perfect pattern of morality. The world would stagnate without these souls of great energy, which are now and then thrown into it; and yet this energy will sometimes bolt from the track of virtue, and waste and destroy.

Lee was one of those tempestuous spirits which never can rest, and against all obstacles, make themselves felt in the world. Of his republicanism one cannot have the highest opinion—it was too much like Byron's and Alfieri's, which grew out of hatred of tyrants, rather than love for the people. They scorned oppression just as all generous natures must—not only from its inherent meanness, but also from the meanness of

those who practise it; and hence, assailed it without giving much thought to the welfare of the oppressed. Lee hated tyranny, yet he liked the companionship of kings; and while he was attacking furiously the oppressive acts of the British ministry, he accepted the rank of major-general under the greatest despot of Europe, and to carry out an unjust war against a people of whom he knew nothing. His animosity towards England was no doubt the origin of much of his patriotism for the country he adopted. That it was to gratify a feeling, and satisfy his ambition, rather than at the stern call of principle, he took up arms in our defence, is seen from the prominence he always gives himself above everything else. An incident occurred at Valley Forge which seems to corroborate this statement. Washington was directed by Congress to administer the oath of allegiance to the commanding officers of the army; and having called the major-generals in a circle about him, extended the Bible, on which they all placed their hands. But just as he was about to repeat the oath, Lee deliberately withdrew his hand. Every eye immediately rested upon him; when he again placed it on the Bible, and the second time drew back. On Washington inquiring the cause of this strange procedure, he replied: "*As to King George*, I am ready enough to absolve myself from all allegiance to him; but *I have some scruples about the Prince of Wales.*" The oddness of the reply produced a burst of laughter, which for a while suspended the ceremony. Eventually, however, Lee took the oath with the rest. The deep design which some have seen in this, in all probability did not exist; but the

fact shows one thing at least, that his republicanism was based on personal feeling—more than on principle, and was, at the best, too much of an impulse with him.

Lee was a generous man; and if he wronged even an enemy in a gust of passion, his reparation was ample and cordial. He abhorred a secret foe, and never condescended to base means to compass his ends. His hostility was open, and he never struck in the dark. He gave the enemy warning before he assailed him, and though he might wage an unjust war, it was on a fair field. But his hatred was intense and unsparing, and where it fell every green thing withered. Yet he was not implacable, and forgot even injuries soon. The hostility he exhibited towards Washington, to the day of his death, is the only instance in his life where he seemed to be governed long by a revengeful feeling. Yet this was not cherished towards Washington wholly, nor, do I think, chiefly from the injury he had inflicted on him. True, he traced back to him the stream of all his troubles. At Washington's feet his bright career closed, and there sunk, at one fell blow, all his ambitious projects, and hopes—and wounded vanity, and pride, and ruined prospects, and exultant enemies combined to kindle his wrath, and nurse it into fury. By the black gulf that lay between his bright past and gloomy present, Washington, to his diseased imagination, ever appeared to stand pointing within. Still, this does not account for the venom and endurance of his hate. This was owing chiefly to the powerlessness of his rage. Up to the serene height which Washington occupied, he could not approach, and every arrow shot at him there fell short of its

victim. To a man of Lee's pride and fierce temper, and one who had hitherto found no one so elevated as to escape his stroke, this utter helplessness of rage was terrible—it was the worst punishment that could be inflicted on him—the deepest torture he could be made to suffer. With all his strong passions bursting, and nothing but themselves to burst upon, he became a prey to those self-lashings which furnish the climax of rage. And worse than all, he not only failed to reach his object, but he failed even to excite his attention. He could not move even anger or scorn; and what could goad a proud, fierce, and passionate nature into madness, more than the consciousness of this impotence. Every blow only recoiled on himself—pushing him deeper in disgrace, and exalting still higher his enemy, whom he hoped to wound. In disappointed hate he aimed another, and another, only to be smitten to the earth by the rebound. To be thus stung into fruitless efforts, and gaze on one's enemy serene and tranquil in his glory and strength, is one of the bitterest draughts man is ever compelled to drink, and yet Lee drained it to the dregs. It was this that fed and kindled into tenfold intensity his wrath, so that at length, as he himself says, "*It became the moon of his madness.*"

Lee was a brilliant man, and wrote with great facility and clearness. His arguments were characterized by force of expression rather than force of thought; yet, what he lost in logic he made up in wit, and was by no means an antagonist to be despised. His style was a representation of himself—impulsive, bold and startling.* His pen brought efficient aid to our cause

* He sprinkled even his letters with profanity. Once in writing to

at the outset, and the weight of his name imparted confidence to our army.

In person, he was a little above the middle size, with a rough, ugly face, and a nose shaped more like a parrot's, than a man's—the unpleasant expression of which was not at all relieved by the slovenly dress he wore. In manner he was eccentric, being governed entirely by his impulses, instead of conventional forms and rules. He was blunt, sometimes even to rudeness, though a perfect gentleman in his address when he wished to be; and hence made many enemies, and but few warm friends. His vanity, ambition, and self-confidence were enormous, and ruined him at last. He was a strong man; but he could not persuade others to value him so high as he esteemed himself; and therefore never received, in his own view, the proper reward of his deserts. Born, as he supposed, to rule, he was ill fitted to obey. Irascible, impatient and headstrong, he could not submit to disappointment, and would hear of no obstacles in the way of his own schemes. Brave, restless, and daring, he roamed the world in search of adventure; and never seemed so much at home as when in danger. Rash and precipitate, he plunged himself into difficulties, from which his address or courage, or what seemed oftener the case, his lucky star usually relieved him; and stormed

Edward Rutledge, member of the Congress of 1776, he says: "As your affairs prosper, the timidity of the senatorial part of the continent, great and small, extends itself. By the eternal G—d, unless you declare yourselves independent, and establish a more certain and fixed legislation than that of a temporary courtesy of the people, you richly deserve to be enslaved; and I think it far from improbable that it should be your lot."

through life, leaving no record of half he did, or half he experienced. His mind seemed always in a state of fusion, and he was lashed through the world by a nature to which repose seemed torture.

His morals were as bad as his manners—he was terribly profane, and always followed the bent of his own passions.* His religious sentiments may be gathered from his will. In drawing up an instrument of this kind—in full view of death, one is supposed to speak honestly. After bequeathing his soul to the Almighty, he declares that he thinks a man's religious notions are of no consequence—adding, "a weak mortal can be no more answerable for his persuasive notions, or even scepticism in religion, than for the color of his skin." His soul being thus summarily disposed of, he proceeds

* Thatcher, in his Military Journal, tells an amusing incident illustrating both his dreadful temper and profanity. Judge Brackenridge, of Philadelphia, had excited Lee, by some galling paragraph he had published about his conduct, and the latter challenged him. The Judge declined the honor in a very odd and laughable manner; and so Lee provided himself with a horsewhip, and seeing his enemy going down Market street one day, gave chase. The latter no sooner saw him than he ran into a public house, and bolted the door in his face. Lee immediately began to swear at him, telling him to come out and fight like a man. The humorous Judge replied, that he never had a fancy to be shot at, and had rather not, if it was just as agreeable. By this time a crowd had gathered around, and hearing Brackenridge's droll replies to Lee's threats, burst into uproarious laughter. This maddened the latter still more, and he cursed Brackenridge dreadfully, and dared him to come out and he would horsewhip him. The imperturbable Judge replied, with the utmost simplicity, that he had no occasion for such discipline,—he never liked it when a child, and did not now. Shouts of laughter followed; and Lee at length finding he was making himself ridiculous, retired, when the Judge quietly walked forth.

to his body, and after bequeathing it to the earth, says, "I desire most earnestly that I may not be buried in any church, or churchyard, or within a mile of any Presbyterian or Anabaptist meeting-house; for since I have resided in this country, I have kept so much bad company when living, that I do not choose to continue it when dead."

His animosity to Washington embittered his feelings towards the entire country; and in his letters to his sister, he speaks in terms of condemnation of almost everybody and everything. He excepts very few generals in the catalogue, and allows little or no virtue or true patriotism to the colonies, except those of New England.

His opening career was bright and promising; and especially as a champion of liberty, he seemed destined to one of the highest niches in the temple of fame. Yet in an evil hour he perilled and lost all. He was a striking instance of that

"Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself,"

and his fate has a lesson to it, which no one can mistake. His death was in keeping with his life. One would expect him to die in delirium, and that the spirit which ever sought the whirlwind in life, should go out of the world in the smoke of battle. Yet still the nation honored him in death; and funereal pomp and military honors attended him to the grave. He died as such fierce natures always do, early, being only fifty-five years old. At an age when many of our generals began their career, he ended his.

XVII.

MAJOR GENERAL CLINTON.

An officer in the French war—Accompanies Montgomery to Canada —Made Brigadier-General—Attack on Forts Montgomery and Clinton—Bravery and narrow escape of Clinton—Is joined to Sullivan's Expedition—His Character.

James Clinton was born in Ulster county, New York, August 19th, 1736, three years before his brother, Governor George Clinton. Two nobler sons a father never gave his country. A biography of the latter I omit, not only because he was a brigadier, but also because his life is that of a statesman rather than of a warrior.

James Clinton seemed designed for a military man, and his natural tendencies developed themselves early. Although he had received an excellent education, and was in every way fitted to enter on a successful career in civil life, he chose the hardships and dangers of the forest-march, Indian ambush, and deadly encounter. When but twenty years of age, he was captain under Colonel Bradstreet, and fought bravely at Fort Frontenac. Here the almost beardless stripling took his first lessons in war, and showed, by his intrepidity and daring, that he possessed the qualities of a successful commander. In this expedition he took a French sloop-

of-war, on Lake Ontario, in gallant style. One day when it was a perfect calm, so that the vessel could not make sail, he placed his company in row-galleys, and pulled towards her. As they came within reach of the guns, a fierce fire was opened upon them; but Clinton shouting to his men to pull steadily, he soon laid his boats alongside, and pouring in vollies of musketry, boldly mounted the sides of the ship and captured her.

Afterwards, he was placed over four companies appointed to protect the western frontiers of Ulster and Orange counties. A line of settlements extending fifty miles was under his supervision, over which he exercised a sleepless vigilance, and succeeded in overawing the savages.

At the close of the war he married Miss Mary De Witt, and retired to private life. But when the trumpet of war again sounded from the top of Bunker Hill, he took down his neglected sword, and leaving the joys of his quiet home, entered soul and heart into the struggle. In the list of the officers of the continental army, made out by Congress, he is found colonel of the third regiment of New York forces. His regiment formed a part of Montgomery's army, in its invasion of Canada, and he followed that noble, but ill-fated commander, through his toilsome marches and dangers to the last.

In 1776, he was promoted to brigadier-general, in which capacity he served through the war, and at its close was made major-general. In October, 1777, he commanded at Fort Clinton, which, with Fort Montgomery, formed the key to the Hudson. These two

forts, situated a few miles above Peekskill, on the western shore, crowned ragged heights, up which, in front, it was next to impossible for an enemy to advance. A deep torrent separated them, and the only way by which they could be approached was through narrow defiles in the mountains, where a few brave men could keep at bay a large force. To prevent the English vessels from ascending the river above them, chevaux-de-frize were sunk in the bed of the stream, and a tremendous boom swung from shore to shore, guarded by an immense chain. Behind these were a frigate and several galleys, while the artillery from the forts was so placed as to sweep the entire channel. Thus defended and supported, it was thought that Clinton, with his six hundred men, could destroy any force that might attempt to pass to Albany. But it was necessary that the English commander at New York should make some demonstration in favor of Burgoyne, who had now emerged from the wilderness, and drawn up his army in front of Gates at Saratoga.

Sir Henry Clinton, therefore, started with between three and four thousand men, and landing them at Verplanck's Point, began to manœuvre in front of Putnam, stationed at Peekskill, as if about to assail his position. The latter immediately sent word to Governor Clinton, who in a moment penetrated the enemy's plans: and knowing at once that the landing at Peekskill was only a feint, to mask a more important design, prorogued the Assembly, and hastened to Forts Montgomery and Clinton. He had conjectured right; for no sooner did the English commander convince Putnam that the attack was to be made upon him, than after dark, he se-

cretly, and covered by a dense fog, conveyed his troops across the river. By daybreak his columns stood in battle-array on the banks at Stony Point, and immediately crowded forward into the defiles that led to Forts Montgomery and Clinton. All day long they swept forward amid those gloomy mountains, and late in the afternoon arrived before the fortifications. The situation of the two brothers was now desperate enough —the wily Englishman had stolen a march upon them, and clearing all the passes where a determined stand might have been made, and driving in the detachments sent out to arrest his progress, stood with his veteran thousands in battle-array before their little band of a few hundred. About two hours before sunset, he dispatched a summons to them to surrender, giving only five minutes in which to make up their minds. Governor Clinton did not wish even that time, and immediately sent a stern refusal. The order to advance was then given, and the British army moved forward upon both forts at once. As soon as they came within reach of our marksmen, a dreadful volley smote them down. For two hours that little band gallantly withstood the onset of the overwhelming force which pressed so fiercely upon them. The two Clintons stood like lions at bay, and rallying their diminished numbers around them, presented a living wall, against which the tide of British valor rolled in vain. In the meantime the English ships of war had arrived, and began to thunder on the forts from the river. Against this united attack, these noble brothers defended themselves with a heroism worthy of a better fate, and struggled desperately to maintain their posts.

The sun went down on the fight, and darkness gathered slowly over the forest and the river—and then it was a constant blaze around those dark structures; and standards were seen waving, and swords flashing in the light of the incessant vollies. Gradually bearing down all obstacles, the English at length advanced to the storm—and sweeping, with loud shouts, over the works, drove everything before them. Disdaining still to surrender, Clinton, whose strong soul was now fully aroused, continued to fight; and gathering a few brave men around him, attempted boldly to cut his way out. Fleeing to the river shore, he came upon a small boat, in which he urged his brother George to embark, and make his escape. The latter firmly refused to go, unless he accompanied him. But this was impossible; and to end the dispute, James pushed his brother into the boat, and shoved it from the shore before he had time to offer any resistance, then springing on a horse near by, galloped away. It was dark; and as he came to a bridge which he must cross, he saw it occupied with English soldiers. They challenged him; but ordering them to clear the way, he drove the spurs in his horse, and dashed through the bayonets, one of which pierced his leg. Knowing that his safety lay in reaching the mountains, he flung himself from his horse, and snatching the bridle from his head, plunged into the woods. His remarkable presence of mind did not forsake him in this critical moment. He knew that unless he could catch another horse, he should perish amid the mountains, with his wound, before he could reach any settlement: and remembering that there were many half-wild horses

roving about the shores, he suddenly bethought himself that he might possibly take one of these next morning, and escape. So, preserving the bridle he had taken, he limped away; and sliding down a precipice, a hundred feet high, into the ravine which separated the forts, was out of the reach of his pursuers. Creeping along the steep and rocky sides, with the blood oozing rapidly from his wound, he slipped and fell into the stream. The cold plunge helped him, for it stayed the effusion of blood; and drenched and faint, he made his way to the mountains, where he remained all night, racked with pain, covered with blood, and burned with fever. When daylight dawned he began to look about him, and finally came upon a horse, which he caught. Placing the bridle, which he still retained, upon him, he mounted bare-back, and rode sixteen miles—every step driving a dagger into the wounded leg—before he came to a house. He presented a frightful spectacle to the astonished inmates—his regimentals were covered with blood, his cheeks flushed with fever, and his voice hollow and husky.

He had fought nobly, and though two hundred and fifty of his brave troops had fallen in the unequal combat, two hundred of the enemy had also been killed or wounded. After the battle, the English, with their usual brutality, committed the most inhuman outrages on the unresisting inhabitants in the region. They even refused to bury the dead of the Americans; but left some to moulder away in the sun and wind of heaven, and pitched the rest in crowds into a shallow pond near by. Seven months after the battle, skeletons were seen lying around the fort, while a dreadful

stench arose from that pond, along whose stagnant surface, arms, and legs, and half-submerged bodies were protruding—most of them clad in farmers' apparel, showing that they were militia.

Thatcher, in his Military Journal, relates a curious incident connected with this affair. In the darkness and general confusion of the assault on the forts, two hundred and fifty Americans escaped and rallied again under the governor. One day, a man suspected of being a spy, was caught and brought into the camp, who, on being searched, took something from his pocket and hastily swallowed it. An emetic was immediately administered to him; and in a short time he threw up a silver ball, which, on being unscrewed, contained the following note to Burgoyne:

Fort Montgomery, October 8, 1777.

"*Nous voici.*—Nothing between us now but Gates. I hope this little affair will facilitate your operations, &c. H. CLINTON."

After his recovery, Clinton, was joined to the expedition under Sullivan, sent against the western Indians. While the latter was slowly making his way through the wilderness up the Susquehannah, he with his brigade ascended the Mohawk. Pushing their batteaux up the current, his little army finally reached Canajoharie, where they lifted their boats from the stream and carried them across the country to the head of Otsego lake. Floating for nine miles down this beautiful sheet of water, they came to the outlet which forms the Susquehannah river. But here they were arrested, for the stream was too shallow to admit the passage of the

boats. Clinton, however, with that quickness which had served him in more desperate circumstances, immediately ordered a dam to be constructed across the outlet, which soon raised the level of the lake. Then arranging his little fleet behind it, he ordered it to be cut away. On the swollen flood they all floated off in gallant style, while the Indians along the river, miles below, could not divine the cause of this sudden and heavy freshet in the midst of general drought.

He effected a junction with Sullivan at Tioga, and accompanied him on that strange, picturesque, yet fearful expedition into the valley of Genesee.

On his return, he was stationed at Albany, where he remained most of the time till the close of the war. While here, an incident occurred which illustrated in a striking manner his character. A mutiny had broken out in a regiment, and it refused to obey the orders to march. When word was brought to Clinton, a fearful expression passed over his countenance, and snatching up his pistols, he walked to the head of the refractory regiment. Casting his flashing eye along it a moment, he thundered out "MARCH!" but not a soldier stirred. Turning to the ringleader, he presented his pistol to his breast, and told him to advance, or he would shoot him dead on the spot The dastardly sergeant knew well what kind of a man he had to deal with, and pale with rage and fear, moved on. Clinton then passed along to the second and third officer, in the same way, till he traversed the whole line and put it in motion. Thus, by his resolution and energy, he quelled a dangerous mutiny, and reduced the disobedient ranks to subordination.

Clinton accompanied Washington and the allied army to Yorktown, and commanding in a central division under Lincoln, did good service on that glorious field. He was present at the evacuation of New York by the British, and formed one of that immortal group of officers of whom Washington took his affectionate and touching farewell. He then retired to his estates, and became a sober citizen of the great Commonwealth he had helped to rear. He was, however, called to perform various public duties, and was one of the members of the Convention which adopted the present constitution of the United States. He died the 22d of December, 1812, aged seventy-six.

Clinton was a noble man and an able officer. Inured from his early youth to danger, privations, and toil, his frame acquired a wonderful power of endurance, and nothing seemed able to shake his iron constitution. Like Stark, Putnam, and others who served in the French War, he became so accustomed to surprises and ambuscades, and all the sleepless vigilance required in that half-civilized, half-savage warfare, that danger had lost all power even to excite him. He could not be startled from his self-possession, nor his feelings for a moment thrown into confusion. Cool, steady, and determined, he moved amid a battle with a sang-froid and firmness that astonished his soldiers.

He was affectionate in his disposition, frank, generous and kind, and when unexcited, mild. But when aroused, he was terrible as a storm. His was one of those powerful natures, which in repose exhibit only traits of gentleness, and quiet strength; yet if summoned into sudden action, put forth awful energy, and

appal those, who before had never dreamed of such a slumbering volcano under so mild an exterior.

He was an incorruptible patriot, a fearless and gallant soldier, and a true-hearted man. It is seldom a father gives to the world two such sons as James and George Clinton.

XVIII.

MAJOR GENERAL SULLIVAN.

His Birth—Studies Law—Member of the first Congress—Appointed Brigadier General—Sent to Canada—Bravery at Trenton and Princeton—Attack on Staten Island—Battle of Brandywine—Expedition against Newport—Expedition against the Indians—Picturesque appearance of his Army—Beauty of the Indian villages—Devastation in the track of the Army—Retires from the service—Elected to Congress—Made Governor of New Hampshire, &c.—His Character.

The parents of Sullivan were Irish, and emigrated to this country in 1723. They settled in Berwick, Maine, where John Sullivan, the subject of this sketch, was born, February 17th, 1740. A farmer in youth, he at a later period studied the law, and eventually established himself at Durham, New Hampshire. His energy and industry soon rendered him a prominent man, and he was chosen delegate to the first Congress. Returning from Congress, he, with John Langdon, headed a small force, and seized Fort William and Mary, at Portsmouth, and carried off the cannon and powder. The next year he was re-chosen as delegate to Congress; but being elected by that body one of the eight brigadier-generals in the new army, he soon after proceeded to head-quarters, at Cambridge. The next year he was sent to command the troops in Canada; but arrived at the Sorel just as the army

SULLIVAN.

Jn°. Sullivan

LIBRARY OF

was abandoning the province. He directed General Thompson to make an attack on the British, at Three Rivers, which was poorly planned, and poorly carried out. Sullivan, though nearly fifty miles off, was awakened at daylight by the booming of cannon, which told that the fight had commenced. At eight o'clock, the sharp rattle of musketry was distinctly heard; while at intervals, the dull echo of the cannonading was borne down the river. The whole forenoon till one o'clock, he was kept in suspense by this heavy firing; but at length it ceased, and before morning the fugitive troops began to arrive. Being compelled to retreat, he fell back on Crown Point, where Gates arrived to supersede him.

Finding a junior thus promoted over him, he, ever fiery and impetuous, hastened to Congress, and offered his resignation. The president of that body, however, prevailed on him to retain the command; and he joined the army of Washington, at New York. In the battle of Long Island, he was stationed on the heights above Flatbush, with a few regiments, where he bravely withstood the combined attacks of De Heister and Clinton; and facing both ways to meet the double enemy, struggled desperately, for three hours, to save his corps. At length, however, he was compelled to surrender. Being, after a short time, exchanged for General Prescott, he again joined the army, and was put at the head of one of the four divisions that composed it.

When Washington was retreating across the Jerseys, Sullivan, after the capture of Lee, took charge of his division, and hastened with it to the main army. Soon after, he had the honor to head one

of the columns across the ice-filled Delaware—and through that storm of sleet and snow charged home on the Hessians, and shouted the victory. He was with the army also at Princeton, and fought bravely to the end of this fearful, yet glorious campaign.

The next summer, in August, Sullivan's division being located at Hanover, New Jersey, he planned an attack on Staten Island, where were only about two thousand British troops, and half as many provincials. The plan was to fall on the latter, with the hope of cutting them off before the regulars, stationed on another part of the island, could come to their assistance. It promised well; but the attacks on the several detachments proved only partially successful, and he retired rapidly with his prisoners. In the meantime, the British general, informed by the fugitives of what was going on, pursued Sullivan, and overtaking him before he could embark all his men, compelled his rear-guard, after defending itself bravely, to surrender. The loss was about the same on both sides. He was much blamed for this expedition, and a court of inquiry called; but he was acquitted with honor, and the failure placed where it belonged, to accidents, which no one could foresee, and which really ought not to have occurred.

BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

At the battle of Brandywine, which followed not long after, he commanded the right wing, and was defeated, and the whole army forced to a precipitate retreat. Washington had arranged his troops on the

Brandywine, to dispute the passage with the enemy, who were rapidly advancing towards Philadelphia. He had under him about fifteen thousand men, while the British army numbered eighteen thousand veteran troops. It was hazardous to risk such an unequal combat; but he knew a defeat would not be so bad in its effects, as to let the hostile forces march into Philadelphia without attempting to arrest them. Besides, Congress had written to him, insisting on his engaging the enemy, and this was the most favorable spot he could select. Wayne was stationed at Chad's Ford, while the smaller fords, for six miles up the river, were guarded by detachments. Washington was afraid that Howe would attempt to cross above his army, and attack him in flank and rear; and so ordered a strict watch to be kept, and scouts to be sent out. Sullivan, commanding highest up the river, the duty devolved on him; and hence the salvation of the army was in a great measure intrusted to his keeping.

General Knyphausen advanced to the river, in front, and kept up a cannonading, so as to attract the attention of the Americans, while Cornwallis took a circuit of sixteen miles, and crossing above the fork of the Brandywine, marched down on the right wing of the army. News had been received of this movement; and Washington, advancing on foot along his lines, —greeted with loud acclamations as he went—immediately ordered the army to advance on Knyphausen, so as to crush him before Cornwallis could arrive. Part of the troops had crossed; but just as the attack was about to commence, Sullivan sent word that the report was contradicted, and so they were ordered back

to its old position. It was true, nevertheless, and the advanced guard of the enemy was soon reported marching down upon our flank; and Sullivan was then directed to hasten forward with the entire right wing, to engage it. Advancing rapidly up the river, he soon learned that the whole column had crossed, and was in battle array. He had hardly time to form his men in front of a piece of woods, before Cornwallis was upon him. He came up in splendid order, and the fields, as far as the eye could reach, were reddened with the scarlet uniforms. At length the artillery began to play, and soon after the musketry opened. Our militia met the shock bravely, and by their deadly fire thinned fast the hostile ranks; but nothing could resist their steady advance. At length both wings of the American line began to shake, and recoil, and finally broke into fragments, and undulated wildly over the field. Sullivan strained every nerve to arrest their flight, but finding every effort vain,—in mingled scorn and heroism, separated himself from them, and joined the central division, which stood firm as a rock amid the disorder. Here the wretched Conway was stationed, with eight hundred men, and showed how gallant an officer a mean man may make. Holding those eight hundred brave hearts around him, he cheered them on by such noble words, and nobler example, that they for a long time withstood the onset of the entire British army. The artillery ploughed through these untrained militia with frightful effect, and the dead lay in heaps; yet there were Sullivan, and Lafayette, and Stirling riding through the fire, and they bore up manfully in the unequal contest. But Cornwallis having got rid entirely

of the two disordered wings concentrated all his fire upon them, till they at length, scourged into madness, broke and fled. Two of Sullivan's aids had been killed, and the discomfited general galloped in vain amid his shattered troops. Lafayette leaped from his horse, and marching among them, with his sword flashing above him, called on them to halt. In the midst of his efforts he fell, struck by a musket-ball. All now seemed lost; but Washington, coming rapidly up with Greene's corps, threw himself before the enemy, and for a while held them in check. But Knyphausen had forced Chad's Ford, where Wayne commanded, and was hastening into the combat. Nothing could now arrest the disorder; and the broken army rolled in one huge multitude from the field. The coming on of night, and the firmness of Greene alone, saved it from an utter overthrow.

The determined manner with which Sullivan, on whom the weight of the battle fell, contested the ground, may be seen from the heavy loss on both sides. The British reported nearly six hundred killed and wounded, while those of the Americans amounted probably to a thousand.

The charge has been brought against Sullivan, that he ought to have known of the approach of Cornwallis, soon enough to have been prepared to meet him. Much has been said in his defence; but after the cloud of dust which has been thrown over this whole matter, is cleared away, it is manifestly evident, that he did not use all the precaution demanded of him, in the position he occupied. No doubt he expected that the enemy, if they attempted to cross the river anywhere, would

do it within six miles of the American army. Hence, his guards and scouts were most of them on the river shore, within that distance. Still, the unaccountable delay of the remaining British troops, hour after hour, while a part was cannonading the American army across the river, should at least have aroused sufficient suspicion to have caused scouts to be sent in every possible direction. However, there can be very little blame attached to him; for he could not believe that Howe would commit such a blunder, as to place sixteen or twenty miles between his forces, while the whole American army was within a short march of one portion of them. A flank movement was wise, but not of that distance; and had not the first report of his approach been contradicted, he would have learned it to his cost. Washington would have precipitated himself on Knyphausen, and beaten him before Howe came up; and quietly placed the river between them again. It was hardly to be supposed that the Americans would not know of his movement in time to make this attack. The fact is, the very improbability and error of this flank movement, with such an immense circuit, saved the English general. The magnitude of the blunder effectually deceived the American commander, and secured it from being discovered. A general however, is always more or less to blame, for having a heavy battle thrown on him unawares, in broad daylight, while he knows the enemy is meditating an attack. Ordinary excuses will not do; and Sullivan, in this affair, though guilty of no *violation* of duty, evidently came short of doing all that might have been done.

At all events, the battle was lost for want of proper

information, which must have come through Sullivan, if anybody; and the field was left covered with our slain.

The October following, Sullivan commanded one of the divisions in the attack on Germantown. Washington, undismayed by his losses, and unshaken by defeat, planned a surprise on Lord Howe, encamped with his victorious troops in that town. Throughout this battle, which lasted two hours and a half, Sullivan conducted himself nobly, and won new honors; and when his men fled, he rode among them, endeavoring bravely, but in vain, by voice and example, to rally them. Washington's great heart was wrung at this new discomfiture, following so close on the heels of the other, and foreboding such a gloomy termination to the summer's campaign. When he found the ranks beginning to shake, he galloped in front of them; and there, where the vollies were deadliest, his form was dimly seen through smoke, and his calm voice heard steadying the men. Sullivan, alarmed at his great exposure, rode up to him, and begged him, as he valued his country, not to throw his life away. This appeal he knew was the strongest he could make, and backed as he was by other officers, it succeeded, and Washington retired a little distance out of the fire. His anxiety, however, would not let him rest, and in a few minutes he was again seen sitting on his horse where the fire was most deadly, and remained there till the column turned in flight. It could not be helped—fate had decreed that he should be tried to the uttermost; and the encampment of Valley Forge, with its accumulations of honors, tested the fine gold.

Sullivan, like many others, was compelled at Valley Forge to draw on his personal fortune for support. In the nobleness of his heart, he had refused to ask interest on money loaned out, because the people, he said, had burdens enough to bear; and now, getting destitute himself, and doing nothing at head-quarters, he asked permission to return home, for the purpose of raising funds to meet his pressing wants. But Washington, who saw that the moral effect on his tattered troops, of this apparent desertion of the officers, would be bad, begged him to withdraw his application, which he did, and remained till spring.

EXPEDITION AGAINST RHODE ISLAND.

In March, he was ordered to take command of the army in Rhode Island, and immediately proceeded to Providence. In July, the French fleet, under Count d'Estaing, designed to co-operate with our army, arrived on the coast. Washington wished to attack New York; but the French admiral declared that he could not float his largest ships up, for want of water; and so it was determined to make a descent on Rhode Island, and seize the British garrison, of six or seven thousand men, at Newport. Sullivan was directed to increase his force to five thousand men; while Lafayette, with two brigades, was sent to his aid. After some delays for want of men, which proved disastrous to the expedition, everything was arranged for a descent on the British garrison. The fleet came up the channel without much damage, though the batteries kept up a fierce fire upon it—and everything promised

success. At this critical juncture, the British fleet, under Lord Howe, was seen hovering like a cloud in the distance. D'Estaing immediately abandoned his project, and stood out to sea, under all the sail he could crowd. His reason for this was, that he could engage the English to better advantage at sea, than where he was: though some have attributed it to pique, on account of some breach of etiquette on the part of Sullivan, concerning their relative rank—others, to his preference for a naval victory, where he would have all the glory to himself. At all events, his splendid fleet sailed out of the harbor, and the people on shore saw, with inexpressible regret, that cloud of canvass lessen every moment to the view. Sullivan, at the head of ten thousand men, had crossed over to Rhode Island, ready to co-operate with the naval force; and just as the hour of decisive action, and comparatively easy victory had arrived, he saw his ally depart. Resolved, however, not to be baffled in his plans, he put his army in motion, intending to lay siege to Newport without the aid of the fleet. But to complete his misfortune, a terrible storm just then set in, which raged without intermission, for three days—drenching his troops, who, without anything to shelter them, lay around under fences on the wet ground, exposed to all the fury of the wind and rain. From that sorrowful bed many never rose again. It blew a perfect hurricane night and day—the sea was lashed into foam, and the roar of the waves and the wind together, was perfectly deafening. In the midst of the darkness and tempest a fierce cannonading was heard far out at sea—some of the dismasted, disabled vessels had drifted together,

and, though rolling in the storm, fell furiously on each other.

When it cleared up, the crippled fleets parted—the English returning to New York for repairs, while the French vessels came limping into Newport. Sullivan's hopes again revived, and he began to make regular approaches towards the town, determined to take it by storm, should the French fleet refuse to assist him. Every argument was used to induce D'Estaing to co-operate ; but he stubbornly refused, declaring his orders were, if anything happened, to repair to Boston and refit. As a last resource, Sullivan entered a protest against his sailing, which only made matters worse, and the fleet departed. This disheartened the troops so much, many of whom were volunteers, that they went off in crowds ; and the army, from ten thousand, rapidly diminished to seven thousand. With this force, —but very little larger numerically, than that of the enemy, which besides being composed of regular troops, were protected by strong works—it would evidently be madness to continue the siege, and so he began his retreat. On observing this, the English commander took the offensive, and pressed furiously after his retiring columns. The American light troops, however, met him so firmly that he could make no impression on the army, and therefore took a position on Quaker Hill, and waited for morning. Sullivan arranged his army in three columns—the first in front of the works, on Butts' Hill ; the second in rear of it ; while the third, acting as a reserve, were a half a mile still farther back, covered by strong defences. At nine o'clock, the English commenced a heavy cannonade

on the American lines, which was answered with equal spirit for an hour—detached parties, in the meantime, meeting in combat in various parts of the field. At length two ships of war, and some other vessels, approached the shore, and opened on Sullivan's right: but erecting batteries on the beach, he soon compelled them to retire. At two o'clock the whole British army advanced to the attack, and a fierce conflict ensued. But the Americans were victorious, driving them back at every point—and night soon after shut in the scene. Darkness, however, did not bring repose; for all night long the heavy roll of cannon shook the field, while here and there flashes of light would suddenly reveal two bodies of soldiers in close combat. This cannonade was kept up all next day; but the British made no general attack, as they were waiting for reinforcements. Sullivan, knowing that his troops were too much exhausted to make a general assault on the enemy's lines, and knowing also, that the return of the British fleet would secure his capture, resolved on the second night to retreat to the main land. This he effected with a secrecy, and skill, and success, that brought on him the highest praise. Thus ended this expedition, of which such high hopes had been entertained.

Sullivan was retained in his command in Rhode Island during the winter, but the next spring was called to a new field, where great exertions were demanded, and few laurels to be won.

HIS EXPEDITION AGAINST THE INDIANS.

Our Revolution called forth every variety of talent,

and tried it in every mode of warfare. Perhaps there never was a war into which such various elements entered. We had not only to organize a government and army, with which to meet a powerful antagonist, and also quench the flames of civil war in our own land, but were compelled to meet a cloud of savages on their own field of battle—the impenetrable forest—and in their own way. The English enlisted them against us by promises of plunder, and appealing to their revenge; while their own bitter hatred prompted them to take advantage of the defenceless state of our frontiers, to fall on our settlements and massacre our people.

The tragedies which were enacted at Cherry Valley and Wyoming, with all the heart-sickening details and bloody passages, finally aroused our government to a vigorous effort. Washington, being directed to adopt measures to punish these atrocities and secure our frontiers, ordered Sullivan to take an army and invade the Indian territories. The Six Nations, lying along the Susquehannah and around our inland lakes—extending to the Genesee flats, were to be the objects of this attack. His orders were to burn their villages, destroy their grain, and lay waste their land.

A partisan warfare had been long carried on between the border inhabitants and the Indians, in which there had been an exhibition of bravery, hardihood, and spirit of adventure never surpassed. The pages of romance furnish no such thrilling narrative, examples of female heroism, and patient suffering, and such touching incidents as the history of our border war. For personal prowess, manly courage and adventure,

nothing can exceed it. Yet it had hitherto been a sort of hand-to-hand fighting, a measuring of the Indian's agility and cunning against the white man's strength and boldness: but now a large army, with a skilful commander at its head, was to sweep down everything in its passage. The plan adopted was for the main army to rendezvous at Wyoming, and from thence ascend into the enemy's country; while General James Clinton, advancing with one brigade along the Mohawk west, was to form a junction with it, wherever Sullivan should direct. The first of May, 1779, the troops commenced their march, but did not arrive at Wyoming till the middle of June. It was a slow and toilsome business for an army to cut roads, bridge marshes, and transport artillery and baggage through the wide expanse of forest between the Delaware and Susquehannah. At length, however, the whole force assembled at Wyoming; and on the thirty-first of July, took their final departure. So imposing a spectacle those solitudes never before witnessed. An army of three thousand men slowly wound along the picturesque banks of the Susquehannah—now their variegated uniforms sprinkling the open fields with gay colors, and anon their glittering bayonets fringing the dark forest with light; while by their side floated a hundred and fifty boats, laden with cannon and stores—slowly stemming the sluggish stream. Officers dashing along in their uniforms, and small bodies of horse between the columns, completed the scene—while exciting strains of martial music rose and fell in prolonged cadences on the summer air, and swept, dying away, into the deep solitudes. The gay song of the

oarsman, as he bent to his toil, mingled in with the hoarse words of command; and like some wizard creation of the American wilderness, the mighty pageant passed slowly along. The hawk flew screaming from his eyrie at the sight; and the Indian gazed with wonder and affright, as he watched it from the mountain-top, winding miles and miles through the sweet valley, or caught from afar the deafening roll of the drums, and shrill blast of the bugle. At night the boats were moored to the shore, and the army encamped beside them—the innumerable watch-fires stretching for miles along the river. As the morning sun rose over the green forest, the drums beat the reveillè throughout the camp, and again the pageant of the day before commenced. Everything was in the freshness of summer vegetation, and the great forest rolled its sea of foliage over their heads, affording a welcome shelter from the heat of an August sun. Thus, day after day, this host toiled forward, and on the twelfth from the date of their march, reached Tioga. Here they entered on the Indian settlements, and the work of devastation commenced. Here also Clinton, coming down the Susquehannah, joined them with his brigade—and when the head of his column came in sight of the main army, and the boats floated into view, there went up such a shout as never before shook that wilderness.

Sullivan, in the meantime, had destroyed the village of Chemung; and Clinton, on his passage, had laid waste the settlement of the Onondagas. The whole army, now amounting to nearly five thousand men, marched on the 26th of August up the Tioga river, destroying as it went. At Newtown the Indians made

a stand. From the river to a ridge of hills, they had thrown up a breastwork a mile in extent, and thus defended, boldly withstood for two hours a heavy fire of artillery; but being at length attacked in flank by General Poor, they broke and fled. The village was immediately set on fire, and the rich fields of corn cut down and trodden under foot. On the 1st of September the army left the river, and struck across the wilderness, to Catharine's Town. Night overtook them in the middle of a swamp, nine miles wide; and the rear-guard, without packs or baggage, were compelled to pass the whole night on the marshy ground. This town also was burned, and the fields ravaged. Having reached Seneca Lake, they followed its shores northward, to Kendaia, a beautiful Indian village, with painted houses, and monuments for the dead, and richly cultivated fields. It smiled like an oasis there in the wilderness; but the smoke of the conflagration soon wrapped it, and when the sun again shone upon it, a smouldering heap alone remained—the waving corn had disappeared with the dwellings, and the cattle lay slaughtered around. Our troops moved like an awful, resistless scourge through this rich country—open and fruitful fields and smiling villages were before them—behind them a ruinous waste. Now and then, detachments sent off from the main body were attacked, and on one occasion seven slain; and once or twice the Indians threatened to make a stand for their homes, but soon fled in despair, and the army had it all their own way. The capital of the Sencas, a town consisting of sixty houses, surrounded with beautiful cornfields and orchards, was burned to the ground,

and the harvest destroyed. Canandaigua fell next, and then the army stretched away for the Genesee flats. The fourth day it reached this beautiful region, then almost wholly unknown to the white man. The valley, twenty miles long and four broad, had scarce a forest tree in it, and presented one of the most beautiful contrasts to the surrounding wilderness, that could well be conceived. As the weary columns slowly emerged from the dark forest, and filed off into this open space, their admiration and astonishment knew no bounds. They seemed suddenly to have been transported into an Eden. The tall, ripe grass bent before the wind—cornfield on cornfield, as far as the eye could reach, waved in the sunlight—orchards that had been growing for generations, were weighed down under the profusion of fruit—cattle grazed on the banks of the river, and all was luxuriance and beauty. In the midst of this garden of nature, where the gifts of Heaven had been lavished with such prodigality, were scattered a hundred and twenty-eight houses—not miserable huts, huddled together, but large, airy buildings, situated in the most pleasant spots, surrounded with fruit trees, and exhibiting a civilization on the part of the Indians, never before witnessed.

Into this scene of surpassing loveliness the sword of war had now entered, and the approach of Sullivan's vast army, accompanied with the loud beat of the drum and shrill fife, sent consternation through the hearts of the inhabitants. At first they seemed resolved to defend their homes; but soon, as all the rest had done, turned and fled in affright. Not a soul

remained behind; and Sullivan marched into a deserted, silent village. His heart relented at the sight of so much beauty; but his commands were peremptory. The soldiers thought, too, of Wyoming and Cherry Valley, and the thousand massacres that had made our borders flow in blood, and their hearts were steeled against pity. An enemy who felt no obligations, and kept no faith, must be placed beyond the reach of inflicting injury.

At evening, that army of five thousand men encamped in the village; and just as the sun went down behind the limitless forest, a group of officers might be seen flooded by its farewell beams, gazing on the scene. While they thus stood conversing, suddenly there rolled by a dull and heavy sound, which startled them into an attitude of the deepest attention. There was no mistaking that report—it was the thunder of cannon—and for a moment they looked on each other with anxious countenances. That solitary roar, slowly traversing the mighty solitudes that hemmed them in, might well awaken the deepest solicitude. But it was not repeated; and night fell on the valley of Genesee, and the tired army slept. The next morning, as the sun rose over the wilderness, that heavy echo again shook the ground. It was then discovered to be the morning and evening gun of the British at Niagara; and its lonely thunder there made the solitude more fearful.

Soon after sunrise, immense columns of smoke began to rise, the length and breadth of the valley, and in a short time the whole settlement was wrapt in flame from limit to limit; and before night those hundred and twenty-eight houses were a heap of ashes. The grain

had been gathered into them, and thus both were destroyed together. The orchards were cut down, the corn-fields uprooted, and the cattle butchered and left to rot on the plain. A scene of desolation took the place of that scene of beauty, and the army encamped at night in a desert.

The next day—having accomplished the object of his mission, Sullivan commenced his homeward march. Ah! who can tell the famine, and disease, and suffering of those homeless Indians, during the next winter? A few built huts amid the ashes of their former dwellings, but the greater part passed the winter around Fort Niagara.

On the fifteenth of October, after having been absent since the first of May, or five months and a half, the army again reached Easton. Two hundred and eighty miles had been traversed over mountains, through forests, across swamps and rivers, and amid hostile Indians. The thanks of Congress were presented to Sullivan and his army, for the manner they had fulfilled their arduous task.

Sullivan now asked permission to retire from the service, under the plea of ill health. Congress made no effort to retain him, but granted his request. Retiring to private life, he recommenced the practice of law, and was immediately elected delegate to Congress. He took his seat in 1780, and left the next year, and again pursued his profession in Durham, the town where he resided. Appointed Attorney-general of New Hampshire, he, in 1783, helped to form the constitution of the State, and was chosen member of the Council. In 1786, he was elected Governor of the

State, and in that capacity boldly withstood, and eventually quelled a mob of two hundred persons, who had assembled to overawe the Legislature, and obtain a grant of their petition for the issue of paper money, as a relief to the burdens of taxation. The next year he was re-elected to the chief magistracy of the State, and again in 1789. He was soon after appointed, by President Washington, judge of the district of New Hampshire, which office he filled till his death, January 23d, 1795.

HIS CHARACTER.

General Sullivan was five feet nine inches in height, and somewhat corpulent. His complexion was swarthy, set off by a pair of black eyes, and curling black hair. Though mild and gentle on ordinary occasions, he was easily excited, and rash as a storm in his rage. That black eye would flash from its swarthy background, and his anger was unsparing as death. He was not revengeful, however, and a kind and generous word would disarm him at once. He was unpopular as a general, though it is hard to tell why. He was somewhat ostentatious in manner, which would account for a portion of it; while his failure on Lake Champlain, and afterwards in Rhode Island, redeemed by no after brilliant success, might, perhaps, explain the rest. In times of excitement, especially in war, a man is judged alone by his success. The people will forgive a man anything but failures. But Sullivan showed himself a good general throughout. He was not a brilliant man in battle, nor characterized by *any* great

qualities as a commander. Yet he was a good and able officer, finding more beneath than above him in merit. Considering that his education had not at all been military, his career exhibits a man of a high order of intellect. Washington always entertained a great regard for him. His blunt, and sometimes fierce way of telling his mind to Congress, offended that body, so that his resignation was received with apparent pleasure. Sullivan was doubtless somewhat vain, and he annoyed Congress by his complaints; but it yet remains to be shown, that they ought not to have been annoyed. He clung to Washington to the last, and lived and died a true patriot.

XIX.

MAJOR GENERAL ST. CLAIR.

Serves in the English Army—Appointed Colonel by Congress—Sent to Canada—Battle of Princeton—Evacuation of Ticonderoga—Bravery of Francis and Warner—Review of St. Clair's movements—Appointed Governor of the Northwestern Territory—Commands the Expedition against the Indians—The utter Rout and Slaughter of his Army—His Character.

Arthur St. Clair was born in Edinburgh, in 1734. Nothing is known of his boyhood; but when twenty-one years of age, he came to this country with Admiral Boscawen, and received an ensign's commission in the English army, then operating against the French in Canada. He was with Wolfe in that bold night-march up the heights of Quebec, and saw with delight the unrolling of standards on the plains of Abraham. He himself carried a banner in the battle, and heard the victorious shout which recalled for a moment the departing spirit of Wolfe. He soon rose to the rank of lieutenant; but at the close of the war sold his commission, and entered into trade. Not succeeding well, he threw up his business, and after being buffeted about by fortune for several years, finally settled in Ligonier valley, west of the Alleghany mountains, where he had formerly commanded an English fort.

Here he rapidly acquired a fortune; and in 1775 was a married man, and settled down apparently for life. At this time he held six offices in Pennsylvania, all of them lucrative: "viz., clerk of the court of general quarter sessions; prothonotary of the court of common pleas; judge of probate; register of wills; recorder of deeds; and surveyor of the largest county in the province." There must have been a great lack of material for good functionaries in that region, to cause so many offices to be heaped on one man.

When the Revolution broke out, he, as secretary, accompanied the commissioners appointed by Congress to treat with the Indians at Fort Pitt, and soon after received a colonel's commission. The next year he was ordered to raise a regiment to serve in Canada. In six weeks it was complete, and started for the north. Four companies arrived near Quebec, just in time to cover the retreat of the Americans from the place, and the remaining six took post at Sorel. He was in the attack on Three Rivers, and passed through the remaining part of that unlucky campaign with so much honor, that he was promoted to brigadier-general.

In the autumn of the same year he accompanied the forces dispatched to Washington's aid, in the Jerseys. He was attached to Sullivan's division, in the assault on Trenton, and afterwards fought gallantly in the battle of Princeton.

BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

St. Clair was the only general officer in the army

who understood perfectly the topography of the country between Trenton and Princeton; and hence was relied on chiefly by Washington, in the dispositions made for that glorious battle.

The same day on which Washington captured the Hessians at Trenton, he recrossed the Delaware; but no sooner were his troops refreshed, than he resolved to follow up the victory, and in a few days was again on the same side of the river with the enemy, who had assembled their forces at Princeton. But in the meantime, Cornwallis had been dispatched from New York with a large army, to retrieve the heavy disasters the British had sustained; and hearing that Washington was at Trenton, hastened forward to meet him.

The manœuvres of the American commander-in-chief, which finally ended in the brilliant victory at Princeton, seem to me the worst he ever executed; and can be accounted for only on the ground, that he was utterly ignorant of the advance of Cornwallis. It was now mid-winter, and hence no easy matter to throw an army, if compelled to retreat, over the ice-filled Delaware. Washington had with him but four thousand seven hundred men, only twelve hundred of whom were regulars; while Cornwallis was at the head of eight thousand veteran troops, well supplied with artillery and dragoons. It was impossible for him to retain his position; and yet to retreat across the Delaware would insure the entire destruction of his army. He was in what the French call a *cul de sac*—out of which nothing but a miracle seemed able to extricate him. As soon, however, as he heard of the force under Cornwallis, he became perfectly aware

of his situation, and began to put forth those desperate efforts, for which he was remarkable in an emergency.

The morning of the second of January opened darker for Washington, than that which, a short time before, saw his wearied troops form in the driving storm on the shores of the Delaware. Cornwallis, with his splendid army, had left Princeton at an early hour, and was rapidly marching on Trenton where he and his apparently devoted band lay. By a sudden turn of fortune, the spot of his triumph seemed now to be chosen on purpose to make his overthrow the more terrible. But his was one of those natures which rise with danger, and the wilder the storm, the steadier and stronger his efforts. He saw his peril—to retreat in open daylight was evidently impossible, and the struggle must therefore be to maintain his position till night, and then trust to darkness and Providence for the rest. Having once resolved on his course, all vacillation was at an end; for if nothing better could be done, he could fall on the field of honor —*retreat he would not.*

He instantly sent forward Colonel Reed to harass the march of Cornwallis; and this gallant officer showed himself worthy of the trust reposed in him. Colonel Hand and Captain Forest were ordered to sustain him—the latter making wild work with his artillery—and soon the English columns were seen closing up in order of battle. Morgan and Miller followed, and placing themselves in ambush in a thick wood, galled the enemy with such a deadly fire, that they were compelled to halt, and order up the artillery to scour their place of concealment. This delayed

them two hours—and never did greater destinies hang on two fleeting hours. Washington had told them to dispute every inch of ground, and they had obeyed his orders. As they fell slowly back towards the main army, he rode across the Assanpink, and thanked them for their bravery; and with the order to fight to the last moment, and retreat only when necessary to save their pieces, recrossed the creek, and formed his battle array on the farther shore.

These brave detachments for a while bore up gallantly against that advancing host, but were finally forced across the stream, on the main body. Only one bridge crossed the creek, though there were numerous fords over which the enemy could pass. It was now sunset, and the hostile lines stood front to front. The final struggle had apparently come, and the cannon on both sides opened with terrific uproar. Amid the gathering shades of evening, the incessant firing threw masses of flame upon the landscape, and a few minutes only were needed to bring the armies together. The shock must have sent Washington's troops rolling, in a frightened crowd, back on the Delaware, whose chilly waters, before morning, would have flowed over many a gallant form. But at this critical moment, Cornwallis, as if under the influence of some fatal spell, commanded the attack to cease, in order to wait for daylight. Erskine remonstrated with him, declaring that Washington would not be there in the morning; but the vigorous resistance which had been made during the day, convinced the English commander that the Americans meant to give him battle.

The thunder of artillery then ceased—watch-fires were kindled along the lines—and the low hum of the two armies preparing their evening repast, and heavy rumbling of artillery-wagons, blended over the quiet stream. The banners drooped down their staves in the starlight, and the cold January breeze swept mournfully by. Gradually the confused sounds grew less and less—the heavy tramp of the marching columns died away, the deep murmur of the hosts ceased, and the two tired armies sunk in silence and repose.

The British commander, elated with hope, now deemed his foe secure, and waited anxiously for the dawn, to crown his hopes with success. But Washington immediately called a council of war at St. Clair's tent; when, after some discussion, it was resolved to march on Princeton, and turning the flank of the enemy, fall boldly on his rear. Washington judged, from the large force which Cornwallis had with him, that he had not left many behind; and therefore ventured on this hazardous movement. To march back on the very track of the victorious enemy, and fall on the places of security he had just left, was a plan as brilliant as it was daring. To retreat at all, would have been sufficiently dangerous, but he meant to strike as he went.

Rousing up his slumbering troops, and silently forming them by starlight, he began to hasten them forward. The baggage had all been sent away before, so as not to impede the movements of the army. It was very dark and cold, and the soldiers were weary, but at the voice of their commander they cheerfully shouldered their muskets, and a little after midnight were on the

way to Princeton, where three British regiments lay. Washington ordered the watch-fires to be kept burning along the lines—the guards to be placed on the bridge and at the fords, and men set to work upon the intrenchments, to deceive his incautious antagonist. All night long, the sound of the spade and the pick-axe told the sentinels on watch, that the American army had no thought of retreating. But while things thus stood in front of the enemy's lines, Washington's sleepless eye was passing rapidly along his dark columns, as they stretched onward through the gloom, and his ear was ever and anon turned back, to catch the first sounds of alarm. Not a drum or bugle-note cheered the tired soldiers' march; and the muffled tread of the heroic battalions, and the low word of command were all that broke the silence of the wintry night. Hour after hour they toiled on, till the cold January sun, rising over the bleak hill-tops, revealed Princeton to their view. Suddenly the flashing of steel bayonets in the sunbeams was seen, and lo! the road was filled with scarlet uniforms—the next moment drums and bugles rung out upon the morning air.

Washington was in advance with St. Clair's brigade and immediately ordered the ranks to close up, and the whole column to move forward. Mercer, who was advancing along Stony Brook, did not see the enemy till close upon them. He then attempted to occupy a hill in advance of the British, who were marching for the same position. Reaching it a few moments first, he formed his men behind a rail fence. The British, however, were but a few yards distant, and both lines fired simultaneously, when the former, with a tremen-

dous shout, rushed forward with the bayonet. The vollies of the combatants were delivered so nearly together, that the smoke met in the centre, and rose in a beautiful cloud, reflecting all varieties of hues in its ascent in the morning sunlight. The Americans—a great part of them having nothing but rifles—immediately broke and fled down the hill. Mercer leaped from his horse, and throwing himself in front, strove gallantly to rally them. Whether in scorn at their flight, or to shame them by his example, he lingered in the rear and was shot down. Washington sat on his horse and viewed this movement with the intensest anxiety. He had hoped for a firmer resistance; but seeing the rout, he hastened forward in person with reinforcements. These came into action gallantly, but the British charged with such desperate impetuosity, that they also at length began to shake. Washington knew that there was no retreating—he must conquer or perish—and seeing his ranks beginning to undulate and recoil, he shouted to his men to stand fast; and dashing up to a standard-bearer, snatched the flag from his hand, and spurred midway between the contending lines, and there, only thirty yards from each, and frowning sternly on the foe, calmly sat and took the fire. The soldiers, struck at the sight, gave a loud huzza, and charged up to him, and past him—and through and over the broken ranks, swept like a resistless torrent. Scarcely was this regiment broken, before another came marching up. On this, Washington led his soldiers also in person, and where the shot fell thickest, there his form was seen like a pillar of fire to his men. The brave fellows

closed sternly around him, and, with his sword to wave them on, bore everything down in their charge.

The field was won, and nearly two hundred scarlet uniforms lay sprinkled over the frost-covered ground, and the loud shout of victory went up like a morning anthem to Heaven. There, too, lay the bosom friend of Washington, the gallant Mercer, and beside him on the cold earth, many a noble officer and brave soldier. When that same morning sun shone down on Cornwallis, a dull and heavy sound, like distant thunder, broke over his camp. The anxious commander went out and listened—but no storm-cloud was on the sky, and a wintry sun was mounting the heavens. Ah! his foreboding heart told him too well that those successive thunder-peals were the roar of Washington's cannon at Princeton. As he turned towards the deserted American camp, he knew that the prey had escaped him, and that the regiments he had ordered up to his help, were being cut to pieces beyond the hope of relief. Alarmed for the fate of Brunswick, where his stores were gathered, he immediately put his columns in motion, and urged them to the top of their speed.

When the American army arrived at Princeton, Washington was nowhere to be found, and the greatest alarm prevailed; but in a few moments he was seen galloping back from the pursuit, whither his eager spirit had carried him at the head of a few men. The chase then commenced in good earnest, and continued as far as Kingston. Washington, as mentioned before, wished to advance on Brunswick, but his troops, which had not slept for thirty-six hours, were exhausted, and Cornwallis was thundering close on his rear; and so he

turned short about to Pluckemin, where he arrived that evening with three hundred prisoners; and soon after retired to Morristown, and took up his winter-quarters.

In the spring, St. Clair was appointed major-general —one of those juniors promoted over Arnold—and sent North to the assistance of Schuyler. The latter placed him in Ticonderoga, with a garrison of two or three thousand men, to check the progress of Burgoyne, then on his march from Canada. Ticonderoga was strongly fortified, and deemed almost impregnable. Great labor had been bestowed upon it, and the whole country looked for a severe and bloody contest around its ramparts.

On the 2d of July, 1777, Burgoyne arrived before it. St. Clair immediately abandoned all his works, and allowed the enemy to take possession of Mount Hope, which gave him the command of the line of communication between the fort and Lake George. After thus easily completing his investment of the Americans towards the lake, Burgoyne, with incredible labor, dragged some heavy guns to the top of Sugar Hill, and there, almost over the fort, erected his batteries. In the meantime, a detachment of British approached within a hundred yards of the works, when one thousand American infantry and several cannon, opened at once upon them, without killing a man. It was the wildest shooting ever witnessed—every gun must have gone off at an angle of about forty-five degrees,—and if the British had immediately made a bold push, they would probably have carried the fort with but very little loss.

St. Clair finding his communication with Lake George cut off, and batteries frowning upon him from above, hastily called a council of war, which decided that it was expedient to evacuate the place. This was followed by a most disorderly retreat. A house on Mount Independence, which had been carelessly set on fire, revealed their flight to the British, and a hot pursuit was immediately commenced. Two hundred boats, and five armed galleys, carried the stores, baggage, artillery, and sick, which were hurried up Wood Creek. The barrier which had been erected at the mouth of the stream, it was supposed would arrest the progress of the British vessels for some time. The "bridge over the inlet was supported on twenty-two timber piers of vast dimensions, sunken at nearly equal distance; the spaces between these were filled with separate floats, each about fifty feet long, and twelve feet wide, and the whole was held together by chains and rivets of immense size. To prevent the enemy from approaching with his numerous ships and attempting to force the bridge, it was defended on the side towards Lake Champlain, by a boom composed of very large pieces of timber, joined together with iron bolts of prodigious thickness." Such were the obstacles the Americans left behind behind them to retard the enemy's progress, as their long procession of boats began, by moonlight, to wind up Wood Creek. All night long, with the still shadows of the boundless forest darkening the stream, they toiled on, and when the unclouded sun burst in splendor over the tree-tops, the fife and drum awoke the morning echoes with their stirring notes, and mirth and careless gayety filled the day. But they had

scarcely reached Skeensborough, when the thunder of cannon, and skipping of balls in their midst, announced to their astonishment, the approach of the enemy. Through those formidable timbers at the mouth of the creek, the British fleet had swept, as if they had been threads of gossamer, and pressed vigorously in pursuit.

Two of the American galleys were surrendered, and three blown up; and the salvation of the rest, with the baggage, &c., being considered a hopeless task, they were set fire to and destroyed.

In the meantime, Frazer pressed after the army, which—St. Clair commanding the van, and Francis, and Seth Warner the rear-guard—was streaming through the forest, towards Hubbardton. By crossing rapidly a mountain, he came up just at sunrise, on the seventh of July, with the American rear-guard, and immediately made preparations for an attack. Warner and Francis, determined to deal the enemy one blow before they retreated farther, formed their men in order of battle within sixty yards of the British column. Hale's regiment surrendered at the outset; but the other two regiments showed a valor which, if it had been properly directed by St. Clair, would have shaken terribly that proud invading army. They closed in with their antagonists so fiercely, that Frazer was perfectly amazed; and it was with the utmost difficulty he could steady his troops. Colonels Francis and Warner moved at their head, cheering them again and again to the onset; and they pressed forward with shouts, delivering their vollies with terrible precision. Counting the numbers engaged, it was one of the most hotly contested and bloody combats of the Revolution.

At length, the British veterans recoiled before the impetuosity of the Americans, and fell back in disorder; but Frazer, with a prodigious effort, rallied them again, and led them up with levelled bayonets. They charged almost on a run, and the American ranks shook for a moment under the shock: before they could recover, Reidesel came up with reinforcements, and fell on them with such vigor, that they broke and fled. Colonel Francis fell at the head of his regiment, and two hundred Americans were left dead on the field. Hundreds more were wounded, who crawled off into the forest, and died from loss of blood, and exposure, and want. The English had also suffered severely. This was a heavy blow to St Clair; for the killed, wounded, prisoners, and missing, amounted to near a thousand men, or a third of his entire army.

In the meantime, the troops under Colonel Long, which had taken another direction with the boats, fled from Skeensborough farther up Wood Creek, to Fort Anne. Thither also the English bent their footsteps, and soon approached the fort. The brave Long did not wait to be attacked behind his works, but sallied forth at the head of his men, and rushed on the enemy with incredible fury. After nearly two hours of desperate fighting, the British commander, finding himself almost surrounded, and pressed with such resolution, endeavored to take up a more favorable position; and owing to the admirable discipline of his men, succeeded, though the Americans fell upon him, with charge after charge, that were sufficient to break the order of the steadiest troops. Nothing could long resist those fierce onsets, and they were on the point

of winning the victory, when the Indians, with horrible yells, came rushing to the combat. The former, finding their ammunition nearly exhausted, immediately retired within the fort. Setting it on fire, they continued their retreat through the forest, to Fort Edward, where Schuyler was posted. These battles have never had the prominence given them which is their due. They were fought with great gallantry, and the loss, compared to the numbers engaged, was frightful. Our troops allowed themselves to be literally cut to pieces before they yielded the contest, and braver officers never commanded men.

With the surrender of these posts, were lost a hundred and twenty-eight pieces of artillery, and an immense quantity of stores, baggage, and provisions. The news spread consternation through the country. Washington, when he heard of it, wrote to Schuyler in the following strong language: "The evacuation of Ticonderoga and Mount Independence is an event of chagrin and surprise, not apprehended, nor within the compass of my reasoning. I know not upon what principle it was founded, and I should suppose it still more difficult to be accounted for, if the garrison amounted to five thousand men in high spirits, healthy, well supplied with provisions and ammunition, and the Eastern militia was marching to their succor, as you mentioned in your letter of the 9th to the Council of Safety of New York." The condemnation of St. Clair and Schuyler, the country over, was sweeping and unsparing. It was even declared by some, that they were bribed by the British, who shot their silver in bullets into camp, in order not to compromise the

American leaders. It was for a long time before there was any reversion of the terrible verdict rendered by an indignant people. At length, however, men began to look on the subject more dispassionately, and now—as we are ever prone to extremes—it is declared to have been a judicious measure throughout. But the truth, as is usual in such cases, lies between these opposite opinions. That St. Clair, with the force under him, could have held Ticonderoga against Burgoyne, no one at this day supposes. The evacuation was inevitable, especially after the British had planted batteries on Sugar Hill. At first, because the evacuation of Ticonderoga was considered unnecessary and culpable, St. Clair's entire course was pronounced utterly wrong—*now*, because it is considered to have been inevitable, and sanctioned by the best rules of military art, his conduct is regarded as irreproachable. But neither view is right. To conclude, because the evacuation was necessary, that therefore the way and time in which it was done were judicious and proper, and the amount of resistance to the enemy all that sound judgment would approve, is anything but rational. St. Clair was finally cleared by a court-martial; but court-martials seldom render heavy verdicts against negative errors, unless they are so gross as to amount to heavy misdemeanors. Besides, the successful issue of the campaign covered a multitude of previous sins. Burgoyne was captured, therefore government and the nation were inclined to forget the past. But if Burgoyne, by the little resistance made to him, had been able to reach Albany safely, and the result had showed that another week's delay, or the loss of a thousand more men, would have

prevented it, and saved the country, St. Clair would have found another verdict recorded against him. His very blunders secured the overthrow of the enemy, for, elated by their easy success, they ventured so far into the interior, that even retreat was cut off. The invasion *turned out well*, but no thanks to St. Clair. If he had done his duty, Burgoyne, in all probability, would never have ventured on to the head-waters of the Hudson. Encumbered with wounded and crippled by heavy losses, he would have been delayed till an army had been raised against him too formidable to be met so far from his garrisons and depots. To stop or delay Burgoyne, was the duty of St. Clair, and he did not do it. By all human calculation, to allow him to proceed, full of hope and unmolested, to the plains of Saratoga, was ruinous in the extreme. With three thousand men at his back, a strong fort, more than a hundred pieces of artillery, and a perfect knowledge of the country, he not only failed to deal his adversary a single blow of importance, but lost a third of his entire army. Now it is useless to enter into a close analysis of his actions—it is not difficult, by establishing a different basis of reasoning, to prove entire opposites in military matters; but a mere statement of the facts is sufficient to show there was great incapacity or inefficiency *somewhere*.

No one supposes that Putnam, or Stark, or Arnold, or Wayne, or Greene, or Moultrie would have evacuated Ticonderoga—lost more than two hundred boats —all their artillery, baggage, and stores, and nearly a thousand men, without making the enemy pay dear for them. The truth is, St. Clair was a man of mere rules

and forms, without a spark of genius, and he managed this whole affair badly. In the first place, he ought not to have abandoned his whole line of communications to the lake, including Mount Hope, without a stubborn resistance: and when he retired, he should have kept such a knowledge of the enemy's movements, that no detachments could have chased his whole army in sections, into the forest, without being cut up. Colonel Warner made a noble resistance; and if St. Clair had sustained him, as Reidesel did Frazer, these two English generals would have been utterly annihilated. Had that same Arnold, who drove the British from Danbury, and whom St. Clair superseded, been in his place, he would have left bloody testimonials of himself around Ticonderoga, and made that forest the grave of some of the choicest troops of Burgoyne, and more than all, never suffered Warner and Francis, with their handful of brave men, to fall alone. It is said, that St. Clair could not induce the militia to march to the aid of their companions. The militia fought like veterans under Warner, and Long, and Francis; and if they would not under the commander-in-chief, it was because they had no confidence in him. The British, carried away by the ardor of pursuit, exposed themselves to heavy disasters; but St. Clair, bound down by general rules, unable to carry on a partisan war, which circumstances threw upon him, allowed his army to be cut up, and almost disbanded, without retarding for a moment the enemy. No one supposes that he was not a brave officer, or did not do all that he deemed within his power to accomplish; but he was not the man for the place he occupied. Possessed

of no quick invention, and unable to take advantage of circumstances—adhering to his rules, so that if he should die, he might die *secundum artem:* he failed miserably. He did well to evacuate Ticonderoga; but he did *not* do well to offer so feeble a resistance, or suffer such an unnecessary loss, without injuring his adversary. Why, the *real* destruction to our army was greater than in either battle of Saratoga, and without scarcely any recompense.

That St. Clair was condemned too unqualifiedly at the time, every one is willing to concede; but to assert that he conducted throughout, like an able and skilful commander, is to put one's reason against facts.

Though St. Clair failed in energy and great genius, he was a noble man in his feelings and sympathies, and was not unsuccessful from want of patriotism, or willingness to sacrifice himself. Washington knew this, and hence never withdrew his confidence. He had him by his side at Brandywine, though holding no command; and as soon as the court-martial pronounced his acquittal, again intrusted him with the highest responsibilities.

When Washington made his rapid movement upon Yorktown, to invest Cornwallis, St. Clair was left in command of the Pennsylvania volunteers, to protect Philadelphia. He however joined the former at Yorktown, five or six days before the capitulation took place, and then was dispatched with six regiments, and ten pieces of artillery, to aid General Greene in South Carolina. Before he arrived, however, the great struggle was over, and he soon after retraced his steps northward. Peace followed, and he retired to private

life, and took up his residence again in Pennsylvania. In 1786 he was elected a member of Congress, from the State, and the next year chosen president of that body. At this time also, he held the office of auctioneer of the city of Philadelphia, which afforded him a large income. In 1788, when the North-western territory was erected into a government, he was appointed governor, and held that office till 1802.

EXPEDITION AGAINST THE INDIANS.

During his administration occurred those troubles with the Indians on the north-western frontier, which at last ended in open war. Harmar, sent out against them, had been defeated; and another army of three thousand men being voted, the command, after much deliberation, was given to St. Clair. On the 7th of September, 1791, he left Fort Washington, and moved north, into the Miami country, where he arrived on the 3d of November, within fifteen miles of the Indian villages. His army, by desertions, had dwindled from over two thousand men, down to fourteen hundred; and so he resolved to make a stand, and throwing up intrenchments, wait the arrival of Major Hamtrank with the first regiment, who had been sent back to protect the supplies, threatened by the savages.

But the next morning, about a half an hour before sunrise, the Indians advanced to the attack. The militia, who were about a quarter of a mile in advance, received the first shock, and immediately broke, and fled back on the main body—bringing confusion and terror with them, and breaking through the lines,

which at the first firing had been hastily formed. General Butler and Lieutenant Darke commanded the two wings of the army, and for a while kept firm. But on came the shouting savages, charging home on our troops with incredible daring. There were near fifteen hundred of them, and their war-whoops, and yells, were enough to daunt the stoutest heart. Springing from tree to tree—skulking through the underbrush—leaping up only to deliver their fatal fire—they gathered closer and closer on our shivering flanks, until at length they formed a complete circle of flame around the distracted army. The artillery was useless against such an invisible foe, and was soon swept by the Indians. Butler and Darke strove gallantly to bear up against this appalling fire, but the former soon fell, mortally wounded; and the Indians, emboldened by their success, leaped from their cover, and rushed, with uplifted tomahawks, and the most terrific shouts, on the disordered ranks. The carnage was horrible. On this fearful scene the sun rose, pouring its light over the mingled hosts, wrapped in a cloud of their own making. Finding that the fire of the Americans produced but little effect on the concealed savages, St. Clair ordered Darke to charge bayonet. He obeyed, rousing the Indians from their lair, and driving them before him. But the moment he retreated, in order to keep up his communication with the main body, they turned with increased fury upon him. The second time he advanced with the same success, and again retired, only to be enveloped in the same circle of fire. Major Butler, brother of the general, also made several gallant charges, and though so badly wounded he could

not mount his horse alone, was helped into the saddle, and thus led his men fiercely to the attack.*

But the best officers having at length fallen, all order was lost, and the men, huddled together in a dense mass, were mowed down with frightful rapidity. All around, soldiers were seen struggling single-handed with the Indians, while the edges of this dense crowd crumbled away like banks of mist. St. Clair, though sick and scarcely able to sit his horse, rode among the ranks striving in vain to restore order. He had received eight bullets through his coat; and seeing at length that to keep his position was simply to prolong the butchery, he ordered a retreat. Directing Darke to charge the Indians in rear, and open a passage along the road, the remnants of the bleeding army broke into a wild and headlong flight. The savages pursued them with terrible slaughter for three or four miles, and then turned back for the spoils.

That little battle-field presented a horrid aspect—the ground was literally covered with the dead and wounded, and among them the maddened savages moved with tomahawk and scalping-knife, crushing in the skulls of those still breathing, and scalping the helpless. General Butler was among the wounded; and as he lay weltering in his blood, an Indian approached, and buried his tomahawk in his brain and tore away his scalp; and then dug out his heart, and divided it into as many pieces as there were tribes, and distributed them about. Nearly nine hundred Americans were killed or wounded, and such a ghastly spectacle as that field presented,

* Vide Dr. Gilman's Address before the New York Historical Society.

is seldom witnessed on the earth. The blood stood in pools, and the bodies, mutilated and gashed in the most revolting manner, lay in naked piles. The Indians, in contempt of the rapacity of the white man, who was seeking their lands, filled the mouths of the dead with earth, and thus left them unburied to bleach in the November sun. Two years after, when Wayne with his army crossed this battle-ground, its "appearance was most melancholy." "Within the space of three hundred and fifty yards square, were found five hundred skull-bones, and for five miles in the direction of the retreat of the army, the woods were strewn with skeletons and muskets."*

This disastrous defeat filled the country with gloom, and loud and deep were the clamors against St. Clair. He asked for a court of inquiry into his conduct, but it was not granted, and Washington, refusing to sympathize with the popular feeling against him, still gave him his confidence, and insisted on his retaining his command, which he wished to resign. The mass of mankind judge by results alone, and hence St. Clair suffered dreadfully in public estimation; but it is hard to put one's finger on the mistake he made. He could not prevent the militia from breaking through his lines, or arrest the murderous fire which followed. The truth of the whole matter is, St. Clair was not the man to head the expedition, and Washington would never have selected him but for the difficulties attending the advancement of a younger officer to the post. His army was a miserable affair at best—torn by dissensions, weakened by desertions, and rendered unman-

* Drake's Book of the Indians, and Col. Stone's Life of Brant.

ageable by the rivalries and jealousies of the officers. But all these evils disappear before a stern and energetic commander, while they always come to the surface under one whom nobody respects. Greene and Wayne would have made short work with them, and by inspiring both fear and confidence, kept their troops together and submissive. St. Clair's fault lay in his *character*, not in his *actions*. Though an able and excellent man, he found himself in a position for which nature never fitted him.

There is an anecdote connected with this defeat, related to me by a gentleman who knew St. Clair, too illustrative of Washington to be lost. An adjutant-general, Sargent, who was wounded in the battle, immediately left the army, and made his way back to the seat of government. Being a man of wealth, he was enabled to get transported with great rapidity, and hence preceded by several days the news of the defeat. Washington invited him to Mount Vernon, where he remained nearly a fortnight before St. Clair's dispatches arrived, and yet in all this time the former never asked him a question of the battle, or of the causes of the overthrow. Although filled with the deepest anxiety, he was afraid his mind might be prejudiced by hearing a one-sided story, and so he remained entirely silent on the subject. His dread of doing injustice overcame his desire to hear the particulars of the defeat; and Sargent said, that during the whole time he was at his house, one never would have known a battle had been fought, but for the regular inquiry every morning respecting his wound.

St. Clair lived twenty-seven years after this—poor

and destitute, spending much of his time in besieging the doors of Congress for a settlement of his claims. Government owed him justly a large sum; indeed he had advanced his own money to defray its expenses; and it is a lasting disgrace that the debt was not cancelled. He died at Laurel Hill, Philadelphia, August 31st, 1818, at the advanced age of eighty-four.

HIS CHARACTER.

St. Clair was a most excellent and able man, full of integrity, just and kind. He possessed talents, but no genius, and was never made for a military character of our times. Careful, methodical, governed entirely by rules, he had no power of adaptation and no quickness of perception, and hence never changed his course, because the circumstances in which he was placed had changed. He was brave, self-collected, and steady, but too deliberate and precise in all his plans and movements to make an efficient, energetic commander. He was unfortunate throughout, and never in his whole military career met with anything but defeat. Indeed, he never showed any superior military ability, and his life in the field was one long, sad failure. One cannot help pitying him, for he deserved, from his integrity, patriotism, and honest endeavors, a better fate than he received.

MARION.

Francis Marion

XX.

BRIGADIER GENERAL MARION.

His Early Life—Heads a Forlorn Hope against the Cherokees—Fires the last cannon in the Battle of Fort Moultrie—Bravery at Savannah—Breaks his leg by leaping from a window in Charleston—Is hunted from cover to cover—Left alone in the Field—Joins Gates—Appointed over a Brigade—Its appearance, and that of Marion—His first Expedition—Fight at the Black Mingo—Camp at Snow's Island—Pursued by Tarleton—By Watson, and defeats him—His camp destroyed by Doyle—Battle of King's Mountain—Joined by Lee—Takes Forts Watson and Motte—Takes Georgetown—Defeats Frazier—Bravery at Eutaw—Affair at Quimby Bridge—Takes his seat in the Legislature—Retires to his farm—His Marriage—Noble conduct in the Senate—His Character and Death.

MARION, SUMPTER, and LEE are names immortalized in the annals of Southern warfare. These did not rank as major-generals in the army, yet they commanded more or less separate portions of the country, and frequently carried on an independent warfare. They were partisan leaders; and as partisan war, especially in the South, constituted such an important feature in our Revolutionary struggle, I venture to depart from my original plan, and place MARION—the chief of them, in the group of major-generals. Though usually operating in small detachments, the combined action and influence of those leaders were equal to that of a division of the army, and for a long time the fate

of the Carolinas was in their keeping. A partisan warfare calls into action qualities different from those needed in a commander-in-chief. Celerity, boldness, and personal prowess are usually the characteristics of a partisan officer. Stratagems take the place of extensive combinations, and secret excursions that of an open campaign. Reckless daring is better than discipline; for the sudden onset is demanded oftener than the open field-fight. A good partisan leader may become an able commander of an army, though, to be the former, it is not necessary one should possess the qualities of the latter.

A predatory warfare was carried on to some extent by the Indians all along our north-western, and western frontiers, furnishing occasions to exhibit the hardihood and valor of our early settlers; but in the South it became a permanent thing, and assumed a settled character. The presence of a great army would swallow up for a while these independent companies; but at the withdrawal, or defeat of the former, the latter sprung again into existence, and hung like a cloud around the victorious enemy. No sooner did Lincoln surrender at Charleston, than from every swamp of the Carolinas started up bands of resolute men, ready to dispute with the invader the right to the soil. Out of the wreck of Gates's army arose, phœnix-like, a new form of opposition, which showed the thrice-conquered country unconquered still.

Marion's career embodies more of romance, personal adventure, hairbreath escapes, wild daring, and heroic courage than usually falls to the lot of any man. During all that distressful period when our country was

bleeding at every pore, his patriotism burned with a pure flame, and his hand was ever ready to strike. Whether we behold him in his solitary island encampment, amid the dark pine-trees, on whose branches his sentinels sit—eating his rude meal by the light of the blazing fire, or stealing with his chosen band of horsemen, by midnight, through the forest, to the unsuspecting enemy; or bursting, with his fierce war-cry, on the British dragoons, or with sword waving above his head, leading his brave militia to the shock of the bayonet; he is the same cautious, daring, prompt, and resolute man. From the shades of the gloomy swamp —by the light of his lonely watch-fires—in the midst of battle—that same swarthy, calm, thougthful face, looks steadily upon us, and that piercing black eye holds our earnest gaze. Through all the changes that came and went like shadows over the distracted South, the shout of "Marion's men" rings cheerily out, and their rifle-shot is heard, sending hope and courage through thousands of brave, but desponding hearts.

Francis Marion was born at Winyah, near Georgetown, South Carolina, in 1732—the same year which gave birth to Washington. His grandfather was one of the Huguenots of France, who fled to this country to escape persecution at home. Of diminutive proportions, and feeble frame, he seemed destined to an early grave, rather than to the long and arduous career he pursued with such honor to himself, and good to his country. But at twelve years of age his health became firm, and that defiant, untamed spirit, which afterwards characterized him, began to exhibit itself. At sixteen he undertook a voyage to the West Indies, and was ship-

wrecked. Six days in an open boat on the sea, without provisions, except a dead dog, and without water, seem to have cured him of his roving propensities; and he retired to the farm of his father.

He had but just arrived at maturity, when his father died—and after a short residence with his mother and brother Gabriel, he removed to Bell Isle, near Eutaw Springs, where he ever afterwards lived, and where his bones now rest. At the commencement of the French and Indian war, he enlisted as a private in a regiment of cavalry commanded by his brother. Afterwards he was appointed lieutenant under Moultrie, in an expedition against the Cherokees; and in an attack on them at Etchoee, led a forlorn-hope of thirty-one men, only ten of whom escaped unwounded. The battle raged with sanguinary ferocity for six hours, when the savages gave way. After the peace, he returned to his farm, and between the labors of the field and the excitement of hunting, passed his life till the eventful year of 1775. The quarrel with the mother country then assuming a more alarming aspect, he entered warmly into the cause of the colonies, and was elected member of the provincial Congress of South Carolina. Casting his vote in favor of the act that bound the South and North together in a common brotherhood, he soon after received from that body the commission of captain in one of the three regiments raised for the defence of the colony. From this time till June of the next year, he was busy recruiting his regiment, disciplining his men, and performing the various duties of his station. His company composed a part of that gallant few, who so bravely defended Fort Moultrie for

eleven hours against the combined attack of the British fleet. It is said the last gun fired on that day was directed by him. As the ships were retiring, he gave them a parting salute, and so well aimed was the piece, that the shot struck the cabin of the commander's ship, killing two young officers drinking at the table, then coursing onward, shattered in pieces three sailors in its passage, and, finally, bathed in the blood of its foes, "sunk with sullen joy to the bottom." This was but a presage of the destruction he was yet to carry through the ranks of the enemy—merely a messenger of deeds to be done.

After the battle, he continued for a while in command of the fort, but was engaged in no important action till the fatal attack on Savannah, by Count D'Estaing and General Lincoln. In the attempt to carry the town by storm, Marion was in the column led on by the gallant Laurens, and saw with the deepest indignation the terrible sacrifice of life that succeeded.

In the defence and fall of Charleston, which followed, Marion took no part, and hence was saved to the country in a time when his services were most needed. The merest accident, however, prevented his sharing the fate of Lincoln and his army. Soon after the siege commenced, he was invited, with a party of friends, to dine at the house of a gentleman in the city. After dinner, the host good-naturedly turned the key of the door on his guests, declaring that none should depart till they were all well filled with wine. Marion was a man of temperate, abstemious habits, and not wishing to offend his host by raising a disturbance with his half-tipsy companions, coolly threw up a window and

leaped out. They were dining in the second story, and Marion came to the ground with such force, that he broke his ankle. This rendered him unfit for service, and he was carried on a litter out of the place, so as not to add to the burdens of the besieged.

After the fall of Charleston and defeat of Beaufort, the whole surrounding country was in possession of the enemy, and Marion's position became exceedingly critical. Hunted from cover to cover, and too crippled to help himself, he was entirely dependent on his friends for safety. Sometimes in the thicket, and sometimes in the field, he lurked from one place of concealment to another, until he was at length able to ride on horseback; when, gathering around him a few friends, he started for North Carolina, to join Baron de Kalb on his way thither from Virginia. Poor and penniless, without any prospect of pay, and impelled only by a devoted love to his country, he pursued his weary way northward. Horry, his companion and friend, in speaking of their poverty, says, "except for carrying a knife, or a horse-fleam, or a gun-flint, we had no more use for a pocket than a Highlander has for a knee-buckle. As to hard money, we had not seen a dollar for years."

In the meantime, Gates had superseded De Kalb, and commenced that series of blunders which ended in his overthrow, and the destruction of the army. Marion joined him with but twenty men, all told, and a most sorry company they were. Mounted on such horses as they could get, clad in tattered garments, with small leather caps on their heads, and equipped with rusty firelocks, powder-horns, and scarce a bayonet among

them, they moved the mirth of the regular soldiers, and the contempt of Gates. But this brave partisan was worth a hundred of such men as Gates, and had the latter consulted him, his fate might have been different. From Marion's side the militia were never known to fly, as they did from their leaders in the disastrous battle of Camden. But he was spared the pain of witnessing the errors that preceded and brought on the action, and perhaps the death he would doubtless have sought beside the brave De Kalb. For while in camp, he received a message from the Whigs of Williamsburg, to become their leader, and immediately departed to take command. Gates, sure of victory, ordered him to destroy all the scows and boats on the way, so as to prevent the doomed Cornwallis from escaping. The brigade over which he found himself, was composed of undisciplined, but brave and hardy men, accustomed to the use of firearms, and fatal marksmen. Its after history was one of patient toil, privations, perilous adventures, and heroic deeds, unsurpassed in the annals of partisan warfare.

At this time, Marion received his commission as brigadier, from Governor Rutledge; though from his dress one would never have supposed him to be a general. He was now forty-eight years of age, small, lean, and swarthy, but firmly set, and of iron sinews. He wore a scarlet-colored outer jacket, of coarse cloth, and a leather cap with a silver crescent in front, on which was inscribed "Liberty or Death." His new troops were no better equipped than himself; but their wants were few, and if they could but get arms and ammunition, the regimentals could be dis-

pensed with. In order to supply themselves with swords, they took the saws from the neighboring saw-mills, and hammered them into stout blades; which, though not of Damascus temper and polish, would, in the brawny hands that wielded them, cleave a man to the spine at a blow. Without tents or baggage, with but few blankets—their intrepid leader having but one to serve both for his bed and covering—they mounted their fleet horses and entered on their adventurous career. They were bold riders, and could fire as well from the saddle as from the ground; and proud and careful of their steeds, often starved their own stomachs to feed them. Marion, soon after he set out, obtained a splendid horse, from a Tory, named Ball, which would outstrip the wind in speed, and could swim like a dog. Many a dark night, when the horses of his column would refuse to enter a deep river, the farther shore of which could not be seen, has Ball boldly plunged into the stream with his fearless master, and drawn the whole troop after him.

Thus equipped and thus commanded, this mounted brigade started off on its first expedition. At the outset, Marion showed his men what kind of service he expected of them. Ordering them to ride all night, he came up in the morning with a large party of Tories encamped at Butler's Neck, and fell on them with such suddenness and fury, that the whole party was scattered as if a whirlwind had swept through it.

Many of those who composed Marion's troop, were men of amazing physical strength—daring riders, and desperate fighters. In this first encounter, one of them,

named James,* made at Major Gainey, who commanded the Tories, and chased him for a half a mile along the road. Leaning over his saddle, with his drawn sword in his hand, he swept onward in such a headlong gallop, that he soon left all his companions far behind. With his flashing eye fixed on his antagonist, on whom he was gaining at every spring, he did not see that he was dashing, all alone, into a large body of Tories, who had rallied in their flight. Not a moment was to be lost—to retreat was impossible—and without tightening the rein, he waved his sword over his head, and shouting, as if a whole troop were at his back: "*Come on boys; here they are!*" burst like a thunderbolt into their very midst. The whole party broke without firing a shot, and fled to the swamps.

Halting only long enough to rest his men and horses, Marion went in search of another detachment of Tories. On coming up he found them too strongly posted to be attacked in their position, and so beguiled them into an ambush; when he fell on them so unexpectedly, that he dispersed them without losing a man. He then marched for the Upper Santee, and on his route heard of the defeat of Gates, at Camden. Concealing the news from his men, lest they should be discouraged, he pushed on to intercept a party, which his scouts informed him was coming down the river with a large number of prisoners, taken at Camden, in their charge. Marching rapidly forward, he got possession of a defile, through which they were to pass, and at daylight attacked them, both in front and rear, with such sudden-

* There were five brothers of this name, all in Marion's brigade; and noble men they were.

ness that they gave but one volley, and fled. Twenty-four British soldiers, and a hundred and fifty continentals of the Maryland line, were the fruits of this victory.

Marion now found himself alone in the field—the Southern army was annihilated, and he was left single-handed to resist the overwhelming force of the enemy. But his brave followers, instead of being discouraged, as he feared they would be, rose in daring and determination as the danger thickened—clinging faithfully to their leader. This bold band, on their fleet horses, darted from point to point—now breaking up a recruiting party—now dispersing and disheartening the loyalists, and again cutting off supplies of the British army, or falling on their outposts, and beating up their quarters, till at length Cornwallis was irritated beyond all endurance. He had cut up our army, and if left alone for only a short time, could fill the country with such an array of Tories, that the Whig militia would be overawed and subdued. But this policy could not be carried out, so long as this wily partisan was scouring the country with his riders. The Tories themselves were afraid to gather together, for they could scarcely organize before the crack of his rifles sent them frightened to their homes, and roused the courage of the Whigs.

At length Cornwallis wrote to Tarleton, to get hold of "Mr. Marion," at all hazards: and soon this daring relentless officer was after him with his dreaded legion. With only a hundred and fifty men Marion was unable to compete with this force: but still hoping for some favorable opportunity to strike, he sent out Major

James—the same who had charged, all alone, so valiantly, a large band of Tories, while he was chasing down Gainey—to reconnoitre. With a few picked men he set forth on his perilous mission, which he contrived, before he got through with it, to make still more dangerous. Concealing his little party in a thicket, at sunset, by the road along which he knew the enemy to be marching, he waited their approach. Soon after dark he heard the tread of the advancing column; and notwithstanding his dangerous proximity, determined to stay and count the troops as they passed. By the light of the moon, in whose rays the long line of bayonets sparkled, he could distinguish everything. With laughter and mirth the shining procession passed on; but at sight of the Tories who followed, the bold partisan's wrath was so kindled, that he resolved to leave his mark on them before he left. In the rear of the cavalcade were several stragglers, and these James selected as the objects of his fury. At a given signal the spurs sunk into the flanks of their steeds, and those fierce horsemen cleared the thicket with a single bound, and emerged into the moonlight. With their sabres gleaming above them, and a terrible shout, they fell on the panic-struck wretches—the next moment, each with his prisoner behind him, was sweeping in a tearing gallop along the road, the echo of their horses' feet rapidly dying away in the distance. Before daybreak he was with Marion. The news of the enemy's force was even worse than the latter had feared; and the officers retired to consult, while the men sat on their horses to wait the issue. There was no alternative—they must take refuge in flight; and the gallant band obeyed

though they received the announcement with groans. The next evening, at sunset, with only sixty men, he commenced his march for North Carolina. The merciless invaders had it now their own way, and swept through the country with fire and sword. The ashes of houses and churches burned to the ground, lands laid waste, and murdered men, were the monuments they left along the track of their desolating march:—but a score of wrongs and cruelties was run up, yet to be wiped out with their own blood.

The immediate effect of these barbarities was to arouse the militia to resistance. Marion, who had travelled night and day till he reached North Carolina, soon learned from his scouts of the rallying of the country, and joyfully hastened back to the scene of danger. The rapidity of his march shows the amazing celerity of his movements, and the wonderful endurance possessed by his men. He travelled night and day, and the second day marched *sixty miles*. Being joined on his way by reinforcements, he immediately planned a night attack on a large party of Tories encamped on the Black Mingo. Though they outnumbered him two to one, his men were fierce for the fight, and he determined to gratify them. The ferry across the river was commanded so completely by the enemy, that it would be impossible to force it, while the only other route to their camp, was through a swamp and over a plank bridge about a mile farther up. The latter, Marion resolved to take, and pressing on through the darkness, he with his men reached the bridge about midnight, and immediately began to cross it in close and firm order, hoping to take the enemy by surprise. But

the clatter of the horses' feet on the loose planks was heard by the sentinel, and an alarm-gun fired in the distance. Concealment was now over, and spurring to the head of his column, Marion ordered his men to follow on a gallop; and away they dashed, making the bridge rattle and creak under their feet. When he came within about three hundred yards of the Tories, he ordered his militia-men to dismount and fasten their horses. He then planned his attack; and falling on them both in front and rear at the same time, after a short but bloody conflict, laid half of their number prostrate on the field, and drove the remainder into the swamps: but his own brigade also suffered severely. His loss was often greater, from the fact, that he much of the time had no surgeon in his band, and hence the wounded would frequently bleed to death. The alarm given also, while he was yet a mile off, had allowed the enemy time to rally, and choose their own field of battle. But Marion learned a lesson by this, which he never forgot; and ever after, when a bridge was to be crossed he covered it with the blankets of his men, so as to deaden the sound.

Those night marches and night battles added inconceivably to the mystery and romance of his character. They remind us of olden stories of outlaws and robber bands, and present a series of pictures worthy the pencil of Salvator Rosa. The marshalling of those uncouth-looking, coarse-clad men, at sunset—the winding of the silent column through the gloomy swamp, where even the moonlight seemed darkened—the array of stern-knit brows which pressed close after that solemn, swarthy face, when danger was near—the watch-fires of the

unsuspecting enemy in the distance—the sudden blast of bugles—the clatter of galloping steeds, and the shouts of fierce riders as they burst in one wild torrent on the foe, combine to throw an air of mystery and poetry around Marion that make us fascinated with his character. Slightly made, reserved—almost solemn—given to no excess, very abstemious in all his habits—kind and gentle even to his foes, but stern as death when aroused—seeking no emolument, and receiving no reward, sustained alone by a lofty patriotism, he is just the man around which to weave romances, and gather all that is picturesque and thrilling in human life. Thus a short time after the affair at Black Mingo, he came again at midnight upon a party of Tories wrapped in sleep, and rode over them ere they could rise from their repose.

He was soon after pressed closely by Tarleton, with a superior force, and came near falling into his hands, through the treachery of one of his recruits—but escaping by a sudden flight, he led his enraged adversary through swamps and morasses twenty-five miles, till the latter gave over, saying, "Come, my boys, let us go back. We will soon find the *game cock*, (meaning Sumpter,) but as for this d——d *swamp fox*, the devil himself could not catch him."

Every adventure of this character added to the influence and strength of Marion.

HIS CAMP AT SNOW'S ISLAND.

His camp at Snow's Island, whither he now retired after an unsuccessful attempt on Georgetown, was cal-

culated to increase it still more. This island is situated in the Pedee, where Lynch's Creek empties into it, and at the time he selected it as a place of retreat, was covered in the more elevated parts with tall pine trees, and in the lower portions with dense cane-brakes. All the boats in the region, except those moored to his island castle, he ordered to be destroyed, and here amid the wildness and beauty of nature, this bold partisan pitched his camp, and ruled like an ancient feudal lord. He strengthened the natural defences around him, while the few avenues that led to his retreat were guarded by trusty rifles. A more picturesque scene cannot be imagined than this camp presented on a bright warm day. There, in the tall cool forest, those hardy warriors, in their uncouth garments, lay stretched on the ground, or sat scattered around, preparing their repast of potatoes, while the smoke of the fires curling slowly up through the tree-tops, struggled almost in vain to reach the open space of heaven. On every side, half-hid by the trunks and foliage, horses were browsing with their saddles on and the bits dangling about their necks, ready at a moment's warning to be mounted; and from the branches of the trees swords hung idly suspended. Here and there, through the trees, blue wreaths of smoke were seen rising where the outposts were engaged at their frugal meal, while down that dark and silent avenue, which led to the shore, the rifles of sentinels gleamed amid the shrubbery.

But as one gazes into that camp, the object of deepest interest there is a single sleeper. His slight form is thrown upon the ground, and though the piercing

black eye is veiled, that calm swarthy face reveals the partisan leader. He sleeps soundly, securely, and well he may, amid that circle of iron-hearted men; for at his slightest cry a hundred swords would leap from their scabbards; and bold must be the foeman who then and there would dare press upon him. He sleeps well; but a slight touch has awakened him, and he rises to hear the message brought by one of his scouts. A band of Tories is near, laying waste the country. In a moment that quiet camp is alive with the bustle of preparation; and lo! that column of horsemen is winding its way to the river.

Before morning their war-shout will be heard, and the strokes of their sabres felt by the spoilers of the land.

It was here he received the visit of the English officer, and dined him on roasted potatoes. Marion's fare was always simple in the extreme—vinegar and water mixed composing his only drink. "His favorite time for moving was with the setting sun, and then it was known the march would continue all night. Before striking any sudden blow, he has been known to march sixty or seventy miles, taking no other food in twenty-four hours than a meal of cold potatoes and a draught of cold water. His scouts were out in all directions, and at all hours. They were taught a peculiar and shrill whistle, which at night could be heard at a most astonishing distance. They did the double duty of patrols and spies. They hovered about the posts of the enemy, crouching in the thickets or darting along the plain, picking up prisoners, and information, and spoils together. Sometimes the single scout, buried in the

thick top of a tree, looked down upon the march of his legions, or hung perched over the encampment till it slept, then slipped down, stole through the silent host, carrying off a drowsy sentinel or a favorite charger, upon which the daring spy flourished conspicuous among his less fortunate companions."* Among this hardy band, none had greater powers of endurance than Marion. In summer and winter he had but one blanket to protect him from cold and storms, and this, after a while, he lost. Lying one night upon some straw, it took fire while he was asleep, and the blanket nearly consumed—he himself narrowly escaping a severe scorching. It mattered not to him, however—with his hominy or potatoes, his vinegar and water, he would ride sixty miles on a stretch, and then fight a battle before resting. He never informed his men of the length of his proposed expeditions, and the only way they could ascertain it, was to see how much hominy or corn meal his servant put up. He frequently went into action with only three rounds of ammunition to each man; and sometimes without any or even arms to a portion of his company. In such cases the men would coolly stand and watch the fight, till their companions shot down some of the enemy when they would rush up and take possession of their muskets and cartridges. Saw-mill saws furnished broad-swords, but there was a dreadful scarcity of bullets. If the militia could obtain buck-shot, they were satisfied; but they were often compelled to fight with nothing but *swan-shot*, which, though peppering a great many, killed but few in proportion.

* Vide Simms, pages 162, 167, 171.

Such was Marion and such were his men and equipments when he pitched his camp on Snow's Island. But here reinforcements began to come in; and he soon found himself a brigadier in strength, as well as in name.

About this time, however, he met with two heavy losses, one of which wrung his heart, and the other weakened his power. His nephew, Gabriel Marion, whom he loved with the affection of a father, a young officer of great bravery and promise, was taken prisoner by the Tories, and cruelly massacred. The blow fell heavy upon him, and many a deep and terrible oath was sworn by his band, to avenge his death. The supposed murderer was afterwards taken, and slain, before Marion could interpose to his rescue. The other calamity was the loss of Sumpter's services. This gallant chief had met Tarleton, and utterly routed him at Blackstoek. Pushing on with four hundred mounted men, the British leader fell furiously on him, but was repulsed, with the loss of nearly two hundred men. Sumpter had only three killed, and three wounded out of his whole command; but among the latter was himself. A bullet struck his breast, inflicting a terrible wound. His devoted followers immediately wrapped him in the raw hide of a bullock, and slinging him between two horses, sent him, guarded by a hundred resolute men, into North Carolina. It was a long time before he could again take the field.

But if disasters thickened in one quarter, hope brightened in another. In October of this year, 1780, occurred the—

BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

Colonel Ferguson had been detached by Cornwallis, to the frontiers of North Carolina, to encourage and arm the loyalists, and intimidate the patriots. He swept the country with fire and sword, and drove the defenceless mothers and children, with ribald shouts, from their blazing homes. Women were ravished, and every enormity human depravity could suggest practised. These outrages at length aroused the mountaineers to the highest pitch of desperation. Rallying in haste, they appointed their own officers, and demanded immediately to be led against the bloody monster. Mounted each on his horse, with only a wallet and a blanket, they set forward. At night they slept on the damp earth, and in the morning again pressed resolutely on. At every step they came upon the marks of the ravages of the enemy, which whetted into keener vengeance their already excited passions. Ferguson, hearing of the storm that was gathering around him, retired to a hill covered with trees, and shaped somewhat like a flattened cone, and there planted his men, and awaited the onset. At length the enraged patriots found him, and with cries of vengeance, swarmed in a crowd at the base of the hill. Colonels Cleveland, Campbell, Selby, Sevier, Williams, and others led them on. The first, addressing his men, said: "My brave fellows, we have beat the Tories, and can do it again. When you are engaged, you are not to wait the word of command from me: I will show you, by my example, how to fight. I can under-

take no more. Every man must consider himself an officer, and act from his own judgment. Fire as quick as you can, and stand your ground as long as you can. When you can do no better, get behind trees, and retreat; but I beg of you not to run quite off. If we are repulsed, let us return to the fight; perhaps we will have better luck the second time. If any of you are afraid, such have leave to retire, and I beg they will immediately take themselves off."* They shouted to be led forward; and driving the advanced guard of the British before them, streamed up the heights, and surrounding the enemy, began to pour in their rapid fire. Ferguson ordered his men to charge bayonet; and moving intrepidly on the column of Cleveland, drove it back. But while pressing up his advantage, Selby began to ascend the farther side, compelling him to turn back and defend himself, which he did like a tiger at bay, and the Americans again recoiled. But Cleveland's men, following the advice which had been given them, rallied anew, and rushed, with loud shouts, to the charge. Campbell also had now come up, and the battle raged like a storm, there on the crest of the hill. Ferguson found himself completely hemmed in, yet continued to fight like a desperado. He knew there was no hope for him, if once caught by those outraged Americans, and he strained every nerve to clear himself from the circle of fire that was every moment contracting closer and closer. Charge after charge of bayonet was made, but those determined men recoiled only to spring with more desperate energy to the encounter. They called on Ferguson to surrender,

* Vide memoirs of Moultrie.

but he sternly refused; and rallying his diminished troops around him, bravely fell, with his sword waving over him. His troops then called for quarter, and the battle ceased. The British lost in all, eleven hundred killed, wounded, and prisoners; together with their arms and munitions of war. The excited patriots spared the English soldiers, but many of the Tories were strung up to the trees, before order could be restored.

This was a severe blow to Cornwallis, and filled the Tories with terror.

The prospect around Marion was relieved now and then by such bright spots, and the cause of liberty strengthened. At length when Greene took command of the Southern army, the sky began slowly to brighten. He did not, like Gates, despise such men as Marion, Sumpter, and others, but leaned heavily upon them, and, as the sequel proved, not in vain. He wrote immediately to Marion, encouraging and strengthening him.

About this time occurred one of those incidents so frequent during the Revolution, and which illustrate the character of our people. Washington, with his cavalry, came upon the British Colonel Rugely, posted in a strong redoubt—and knowing that it would be vain to attack him simply with horsemen, ordered a pine log to be hewn into the shape of a cannon and mounted on a pair of wagon-wheels. With this he slowly and solemnly approached the redoubt, and summoned the English commander to surrender. Seeing such a formidable piece of artillery approach, the latter concluded it would be useless to attempt a defence, and yielded the

post. Cornwallis, speaking of it in a letter to Tarleton, very significantly remarks, "*Rugely will not be made a brigadier.*"

Soon after Lee joined Marion, and the two together made an attack on Georgetown, which was only partially successful. But when Greene commenced his famous retreat, Lee was called to his aid, and Marion again left alone. He, however, did not relax his efforts, but with his little band, and sustained by such trusty men as Horry, Macdonald, James, and others, kept the Tories and British detachments in constant alarm.

A British officer, Major McElrath, was sent out to destroy his band; but Marion attacked him with such vigor that he forced him to retreat. The latter being without cavalry, was compelled finally to take a strong position and offer battle. But the wily partisan knew too well where his strength lay to accept it, and coolly encamped near him, waiting until he should move again. While the two forces were occupying this position, the British officer sent Marion a challenge to single combat. The latter replied, that if he wished to see a fight between twenty picked men, he had no objection. The proposition was accepted, and all the arrangements made for this strange encounter, which seemed to transport one back to knightly days. Marion picked out his own men; and, when everything was ready, addressed them in his usually pithy style: "My brave soldiers," said he, "you are twenty men picked out of my whole brigade. I know you all, and have often witnessed your bravery. In the name of your country I call upon you to show it. My confidence in

you is great: I am sure it will not be disappointed. Fight like men as you always have done, and you are sure of the victory." This was a long speech for him, and it was received with loud shouts by those resolute men. They had no bullets, and so rammed home good heavy charges of buck-shot, and marched out towards where the British stood drawn up in order. Vanderhorst, who commanded this gallant little band, turned to Witherspoon, the second officer, and asked "what distance he would prefer, as the most sure, to strike with buck-shot?" "Fifty yards for the first fire," he replied. "Then," said Vanderhorst, turning to the men, "when we get within fifty yards, as I am not a good judge of distance, Mr. Witherspoon will tap me on the shoulder; I will then give the word, my lads, and you will then form on my left opposite to these fellows. As you form, each man will fire at the one directly opposite, and my word for it few will need a second shot."* They advanced boldly, till within about a hundred yards of the British, when the latter, at the order of their officer, retreated. The Americans then halted, gave three cheers, and marched laughing back to their companions.

That night McElrath broke up his camp, and leaving his heavy baggage behind, commenced a precipitate retreat. In the morning, Marion followed him—though he finally, out of respect to an enemy who had shown a forbearance towards the people not practised by any other British officer, called off his troop.

Colonel Watson was next dispatched, with a strong force, to destroy our unconquerable partisan. The lat-

* Vide Simms' Life of Marion.

ter boldly advanced to meet him, and coming up with his guard at Wiboo Swamp, immediately commenced the attack. Horry, who commanded his cavalry, was thrown back in disorder, which Marion no sooner discovered, than he cried out "*charge*," with such a vehement expression, that the whole body threw itself forward with resistless impetuosity, and swept the road. Watson's regulars, however, restored the fight, and finally forced Marion to retreat. The Tory horse following up the advantage, were pressing with dangerous energy upon him as he was crossing a narrow causeway, when Gavin James, a man of huge proportions and boiling courage, and mounted on a powerful gray horse, wheeled right in front of the whole advancing column. He was armed with a musket, and as he turned, took deliberate aim, and shot the first man dead. A whole volley blazed in his face, sending the bullets in a shower around his head, not one of which however struck him. A dragoon rushing forward, he transfixed him with the bayonet—a second coming to the rescue, fell beside his companion. Awestruck at this bold horseman, as he thus sat on his steed in the road and hurled death around him, the whole column halted. In a moment Marion's cavalry was upon it, breaking it in pieces, and sending the fugitives in affright back to their infantry.

He then slowly retired, fighting as he went, till at length he threw himself across the Pedee, and destroying the bridge, awaited his enemy. As Watson approached the bank, the deadly riflemen picked off his men with fearful rapidity; and when he ordered the cannon to be advanced, so as to clear the low grounds

on the farther side, the artillerists fell dead beside their guns. Finding this would not do, he attempted to force the ford, and a detachment was sent forward. The officer commanding it advanced gallantly; but as he approached the water, waving his sword and cheering on his troops, the crack of a single rifle was heard, and he fell dead in his footsteps. A whole volley followed, which sent the thinned ranks in affright to their cover. Four brave fellows undertook to bear off their dead commander, but they all fell beside the corpse. Watson was terrified, declaring he had never seen such shooting in his life,—and, afraid to force the passage of the river, resorted to skirmishing across it.

The next day he sent a flag to Marion, complaining bitterly of his barbarous practice of shooting down his pickets, affirming it was fit only for "robbers," and challenging him to come out and fight like a man and a Christian. Marion did not even deign a reply to this message, and coolly told his men to keep shooting both sentinels and pickets. But the flag did not go back unanswered—a Sergeant McDonald, a bold Scotchman, who had lost all his clothes in one of the late skirmishes, sent word to Watson, that he was very much in want of them, and if he did not give them up, he would kill eight of his men as pay. The English officer was thrown into a transport of rage at this insolent message; but his fellow-officers, who knew McDonald well, told him that the bold dragoon would certainly fulfil his threat. Watson, who had been filled with terror at the sharp-shooting of our men, and thinking, perhaps, that he might be the first victim of McDonald's vengeance, actually sent back his clothes.

But the most amusing part of the whole affair, was the gratitude and politeness of McDonald. He immediately returned word to Watson, that he would not now fulfil his threat, and instead of killing eight of his men, would *kill but four*. Whether the former was particularly thankful for this reduction of fifty per cent. or not, is not recorded, but it was certainly the coolest piece of impudence one could well perform. To make it still worse, this fearless dragoon, two days after, shot an English lieutenant through the knee, at the distance of three hundred yards.

At length Watson, finding he could not force the river, and seeing also that he had far the worst of it in skirmishing, broke up his camp and retired precipitately towards Georgetown : but Marion's men seemed everywhere present, and the crack of their rifles rung from every thicket. Surrounded, and kept in constant trepidation, the English colonel hurried on till he reached Ox Swamp. Here he made a halt, for only one narrow causeway crossed the morass, and on that stood Marion's men, protected by trees, which they had felled across the road. Recoiling from the encounter, Watson wheeled into the open pine-woods, and struck across the country for the Santee road, fifteen miles distant. He had not gone far, however, before Marion was upon him, and when the latter came up, he found the British infantry on the full trot in their precipitate flight. Falling on their flank and rear, he mowed them down, and but for the failure of a single officer, whom Horry had placed over an ambush party, the whole corps would have been captured. It made out to reach

Georgetown, though thinned and wasted severely by Marion's rifles and heavy sabres.

At the same time that Watson set out with his expedition, a Colonel Doyle, with another regiment, marched on Snow's Island, and wasted that romantic encampment of the partisan leader, capturing all his baggage and stores. This was a heavy blow; and Marion, for the first time, gave way to despondency. Greene was fleeing northward, before the victorious Cornwallis, and South Carolina lay open to the ravages of the Tories and British, who now were able to concentrate all their forces on him and his brigade. This hardy and patriotic chief was not fighting for victory, but simply to do what he could towards keeping alive the spirit of the Whigs; and it is a matter of astonishment, that he was able to retain his irregular troops about him, under such disheartening circumstances. The storm began to gather darker, and more threateningly over his head, and his stern soul at last sunk under the accumulated dangers that momentarily increased. In this crisis of his affairs, he did not know which way to turn; and one day as he was walking alone, absorbed in thought, and weighed down with discouragement, Horry approached him, and said: "General, our men are few; and if what I hear be true, you never wanted them more." Marion started, as if from a dream, and fixing on Horry an anxious look, exclaimed: "Go immediately to the field-officers, and learn from them, if, in the event of my being driven to the mountains, they will follow my fortunes, and with me carry on the war until the enemy is driven out of the country. *Go and bring me their answer without delay.*"

Away went Horry, while the anxious chief returned to his solitary walk, and his gloomy meditations. The former had not been gone long before he returned with the joyful intelligence, that they, one and all, would stand by him till death. At the news Marion's black eye flashed with delight, and rising on his toes, he exclaimed: "*I am satisfied—one of these parties shall soon feel us.*"* Noble man—he wanted only to know that his brave troops would bear all that he would bear, to be himself again.

Immediately after this, he turned on Doyle, who had just laid waste his beautiful encampment on Snow's Island: but in crossing Lynch's Creek and swamp, which were overflowing with water, from a recent freshet, his men, many of them lost their muskets, and with difficulty floundered through in the darkness. Nothing daunted, however, he pressed on, and soon came upon traces of the flying enemy. Destroying all his heavy baggage, and strewing the road with the wreck, Doyle fled towards Camden, impelled by the fear of Marion, and anxiety for the fate of Rawdon, on whom Greene, fresh from the battle of Guilford, was now rapidly marching. Finding him beyond his reach, Marion wheeled about, and set out in search of his old enemy, Watson, who was again in the field, and hanging darkly on his flanks. The latter immediately fled rapidly towards Camden, and Marion, with Lee, who had just joined him, left the pursuit, and marched against Fort Watson, and invested it. But neither besiegers nor

* Vide Simms' Life of Marion. I shall not give this book credit again, but say, once for all, I am almost wholly indebted to it for my facts, and recommend all who wish to know more of Marion to read it.

besieged had a single cannon, while the strong fortifications rendered a storm extremely hazardous. In this dilemma Marion's genius, which had helped him out of worse difficulties, came to his aid. He ordered trees to be cut down, and the logs carried on men's shoulders, close to the fort. After dark, these were piled crosswise, one upon another, thus forming a huge cobhouse, high enough to overlook the garrison, into which the riflemen crawled, and waited for daylight to appear. Hardly had the gray dawn streaked the east, before the British were aroused by a shower of rifle-bullets in their midst. Finding their works thus unexpectedly commanded—and assailed in the meantime, by a storming party, the garrison surrendered.

Greene's bold and sudden movement on Cornwallis's line of Southern posts, had encouraged the Whigs, and the hardy mountaineers now came pouring in to Marion, and he soon found a respectable brigade again under his command. Lee and Eaton having joined him, he invested, by Greene's direction, Fort Motte, the principal depot of provision for the British army, between Camden and Charleston. A fine large house, belonging to Mrs. Motte, situated on a high hill, had been turned into a fort, and surrounded with a deep trench, and high parapets. The lady herself had been driven forth, and at this time occupied an old farm-house near by, where Marion also took up his head-quarters. The Americans had only one six-pounder, with which to batter down these fortifications: but having completed the investment, and planted their single gun, the garrison was summoned to surrender. A refusal being returned, the siege went gradually on.

But before the place could be reduced, news arrived of the rapid approach of Rawdon, to the rescue. He had destroyed his baggage—set Camden on fire, and was now advancing by forced marches; while Greene, anxious for Marion, was also straining every nerve to reach him first. He wrote to him to press the siege with the utmost dispatch: but Rawdon's fires were already blazing on the farther side of the river, and another day would place him in the fort. The garrison were overjoyed at the prospect of their deliverance; but Marion was filled with the deepest perplexity, respecting the next measure to be adopted. There seemed no alternative but to set fire to the fine mansion of Mrs. Motte, within the fort—if this could be done, the place must surrender. Marion felt great reluctance in proposing it to the lady, who had treated him and his officers with so much kindness and generosity, during the eight days they had consumed in the siege; yet there was no other course left open to him, and he at length hesitatingly told her so. But Mrs. Motte was one of those noble South Carolina matrons, whose virtues shed lustre on themselves, and glory on our cause, and not only consented, but seemed delighted with the prospect of rendering her country a service. Hastening to a private apartment, she brought forth a bow and some arrows, which had been sent from India, as objects of curiosity. To those arrows combustible materials were attached and set on fire, and thus launched against the roof, which rose above the parapets of the fort. A strong militia-man shot the missiles, which lighting on the dry shingles, soon kindled them into a blaze. The English commander immedi-

ately ordered a company of soldiers on the roof, to extinguish the fire; but Marion had trained his six-pounder upon it with such precision, that they were forced to retire, and the house was soon wrapped in flames. This made the quarters too hot for the garrison, and they surrendered.

That same night Greene entered the camp of Marion, and shook the hand of the worthy partisan with delight. There had been a slight quarrel between them, which well-nigh completely estranged the latter. The former had sent to him for some horses to replenish his cavalry, which he refused to furnish. Greene hearing that his refusal grew out of unwillingness to dismount his militia, wrote him a reproachful letter, which wounded his feelings so deeply, that he resolved to resign his commission. The noble-hearted Greene, both grieved and alarmed at the serious light in which Marion viewed his complaint, wrote him immediately a long explanation which healed the breach before it became widened, and thus secured an ally who had ever been faithful, and whose aid at this critical moment was of vital importance.

After the fall of Fort Motte, Lee again left Marion, and the latter, with Sumpter, was appointed to hold Rawdon in check, while Greene could advance on Ninety-Six. They succeeded in driving him behind his intrenchments in and near Georgetown, and then began that daring game so common with our partisan troops. Marion at length took Georgetown, but not being able to garrison it, removed all the stores, provisions, &c., and abandoned it.

In the meantime, Rawdon, having received large

reinforcements, became too strong for Marion, and started off to relieve Ninety-Six, as mentioned in the sketch of Greene.

After the return of the former to Orangeburg, Marion was dispatched with Sumpter and Lee, and others, to the South, and succeeded in driving the enemy within the gates of Charleston.

AFFAIR AT QUIMBY'S BRIDGE.

Sumpter and Marion then advanced to Monk's Corner, where Colonel Coates was posted with six hundred and fifty men. Watboo and Quimby Creeks lay between him and Charleston, and the destruction of the bridges over them would effectually cut off his retreat to the latter place. Failing to destroy that of Watboo in time, Sumpter, Lee, and Marion pressed on after the retreating column, hoping to overtake it before it reached Quimby Creek. On going a little distance, they discovered that the cavalry and infantry had separated, and taken different routes. Hampton, therefore, pressed on after the former, while Lee's and Marion's cavalry gave chase to the latter, and came up with the rear-guard about a mile from Quimby Creek. "Front rank, bayonets! second rank, fire!" fell in startling distinctness on the squadron, but the next moment the fierce horsemen were riding through the broken lines, and without a musket being discharged, the whole rear-guard surrendered.

But Coates, with the main body, was already over the bridge, and drawn up on the farther side, waiting for the baggage to pass before he threw the planks into

the water. They had all been loosened, and needed but a slight touch to cast them off, while a howitzer, at the opposite extremity, commanded the passage.

This was the position of things, when the American cavalry was seen sweeping along the narrow causeway leading to the creek. The rear-guard having surrendered, without firing a shot, Coates was ignorant of the disaster that had befallen him, and hence was not fully prepared for this sudden onset. He, however, ordered the men to throw off the planks, and his troops to form in order of battle. Captain Armstrong, who led the first section of the pursuing cavalry, halted, as he saw the preparations made to receive him, and sent back word to Lee to know what should be done. In the hurry of the moment he forgot to state the new position of things, and hence received in reply the order, "*to fall on the enemy at all hazards.*" A terrible expression gathered on Armstrong's brow when he heard it, and he leaned fiercely over his saddle-bow for a second—the next instant his powerful horse sprung, with a terrible snort, into the air, as the spurs sunk deep in his sides, and "*Legion cavalry*, CHARGE!" rang back in a voice of thunder, and away went those bold riders like a rattling storm. The bridge creaked and shook under their headlong gallop, and the loose planks flew like shingles beneath the feet of the horses, leaving huge gaps as they passed. Up to the howitzer, and over it, they swept with one wild shout, and had the rest of the cavalry followed, the victory would have been complete. Carrington, with the second section, boldly leaped the chasms after Armstrong, but the third faltered, and stood shivering, when the first section of

Marion's cavalry came up, and bursting through the reluctant company without stopping to think, cleared the bridge.

In the meanwhile Lee, with the rest of the legion, arrived; but Armstrong's cavalry had thrown off so many planks in their fierce passage, that he was compelled to stop and replace them. This settled the fate of the day, for Armstrong, finding himself unsupported, and with only three sections of cavalry opposed to the whole British army, dashed through the discomfited solders, and wheeling into the woods, went off on a tearing gallop.

Coates immediately retreated to Shubrick's plantation, and made a stand. Sumpter, Lee, and Marion, though outnumbered two to one, followed on, and came upon him, with his troops drawn up in square, in front of the house. This was four o'clock, and the battle immediately commenced, and lasted till dark. Marion's men showed their training in this engagement, and fought with the coolness and steadiness of veteran troops. Fifty were killed or wounded in the action—every one of them belonging to Marion's brigade.

Sumpter finally withdrew;—not because he was beaten, but from want of ammunition. He had not managed well, or the whole British force of six hundred would have been captured, and the bloody battle of Eutaw in all probability prevented. He and Marion separated after this—the latter operating on the Santee. While here, he heard that Colonel Harden, at the Pon-Pon, was sorely pressed by a British force of five hundred men; and taking with him two hundred picked soldiers, started off to relieve him. With his accustomed

secrecy he stole across the country, and passing through the lines of the enemy's communication twice, at length —after marching a hundred miles—came up with the British near Parker's ferry. Placing his men in ambush in a swamp, he sent forward fifty of his swiftest horse to decoy them to his place of concealment. Major Frazier, who was wholly ignorant of Marion's approach, took the company for a part of Harden's force, whom he was after, and ordered his cavalry to charge. On a full gallop, and with loud shouts, they came thundering over the causeway after the flying horsemen, till they approached within fifty yards of Marion's riflemen, when a deadly volley received them. Wheeling, they attempted to charge the swamp, but a second volley made them recoil. They had now got fairly into the lane made by those marksmen, and there was no retreating. They therefore pushed on through it towards the ferry, taking the fire as they passed. The infantry followed, and there seemed not a chance of escape to the British army: but at this moment Marion's ammunition gave out, and he was compelled to order a retreat. A little more powder, and a few more buck-shot, and the whole would have been captured. He had effected his object, however—relieved Harden, and thinned terribly the British cavalry. He then turned back, and by rapid marches succeeded in reaching Greene just before the battle of Eutaw—thus, in *six days' time, fighting one battle, and marching two hundred and fifty miles.* At Eutaw he commanded the right of the South Carolina militia, and led them nobly into action. He fought like a lion on that bloody day; and when the British army retreated, followed

swiftly on their flying traces, dealing the rear-guard heavy blows in the chase.

When Greene retired to the high hills of Santee, Marion repaired to Santee river swamp, where, after having cleared an open space in the cane-brakes, he erected huts for his men. Here he was taken sick, but it did not keep him idle. He was constantly on the alert, and from his sequestered spot in the swamp, learned everything that was going on about him. Those rude huts, thatched with cane, looked lonely and wretched enough in the evening sunlight; but at the blast of a single bugle, they would pour forth as hardy and determined warriors as ever raged through a battle.

With the commencement of winter his brigade began to increase, and he again took the field. But after some little success, the mountaineers returned to their homes, leaving him weak as before. He, however, co-operated with Greene, till that able general drove the enemy into Charleston.

The field soon after being left clear, he made over his brigade to Horry, and hastened to Jacksonborough to take his seat in the Assembly, of which he had been elected a member from St. John's, Berkley. This was in 1782; but while doing his duty as a legislator, his brigade came very near being wholly destroyed. The British, taking advantage of his absence, had sent out a detachment against it, which he no sooner heard of, than he hastened back and arrived in time to save it, though beaten in the encounter. He continued to overawe the Tories, till called by Greene to head-quarters near Charleston. With his departure, the disaffected

again took up arms; but scarcely had they organized, before Marion, who had heard of their movements, suddenly appeared in their midst, and awed them into submission. Thus marching hither and thither—appearing and disappearing, like some wizard who has the power of self-transportation through the air, he kept the country quiet. But with the exception of a conflict with Major Frazier's cavalry, which he routed, he was engaged in no more battles. The British evacuated Charleston, and the country was free.

Marion then called his trusty followers together, and, amid the cedars of his encampment at Watboo, gave them his affectionate farewell, and returned to his ravaged farm. He looked mournfully over his desolate fields, and then hung up his good blade, and took the implements of agriculture.

He was, however, soon elected to the Senate of the State, and there showed the same patriotism and decision he had done in defending his country with his sword. On one occasion, a Tory presented a petition to be exempted from the confiscation act, which had been passed during the war, and at that time received the sanction of Marion. But peace had now returned, and with it passed all feelings of vengeance in his noble heart, and he rose to speak on the petition. The poor Tory turned pale when he saw the old partisan leader about to speak, and gave up his case as hopeless; but, to his surprise, he heard him advocate it. "Then," said Marion, referring to the time the act was passed, "it was war. It is peace now. God has given us the victory; let us show our gratitude to Heaven, which we shall not do by cruelty to man."

It was a noble sentiment, and worthy the patriot who uttered it. At another time a bill was introduced to exempt the revolutionary officers from all legal prosecutions for their conduct during the war. Circumstances, and the common good of the State, had compelled them to stretch their power in a way that the civil law would not sanction, and this bill was designed to secure them against annoyance. But no sooner was it read, than Marion rose to his feet, and with his solemn black eye flashing fire, demanded to have his name taken off from the list of exempted officers. He said he was friendly to the bill, but *he* would not be sheltered by it. His honor he valued more than his life, and this tacit implication that it might not be spotless, he scorned at once. Said he, "If I have given any occasion for complaint, I am ready to answer in property and person. If I have wronged any man, I am willing to make him restitution. If in a single instance in the course of my command, I have done that which I cannot fully justify, justice requires that I should suffer for it." His name was excluded, and he stood proudly on his unsullied honor, and challenged the strictest scrutiny into his conduct during years of civil war.

Marion received no appropriation from the State for his services, though he was appointed commander of Fort Johnson, at Charleston, with a salary of about $2,500 per annum. This was a sinecure, and the post made on purpose for him; but a lucky turn in his fortune saved him from the necessity of accepting it. Miss Mary Videau, a lady of wealth, had fallen in love with our hero, though fifty years of age. The latter

was slow to discover it, but when he did, proposed and was accepted.

Retiring to his plantation, he lived happily with his bride, though she, too, was getting into the "sere and yellow leaf." In the hot summer months, he would take his old camp-bed and cooking utensils, and repair with her to the mountains. Thus he lived, honored by his country, and loved by all; and at length, at the age of sixty-three, surrendered his soul, without fear, into the hands of his Maker. He declared himself a Christian—a firm believer in all the great truths of religion.

Thus passed away this strange and noble man; but his memory lives, and the name of "Marion" will ever thrill the hearts of our youth, and nerve the patriot, in every age, to strike for freedom.

HIS CHARACTER.

In personal appearance, Marion presented a striking contrast to most of the officers in our army. It is a curious fact, that the generals of the highest grade, in both armies, during the Revolutionary war, averaged nearly two hundred pounds in weight. But Marion was a very small man, and of diminutive proportions every way. He was not only short, but remarkably thin. His countenance was swarthy, and grave in its expression, and his eye dark, solemn, and poetic.* Extremely plain in his dress, and with still plainer man-

* The portrait accompanying this sketch, was taken from one by Trumbull, representing Marion in the action at Eutaw. Some changes were necessary, in order to place him in a more tranquil attitude. It is probably as correct as the original.

ners, he did not strike a stranger very favorably. Reserved and silent, he seldom spoke, except when necessary, and then expressed his thoughts in the most direct and simple language he could command. These peculiarities increased the mystery which his actions threw around him, and doubtless added much to the influence he held over his band. Cool and quiet, he went on the most desperate missions without excitement—as calmly stormed through the fight, and then, in the same composed manner, drew off his men to their dark and lonely encampment. He seemed utterly destitute of passions. He possessed neither revenge, nor thirst for glory, nor love of excitement, nor desire of money or power. He showed no fondness for the table, but was abstemious as a hermit. Even the women had no influence over him; and he moved amid the turbulent scenes around him, like one whose mind is wholly absorbed on one great object, yet to be accomplished. Drinking his vinegar and water—enough to keep any man thin—eating his coarse hominy, or rice—with the trees for his shelter, and the swamps for his retreat, he fastens himself upon our affections and interest, with a firmness nothing can shake.

Living in lawless times, and among rough and boisterous men, he retained all his delicacy of feeling, refined tastes, and scrupulous virtue. Moving in an orbit of his own, he, like Washington, was beyond the influence of others, and seemed free from the common frailties of men.

Without pay—without even the hope of victory—hunted from swamp to swamp, and chased the length and breadth of his State, he still struggled on to keep

alive the waning flame of patriotism in the hearts of the inhabitants. Binding his men to him by love, rather than by commands, he would let them disband to their homes, with no security but their single promise to return. Yet that promise was never broken; and the love those stern hearts bore him, is one of the most touching incidents in his career.

As a partisan leader Marion has no equal. One cannot point out a defect in him, nor suggest a single good quality which he did not possess. To sleepless, tireless vigilance, he added an energy and perseverance that nothing could shake; and to bravery, which never deserted him, a prudence unmarred by a single rash act. Provoked into no haste, beguiled into no procrastination, unelated by success, undiscouraged by defeat, he baffled every plan of his pursuers to take him, and kept the field in the very midst of his foes. For a long time, the only patriot who dared to lift the standard of freedom in his native State, he became the object against which the British directed all their efforts. Yet they never disbanded his corps, or broke his power. The name of Marion became a spell-word with which to conjure up the Republicans, and frighten the Tories. Seeking the recesses of the swamps by day, and stealing on his foes, like the panther, by night, his swift horsemen came and went like the invisible stroke of fate. No precaution could escape his penetrating glance, and no concealment furnish security against his deadly rifles. He seemed omnipresent to the enraged, terror-stricken loyalists; and when they deemed themselves safest, he was often nearest. And yet, not a vice sullied "his ermine

character." No ferocity was mingled with his courage, and no cruelty accompanied his fierce onsets. Neither the barbarity of his enemies, nor the treason of his friends could provoke him to injustice—even the clamors of his own followers were unable to swerve his just soul from the path of integrity. Given to no excess, he asked no share of the plunder, and never used the power he possessed to gratify a single selfish passion.

His patriotism was pure and lofty as his character; and for his sufferings and losses he neither asked nor expected remuneration. His country he loved better than his life, and liberty was dearer to him than all things else on earth beside. Wealth, rank, ease, safety, all sunk before his country's claims, and he seemed to aim at nothing but its interests. His like is seldom seen.

His followers were worthy of him. Bold, fearless—true as steel in the hour of danger, they closed round him with a faith and devotion that excite our admiration, and claim our love.

XXI.

MAJOR GENERAL STIRLING.

His Birth and Descent—Serves in the French and Indian War—Appointed an Officer in the American Army—Bravery at Long Island—Taken Prisoner—Bravery at Brandywine and Monmouth—Commands at Albany—Exposes the Conway Cabal—His Death and Character.

As my design is simply to give the military events of the Revolution, Lord Stirling does not receive that prominence which is justly his due. The part he bore in the battles in which he was engaged, was secondary; and performing no campaign on his own responsibility, he naturally does not occupy a separate place in history.

William Alexander was his proper name, but being considered by many rightfully entitled to an earldom in Scotland, which he vainly endeavored to obtain, he was by courtesy called Lord Stirling. Born in New York in 1726, he received an excellent mathematical education, and was distinguished as a man of science. In the French and Indian war, he acted as commissary, aide-de-camp, and finally secretary to General Shirly. At its close he accompanied the latter to England, to prosecute his Scotch claims, and in this fruitless effort expended a great deal of money, which impaired his fortune.

When war was declared against the mother country, he warmly espoused our cause, and was appointed colonel of a regiment. He was stationed at New York previous to the arrival of Washington from Boston, and, while there, performed a very gallant act. Although the Asia man-of-war, a British ship, lay in the harbor, he one night fitted out a pilot-boat and some smaller boats, and taking his men armed with nothing but muskets, put to sea and captured an English transport laden with stores, &c., for the enemy at Boston.*

He opened the battle of Long Island, and—having been promoted to the rank of brigadier, commanded a brigade in the engagement. He fought for a long time with determined bravery, contesting every inch of ground with a firmness worthy of better success. While he was thus sullenly retiring before the advancing battalions of the enemy, he heard a heavy firing in his rear, showing that the American army was outflanked, and indeed its communications with Brooklyn cut off. No time was to be lost, and he immediately ordered a retreat: but Cornwallis was already rapidly advancing to secure the only route left open to him. Nothing daunted, however, he determined to attack him with a part of his troops, and thus employ him while the rest were making their escape. So, withdrawing six companies of Smallwood's regiment of riflemen, he led them on in person against Cornwallis. This gallant body of men advanced in perfect order, and charged home on the astonished ranks of the English, with such impetuosity, that they shook and re-

* Vide Life of Lord Stirling.

coiled before the onset. Three times in succession did Stirling lead those noble troops to the charge, and so steadily and fiercely, that Cornwallis was about to give way, when reinforcements came up and relieved him. Being taken in front and rear, Stirling endeavored to escape, but was finally compelled to surrender—not, however, before he had secured the retreat of the detachment for which he had made such a noble sacrifice.

Being exchanged for the Governor of Florida, he again joined the army, and in 1777, was with Washington at Brandywine, and fought side by side with Sullivan and Lafayette in that bloody battle. At Germantown he commanded the reserve. The next year he led one of the divisions of Washington's army into battle at Monmouth. When everything was trembling in the balance, he brought up Lieutenant Carrington's artillery on a full gallop, and unlimbering them hastily, opened with astonishing effect on the advancing enemy. His guns were served with such admirable skill, as to excite the surprise of the British. In 1780, he was sent with twenty-five hundred men to make an attack on the British stationed on Staten Island; but the enemy having got wind of the project, he was compelled to withdraw his forces without accomplishing anything. In 1781, he was stationed at Albany to command the Northern army. The next year he made Philadelphia his winter-quarters; but at the opening of spring again took command of the northern troops, and located himself at Albany. The following year, 1783, he died from an attack of the gout, aged fifty-seven.

Stirling was a fine-appearing man, and distinguished

for great intrepidity. His bravery amounted to rashness; and there were some faults in his character, which rendered it safer to have him under the immediate eye of the commander-in-chief. Still he was a good officer and stanch patriot. It was through him the Conway cabal was discovered by Washington. There was no low intrigue or trickery in his character; and the moment that Wilkinson disclosed the contemptible and nefarious designs of Gates, he exploded them, and adhered throughout to the fortunes of his commander.

LAFAYETTE.

Lafayette

XXII.

MAJOR GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

His Birth and early Marriage—His interest in our Cause—Resolves to come to this Country—Forbidden by his Government—Buys and fits out a Ship at his own expense—Cold reception by Congress—Warm one by Washington—Bravery at Brandywine—Affair of Gloucester Point—Given command of a Division—Affair of Barren Hill—Bravery at Monmouth—Sent South to repel Arnold and Cornwallis—Coops the latter up at Yorktown—Storming of the Redoubts—Returns to France—Chief Actor in the French Revolution—Commands the National Guard—Storming of Versailles by Women—Scene in the Champ de Mars—Appointed Commander in the French Army—His Flight—Made Prisoner by Austria—Noble Attempts to rescue him—Liberated by Napoleon—Returns to private life—Visit to this Country—His enthusiastic Reception—His triumphal Progress—Returns to France—Helps to overthrow Charles X.—His death and Character.

THERE are now and then bright spots on this darkened planet of ours—great and glorious examples of human virtue, interrupting the otherwise sad history of the race. Patriotism, which sinks self, and scorns death, is a noble virtue—yet one might be expected to defend his own land and hearth-stones. But that philanthropy which goes out of its own hemisphere, to seek the welfare, and suffer for the freedom of strangers, is a rarer virtue, yet the one which has immortalized Lafayette. One can never think of that French boy,

eighteen years of age, just married, rolling in wealth, and basking in the sunshine of court favor, sending up from the Tuileries of Paris his shout for us and our cause, without the deepest emotion. Our admiration and affection are not lessened, when we see him lavishing his wealth on our naked famishing soldiers—winding himself in child-like love round the great heart of our Washington—charging like a veteran through the ranks of our foemen, and carried pale and bleeding from our disastrous fields.

There is something exquisitely touching and beautiful in the enthusiasm of this youth in our behalf. His whole career, as connected with this country, seems to belong rather to the writer of romance, than of plain history. To give a naked narrative of facts, is to weave poetry into politics, and throw gushes of warm, generous feeling, into the cold calculations of intriguing statesmen. France wished us success, because it would revenge her for the loss of her colonies in this country, and weaken the power of her rival in the new world; but these motives never entered into the heart of Lafayette. He saw only a weak, but brave people, struggling to be free; and overleaping all questions of interest—breaking away from all the ties of home. family and country, threw himself alone into our arms. National prejudice—the jealousy of our officers, and the coldness of Congress, could not check the warm current of his sympathy. For us he was determined to fight—in our cause expend his fortune, and peril his life. Not an exile, nor an adventurer—but a wealthy, flattered young nobleman, he cast from him the luxuries and gayeties of the French court—turned away

from all the honors that clustered in his path, and became the companion of our poverty and toils—the jest and bye-word of kings.

Gilbert-Motier Lafayette was the only son of Marquis de Lafayette, a French colonel, who fell in the battle of Minden. He was not born till two months after the death of his father. At the age of twelve years he was sent to college at Paris,—but his mother dying soon after, he became sole possessor of the family estates, and his own master. At fifteen he was chosen one of the queen's pages, and appointed an officer in the king's regiment of musketeers—the next year he married Countess Anastasie, daughter of the Duke de Noailles, a lady of immense wealth. The fortune she brought her young husband, added to his own, swelled his income to $37,500 per annum. Ardent, enthusiastic, loving adventure and glory,—he entered on the race of life under the most flattering auspices. Independent and bold, he disdained to flatter, and sought no emoluments from the throne which threw the shadow of its protection over him.

At this early age he belonged to an association of young men, the object of which was to discuss the question of civil liberty. Our Revolution, with the principles on which it was based, startled every despot of Europe on his throne; and the young Lafayette, seemed suddenly to have opened his eyes on a world about which he had hitherto been only dreaming Says he: "When I first learned the subject of this quarrel, my heart espoused warmly the cause of liberty, *and I thought of nothing, but of adding also the aid of my banner.*" The question took such deep hold of his ar-

dent and generous nature, that he could not rest until he resolved to come to America. Acquainting his relative, the Count de Broglie, with his intentions, the latter approved of his feelings, but condemned his plans. Said he: "I have seen your uncle die in the wars of Italy; I witnessed your father's death at the battle of Minden; and I will not be accessory to the ruin of the only remaining branch of the family." When, however, he found him determined, he kindly gave him his countenance and aid.

He then obtained, through the Baron de Kalb, an introduction to Silas Deane, our ambassador at Paris; who entered warmly into his feelings, and gave him a letter to Congress, requesting them to appoint him major-general in the American army. A vessel was about being fitted out to come to this country, in which the young Marquis resolved to embark. But just then came the news of our disasters—New York, Long Island—our posts on the Hudson, had fallen one after another—and our cause seemed hopeless. It was no longer possible to obtain a vessel; and Doctor Franklin and Arthur Lee, who had been added to our embassy at Paris, endeavored to persuade the young nobleman to abandon his project. But he was not to be thus deterred—our distresses only inflamed his sympathy; and calling on Mr. Deane, he told him that he was now going to prove his ardor in the cause of American liberty, by purchasing and fitting out a vessel with his own means, in which he himself would carry out the officers they wished to send. A vessel was purchased at Bordeaux; and while it was undergoing repairs, he went to England with the Prince de

Poix, in order to conceal his designs from the French government, which would have arrested them at once.

Returning to Paris, he concealed himself several days, and then went to Bordeaux. But his vessel was not ready for sea, and while he was waiting, his friends and the government got wind of his plans, and the latter immediately sent officers to arrest him. Hearing of these movements, he fled to Passage, a Spanish port, where his arrest and his letters overtook him. The king ordered him peremptorily to court, while the letters of his friends were violent in the extreme. Here was a dilemma for the bold stripling. To prevent his departure from being known, he had concealed it even from his young wife, and her letter reproached him for his cruelty. This shook his resolution more than the threats of his relatives or the authority of the king. He returned to Bordeaux, and opened a correspondence with the government, justifying his course, and asking permission to depart. Receiving no answer, he determined at all hazards to sail, and disguising himself as a courier, started for Passage, where his vessel lay. His pursuers were on the track, but his disguise protected him, and he reached Passage in safety, and the same day weighed anchor and stood out to sea. Baron de Kalb, and eleven other officers, accompanied him, and after a voyage of seven weeks, he finally reached Georgetown, South Carolina, and received his first welcome from Major Huger. Repairing immediately to Charleston, he presented Moultrie with clothing, arms, &c., for a hundred or a hundred and fifty men, as a reward for their gallant defence of Sullivan's Island. His letters to his wife, written at this period, are full of

affection, and exhibit the ardor and enthusiasm of a youth on whom this new country, with its new scenes, customs, and manners, had made a lively impression.

Hastening on to Philadelphia—riding nine hundred miles of the distance on horseback, he presented his letters to Congress, together with the stipulation of Mr. Deane, respecting the rank he was to hold. Congress, however, received him coldly: such a host of foreign officers, many of them needy adventurers, had applied for appointments, that it began to be alarmed; and Mr. Lovell, one of the members, told him he thought his request would be denied. Besides, Lafayette was a mere boy, only nineteen years of age, and it was risking too much to place him in a responsible position. But he was not to be offended or deterred by coldness, and so the next day he sent the following note to Congress: "After the sacrifices I have made, I have the right to exact two favors; *one is, to serve at my own expense—the other is, to serve at first as a volunteer.*" "Favors" indeed, to fight at his own expense, without rank or emolument, and for the freedom of strangers, who received him coldly! Congress must have possessed hearts of stone to have resisted this magnanimity; it could not do it, and immediately made out his commission. The next day he was introduced to Washington at a dinner-party, and the impression the latter made on him, may be inferred from his own language—says he, "Although he was surrounded by officers and citizens, it was impossible to mistake, for a moment, his majestic figure and deportment."

After dinner, Washington took him aside, and told

him always to regard himself as one of his own family —pleasantly adding, that he must not expect the luxuries of a court in a republican army. From that moment a friendship commenced between them, which only grew stronger with time. The generous heart of Washington warmed spontaneously towards this enthusiastic, self-sacrificing youth, and he took him to his arms at once, and loved him as a son. That affection was returned, and there is nothing more touching and beautiful in our Revolutionary history, than the attachment between that strong, self-reliant, mature man, and the young, impulsive nobleman. But though there was such a disparity in their age and experience, there was not in the height of their persons, and they moved about head and shoulders above all the rest.

On the day that he arrived in camp, there was a review of the troops, and one can well imagine that those eleven thousand men "presented a strange spectacle" to him: "Their clothes," he writes, "were party-colored, and many of them were partly naked; the best clad wore *hunting-shirts*—large gray linen coats. As to their military tactics, it will be sufficient to say that, for a regiment ranged in order of battle, to move forward on the right of its line, *it was necessary for the left to make a continued countermarch.* They were all arranged in two lines, the smallest men in the first line—no other distinction, as to height, was ever observed."

Soon after, the battle of Brandywine occurred, in which Lafayette behaved with the greatest gallantry. He sought the post of danger; and while on foot, endeavoring to rally the troops, received a wound in the leg. In the flight he came very near being taken, and

but for his aide, Gima, who helped him on a horse; this, his first battle in behalf of American freedom, would probably have been his last. As he was hurrying over the field, he met Washington, advancing to check the pursuit, and was about to turn back with him, when the loss of blood obliged him to halt, and have his wound bandaged. In the final rout, he was compelled, though pale and bleeding, to ride twelve miles without stopping. At length, coming to a bridge, he endeavored, weak and exhausted as he was, to rally the troops, and was straining every nerve when Washington and his suite came galloping up. He then had his wound dressed, and the next morning was carried into Philadelphia, and from thence, on the approach of the British, to Bethlehem, and left in the care of the Moravians, who nursed him with the greatest solicitude. The pious brotherhood endeavored to instil in his mind sentiments of peace—he listened with great attention, but was planning the while an attack on the English possessions in the West Indies, and another on the English factories in the Isle of France. These projects were forwarded to the French court; but, though approved, were not carried out, as it still occupied a neutral position between the colonies and England. The French minister, however, was pleased with the spirit and energy of the young Republican, and remarked, pleasantly: "He will end one day, by unfurnishing the palace of Versailles, to serve the American cause; for when he has taken anything into his head, it is impossible to resist him."

He also wrote at this time an affectionate, and playful letter to his wife, in which he pours forth every

feeling of his heart, with the frank impulsiveness of a child. In speaking of the battle of Brandywine, he says: "I must now give you a lesson, as wife of an American general officer. They will say to you, 'They have been beaten.' You must answer—'That is true; but when two armies of *equal number* meet in the field, old soldiers have naturally the advantage over new ones; they have, besides, had the pleasure of killing a great many of the enemy, many more than they have lost.' They will afterwards add, 'All that is very well; but Philadelphia is taken, the capital of America, the rampart of liberty.' You must politely answer, 'You are all great fools! Philadelphia is a poor forlorn town, exposed on every side, whose harbor was already closed, though the residence of Congress lent it, I know not why, some degree of celebrity.' This is the famous city, which, be it added, we will, sooner or later, make them yield back to us."

In October, while his wound was still unhealed, he joined the army at Whitemarsh. Soon after, Greene was sent by Washington to operate against Cornwallis, then in New Jersey; and Lafayette, though unable yet to wear a boot, requested to accompany him as a volunteer. Having obtained permission to take with him three hundred and fifty men, and reconnoitre—he left the main body, and came up with Cornwallis at Gloucester, opposite Philadelphia. Advancing out on a sandy point to obtain a better view, he was discovered by the British commander, and a detachment of dragoons immediately sent to cut him off—but taking a back road, he escaped them, and passing within two miles of the enemy's camp, came upon an outpost of four hundred Hessians.

Without a moment's delay, he led his raw militia so furiously to the attack, that the whole detachment gave way. He pursued them to within a half mile of the main body, killing and wounding fifty or sixty of them, and then retired in safety. Lafayette was delighted with the behavior of his men on this occasion, saying, in his letter to Washington, that he "found the riflemen even above their reputation—and the militia above all his expectations." "I must tell, too," he added "that the riflemen had been the whole day running before my horse, without eating or taking any rest." This brilliant little affair contributed much to bring about an event, which had troubled Washington exceedingly. Lafayette had requested to be given the command of a division, and the former had written frequently to Congress about it; but the appointment, for various reasons, was delayed. A resolve, however, was finally passed, recommending him to be placed over a division of the Continental army; and the Virginia troops, hitherto under General Stephens, were given him.

The sufferings of Valley Forge followed this campaign; and Lafayette, notwithstanding his wealth and the comforts to which he had been accustomed, cheerfully shared with the officers their privations—and entering at once into our feelings, adopted our dress and customs, and thus completely wound himself into our affections. Everybody loved him, and from one end of the land to the other, his name was ever coupled with blessings.

I have spoken elsewhere of the Conway cabal, by which it was sought to place Gates over Washington,

and of the effort to draw Lafayette into it, by appointing him commander of the expedition to be fitted out against Canada. The plan was laid with skill, for the authors of it knew that nothing could be more agreeable to the French nobleman, than to wrest the former province of his country from the hands of the English. Finding, however, that his attachment could not be shaken, the contemptible Board of War, and still more contemptible faction in Congress, concluded it was best to abandon the project altogether; and in March, Lafayette returned from Albany, where he had been making arrangements for it, to Valley Forge.

Here, on the 5th of May, arrived the intelligence of the alliance of France with us; and the most unbounded joy prevailed throughout the camp and the nation. Lafayette had contributed much to secure this result, which at once gave permanency to our struggle. His letters to his friends, high in favor, and to Government—the enthusiasm with which he followed our fortunes, had all combined to make our cause popular with the entire French nation.

A day of general rejoicing was set apart to commemorate the event, and amid the gloomy huts of Valley Forge went up a loud huzza, that from that time on scarce ever died away, till the united shout of a ransomed people shook the world.*

* The following is the general order issued by Washington on that occasion:—

"*Head Quarters, Camp Valley Forge, May 5th*, 1778.

"It having pleased the Almighty Ruler of the universe propitiously to defend the cause of the United American States, and finally, by

AFFAIR OF BARREN HILL.

On the 18th of May, Washington, having heard that the British were making preparations to evacuate Philadelphia, detached Lafayette with two thousand men and five pieces of cannon, to watch their motions, and protect the country from the incursions of marauding parties. Crossing the Schuylkill, the latter took post on

raising us up a powerful friend among the princes of the earth, to establish our liberty and independence on a lasting foundation; it becomes us to set apart a day for gratefully acknowledging the Divine goodness, and celebrating the important event which we owe to His benign interposition.

"The several brigades are to be assembled for this purpose at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, when their chaplains will communicate the intelligence contained in the Postscript to the Pennsylvania Gazette of the second instant, and offer up a thanksgiving, and deliver a discourse suitable to the occasion.

"At half-past ten o'clock a cannon will be fired, which is to be a signal for the men to be under arms. The brigade inspectors will then inspect their dress and arms, form the battalions according to the instructions given them, and announce to the commanding officers of brigades that the battalions are formed. The brigadiers and commandants will then appoint the field officers to command the battalions; after which, each battalion will be ordered to load and ground their arms. At half-past eleven, another cannon will be fired as a signal for the march; on which the several brigades will begin their march by wheeling to the right by platoons, and proceed by the nearest way to the left of their ground, in the new position that will be pointed out by the brigade inspectors. A third signal will be given, on which there will be a discharge of thirteen cannon; when the thirteenth has fired, a running fire of the infantry will begin on the right of Woodford's, and continue throughout the whole front line; it will then be taken up on the left of the second line and continue to the right. On a signal given, the whole army will huzza—*Long live the King of France!*"

Barren Hill, about half way between Valley Forge and Philadelphia, or nine miles from each, and stationed his pickets so as to prevent surprise. But information of his movements was conveyed to Sir Henry Clinton, in Philadelphia, by a spy, and a force sufficient to crush three such detachments immediately sent out against him. It was designed to take him by surprise, and, cutting off his retreat, oblige him to surrender. On the morning of the 19th, the English commander put his troops in motion—advancing in three columns. One of these, five thousand strong, ascended the Schuylkill, and threw itself directly in rear of Lafayette. There were two fords by which the Marquis could cross the river, and to each of these one of the columns was directed, while Howe marched with an overwhelming force to attack him in front. The whole affair had been planned with such secrecy, that the enemy never doubted of success, and Howe had promised to bring Lafayette with him to dinner next day. When the sun rose in the morning, his promise bid fair to be fulfilled. A spectacle, alarming enough to appal an older heart than Lafayette's, met his gaze as he looked off from his height. Between him and the Schuylkill, and Valley Forge, lay an immense army—one portion commanding completely one ford, the other occupying a hill, from which it could descend like a torrent on his line of march for the remaining passage, while in front was rapidly advancing the main body, to attack him. Owing to the neglect or treachery of the Pennsylvania picket, he had received no intimation of all these movements till they were completed. In a moment the drums beat to arms, while far in the distance was heard the report of can-

non. Washington, from his camp, had discovered the advance of the British almost as soon as Lafayette, and filled with anxiety for the flower of his troops, ordered alarm-guns to be fired, and the whole army to stand to their arms. He himself, with several of his officers, ascended a hill, and gazed anxiously through his glass towards the Schuylkill.

But Lafayette was already in motion. His quick eye took in at a glance the extent of the danger that surrounded him, and he immediately adopted the only course that could have saved him. The enemy was in force in front, and the ford in his rear, which lay on the direct road to Valley Forge, was too strongly defended to be attacked. The other ford alone remained to him, the road to which was commanded by Grant, with five thousand veteran troops. On this, however, he boldly and rapidly marched. But to deceive the British officer, he sent out small detachments to manœuvre in a piece of woods in front of him, as if his purpose was not to reach the ford, but assail his position. False heads of columns were organized, which, protruding themselves through the trees, caused Grant to suppose the whole American army was advancing against him; and so, instead of cutting off Lafayette's line of march, he halted where he was, and formed in order of battle. In the meantime, Lafayette, covered by the woods, kept swiftly and noiselessly on his way, passing directly beneath the hill, on which his enemy was posted; and, while the latter was wondering why those columns, the heads of which he had seen, did not advance —reached the ford in safety. These sham columns then hastily retreated, and joined the main army;

and Washington saw with inexpressible delight, his boy-general, whom he loved, draw up his troops in order of battle on the side of the river opposite the enemy. He had extricated himself with consummate ability, losing only nine men in all, and even for these making the enemy pay nearly double. This small affair gave him great reputation as a skilful and self-collected officer.

He arrived the same day at Valley Forge, and was received with shouts and huzzas—while the English army marched sullenly back to Philadelphia.*

About this time Lafayette received the news of the death of his oldest daughter, which afflicted him deeply.

In the following month occurred the battle of Monmouth, in the description of which, in a preceding sketch, I have spoken of the generosity of Lafayette, in giving up his command to Lee, at the request of the latter. Had he *retained* it, there is but little doubt that a signal victory would have been won. But being a subordinate in command, he was compelled to obey the vacillating orders of this uncertain man. While Lee was manœuvring in front of the enemy—now directing Lafayette to advance, and now to retreat, the latter saw a party of British troops on the right flank, so far advanced from the main body, that he thought it could easily be cut off, and galloping up

* A curious incident occurred in the morning when the pickets of the two armies first came together. Fifty English dragoons suddenly came upon fifty Indians belonging to the American army, lying in ambush. The savages, frightened at the presence of the horsemen, suddenly started up, and giving one terrific yell, fled like deer. The dragoons, equally affrighted by this unexpected apparition, also turned and fled, never stopping till they reached Philadelphia.

to Lee, asked permission to attack it. "Sir," said the latter, "you do not know British soldiers; we cannot stand against them; we shall certainly be driven back at first, and we must be cautious." Lafayette replied, "It may be so; but British soldiers have been beaten, and it is to be presumed they may be again—*at all events, I would like to make the trial.*" He was forbidden, however, and Lee began that shameful retreat, which robbed us of our victory, and well-nigh secured our ruin.

When the burning sun of that terrible day disappeared behind the western hills, and the exhausted armies sunk on the scorching earth, young Lafayette lay down beside Washington, and the tired chieftain wrapped him affectionately in his own mantle. For a while they lay awake, and talked over the events of the day, and especially the conduct of Lee, until at length, overtasked nature gave way, and the two heroes and patriots slept.

The French fleet arriving in July, and a descent on Rhode Island being resolved upon, Lafayette was sent with two brigades, to the aid of Sullivan. He used all the means in his power to induce the French admiral to remain and co-operate in the attack, but in vain; and when the latter sailed for Boston, to refit, repaired thither himself, by land. While there, hearing that Sullivan had been attacked, he immediately started off, and travelling ten miles an hour, for eight hours, arrived in time to bring off the rear-guard to the main land.

For the untiring efforts he put forth on this occasion, and especially for the service he rendered, as mediator

between the offended admiral and our government, he received the warmest thanks of both Congress and Washington. The former, through its president, Laurens, sent him its acknowledgments. The reply of Lafayette was frank, and full of feeling. In it occurs the following sentence, which must endear him to every American. "*The moment I heard of America, I loved her; the moment I knew she was fighting for freedom, I burned with a desire of bleeding for her; and the moment I shall be able to serve her, at any time, or in any part of the world, will be the happiest one of my life.*"

Soon after this, he challenged Lord Carlisle, president of the Board of British Commissioners, for having said, in his correspondence with Congress, that France, in her alliance with us, was "guilty of perfidy," &c. Washington endeavored to dissuade him from this act, but the latter felt that his nation was insulted, and as one of her representatives here, he ought to resent it. The challenge was declined, and Lafayette afterwards confessed that he had done wrong.

Having now been in the country fifteen months, he wished to return home to visit his family, as well as obtain more aid for the country of his adoption. Fortified with letters from Congress, and bearing testimonials of the esteem and parental love of Washington, he started for Boston. But at Fishkill he was seized with a fever, which prostrated him for three weeks, and for a while threatened seriously his life.

At length, after many delays, he set sail on the 11th of January, 1779, in the frigate Alliance, which had been assigned him by Congress. He had, however,

escaped from sickness only to encounter still greater danger. On the banks of Newfoundland a fearful storm overtook them, which partially dismasted the vessel, and left her half-filled with water. They were scarcely out of this peril before another arose. The English and Irish sailors, who had been engaged in Boston, formed a conspiracy to murder the passengers, and, seizing the vessel, carry her into an English port. The plot was discovered only an hour before the time fixed upon for putting it into execution.

On his arrival in France, Lafayette was banished from the court, because he had presumed to leave the kingdom in disobedience of the orders of government. Eight days, however, served to dissipate the royal displeasure. The queen, Maria Antoinette, immediately took a deep interest in him, and he became the talk, and favorite of the city. Everybody spoke of his enthusiasm—his devotion to liberty, and his chivalric feelings. The queen procured for him the command of a regiment of the king's dragoons; and was so struck with his enthusiastic love for Washington, that she afterwards remarked to Dr. Franklin: "Do you know, doctor, that Lafayette has really made me in love with your General Washington? What a man he must be, and what a friend he possesses in the Marquis."

In the meantime he planned a descent on the west coast of England—the land forces to be under his command, and the fleet under that of Paul Jones. It was, however, abandoned; and he then turned all his efforts to obtain aid for America. He spent his own fortune as freely as water; and at length by his unwearied ef-

forts and sacrifices, obtained twelve battalions of infantry—in all six thousand men, with a proportionate artillery force—and six ships-of-the-line, together with the requisite number of transports. These were the troops who pressed so gallantly, with us, the siege of Yorktown.

Having accomplished this, he set sail himself to join the American army as one of its officers. When he arrived in Boston, all the bells of the town were set ringing—salvos of cannon were fired, and shouts and acclamations followed him on his way to the house of President Hancock. Hastening on to head-quarters, Washington received him with open arms, and embraced him as a son, and the whole army shouted, "LONG LIVE LAFAYETTE." Remaining here but a few days, he hurried to Philadelphia to confer with Congress—greeted everywhere with acclamations. He was the people's friend—and tears of joy fell at the mention of his name.

The fleet at length arrived, and he was sent to Newport to receive it; and a campaign began to open, which promised scenes of stirring interest. After several demonstrations on the part of the French and British—of the latter against Newport, and the former on New York—resulting in nothing—Lafayette repaired to head-quarters, and took command of a corps of light infantry, numbering two thousand men, who had been selected from the different regiments, on purpose for him. They were fine-looking soldiers, but without clothing. The Marquis, proud of them, furnished the entire corps with uniforms at his own expense; and presented every officer in it with a sword, and the

At length Cornwallis advanced towards Albemarle court-house, in order to destroy the magazines placed there for the Southern army. Lafayette penetrated his plans, but was unable, from the feebleness of his force, to thwart them. But at this critical juncture, Wayne arrived with his corps of Pennsylvanians, which emboldened him to make an attempt to save the magazines. Taking a cross road, he suddenly threw himself in front of the British commander, prepared, inferior though he was in numbers, to give him battle. The latter, seeing his antagonist strongly posted, and being made aware of the reinforcements he had received, declined the offered engagement, and began to retreat. Lafayette immediately gave chase, and overtaking his rear-guard at Williamsburgh, killed and wounded a hundred and sixty men, with the loss to himself of less than forty. Thus for a hundred miles did he pursue Cornwallis, and by his boldness and apparent eagerness for an engagement, effectually blind him as to the real strength of his army. Fooled into a disastrous retreat, the British commander kept retiring till he came to Jamestown, where occurred the gallant charge of Wayne, with merely a detachment, on the whole English army. When, from the heavy firing, Lafayette, who was in the rear with the main body, was made aware of the danger of Wayne, he came on a swift gallop to his aid, and, with his usual recklessness of his life, and deaf to the remonstrances of his officers, spurred where the vollies were heaviest, and had two horses shot under him.

He at length forced Cornwallis into York, where he entrenched himself. The plan was then formed to

hem him in seaward with the French fleet, while Washington, at the head of the allied army, should hasten to form a junction with Lafayette. But it was necessary, in the meantime, that "*the boy*" should keep the old soldier he had so completely outwitted, shut up in his retreat, until these forces could be transported South. Cornwallis saw his danger, and at one time thought seriously of retreating into North Carolina, which he could have done. But Lafayette, by his extraordinary exertions, succeeded in keeping him at bay. He called in the militia to guard all the passages, and had his spies in the very heart of the English camp.*

The siege and capture of Yorktown followed. During its progress, it was necessary to storm two re-

* Sparks relates an anecdote received from Lafayette too good to be omitted. The Marquis wished to send a spy into the English army, not only to obtain information, but deceive the commander; and Morgan, a Jerseyman, was pointed out to him as a proper person. The brave soldier was ready for any peril for his country, but he hated the character of a spy. He did not care for his life, he said, but for his name. At length, receiving a solemn promise that if he was hung a full account of the matter should be published in the New Jersey papers, he consented, and went over to the enemy. Cornwallis soon sent for him, and in the presence of Tarleton, asked what means Lafayette had of crossing James river. He replied, that he had boats sufficient to transport his whole army across at a moment's warning. Cornwallis, turning to Tarleton, said, "In that case, what I said to you cannot be done;" referring evidently to the projected retreat south. At length, one day, after the arrival of the fleet, Lafayette found in his quarters six men dressed in the English uniform. Morgan had returned, bringing five deserters and a prisoner with him. The brave fellow was offered the rank of sergeant for his behavior, but he refused it, as he did every other offer. The only favor he would ask was the restoration of his gun, which had been lost during his absence It was found and returned to him.

doubts. The attacks on both were to be made simultaneously—that of the right being intrusted to Lafayette, at the head of American troops, and the one on the left to the Baron Viomenil, with four hundred French grenadiers. The French officer, in speaking of it, intimated that the Americans were not so good as French troops for work of this kind, to which Lafayette simply replied: "*We shall see.*" At length the storming parties were arranged, Colonel Hamilton leading the van of that under the Marquis. The signal to advance was to be two shells fired—one from the American and the other from the French battery. First the shell arose from the American battery, and the moment the flaming missile reached the zenith, that of the French mounted the heavens, and then the shout "advance," rang along the steady columns. Hamilton, in his headlong courage, never waited for the abatis to be removed, but rushing over it, mounted the parapet with only three men by his side. Gazing back one moment on his crowding followers, with his sword waving over his head, he summoned them on, and then leaped into the ditch. With a loud and thrilling shout, the brave fellows stormed after their intrepid leader, who still far in advance, was for a moment lost sight of, and thought to have fallen. But he was soon seen in the centre of the redoubt, forming his men. Not a shot had been fired—the naked steel had done it all, and in nine minutes' time. The Americans carried their redoubt first, and Lafayette remembering what Viomenil had said, sent him word that he had succeeded, and asked if the aid of the Americans was not needed. The latter replied, "Tell Lafayette that I have not

yet carried my redoubt, but shall do so in five minutes." He made good his word.

After the capitulation of Yorktown, Lafayette again returned to France, loaded with eulogies from Washington and Congress. The French king offered him the rank of field-marshal in his army, and honors clustered thick around the youthful brows of the noble champion of liberty.

In the meantime a powerful armament was fitting out in France and Spain in our behalf, and Lafayette was appointed chief of the staff of the combined armies. But England, at length, reluctantly consented to acknowledge our independence—and gave up her vast possessions, which had cost her so much treasure and blood. When the Marquis first heard the news of it, he dispatched a vessel, the *Triumph*, to bring it to this country. He wished to accompany it—to be himself the bearer of the glad tidings, and mingle his joy with that of a ransomed people; but the Spanish court having refused to receive our chargé, Mr. Carmichael, he hastened to Madrid to reconcile the difficulties, and in a few days succeeded in putting things on the most amicable footing. Thus, ever ready to sacrifice his own feelings or pleasure for America, he undertook this unpleasant journey, instead of coming to our arms, to be bedewed with our tears, and covered with our blessings. Washington, in an affectionate letter to him, says, "Your going to Madrid from thence,* instead of coming immediately to this country, is another instance, my dear Marquis, of your zeal for the

* Referring to Cadiz, where he was superintending the preparations of the new armament fitting out for our relief.

American cause; and lays a fresh claim to the gratitude of her sons, who will always receive you with open arms."

In 1784, Lafayette, anxious once more to see Washington, again embarked for this country. He was received with every mark of respect, and pressed with invitations in every city—but in eleven days after his arrival he was in the arms of Washington at Mount Vernon. He remained at the latter place fourteen days; and the intercourse of these two noble and affectionate men, must ever remain one of those touching incidents which are never revealed to the common gaze. They had pressed shoulder to shoulder together through the battle—slept in the same cloak on the dreadful field of Monmouth—had suffered and rejoiced together—and now they stood side by side, and gazed on the land they had freed; and saw, with the joy patriots only know, a happy people reposing under the tree of liberty.

He arrived in this country in August, and having visited his old battle-fields, and traversed a large part of the country, set sail again in December, for France.

His farewell to Congress was impressive. That body had passed a resolution, expressing the gratitude and affection of this country for him. He closed up his reply with, "May this immense temple of freedom ever stand as a lesson to oppressors, an example for the oppressed, a sanctuary for the rights of mankind! and, may these happy United States attain that complete splendor and prosperity, which will illustrate the blessings of their government; and, for ages to come, rejoice the departed souls of their founders." Washington accompanied him as far as Annapolis, and after-

wards wrote him a farewell letter, full of simplicity and affection—and it is hard to say, whether it honors him or Lafayette most.

After his return, he labored arduously to establish such commercial regulations for us, as would be for our own advantage; and never lost sight of our welfare or interests.

In 1785 he visited Austria, Prussia, and Germany; and was everywhere received, by monarchs and nobles, with the highest honors. Frederic the Great presented him with his miniature, set in diamonds—complimenting him on his distinguished services in America, and, at the same time, expressing his great admiration of Washington.

I cannot give an account of his efforts for the emancipation of the blacks, in which he was seconded by Washington, Patrick Henry, Laurens, Jefferson, and others, nor of the interest he took in the cause of the French Protestants. Hating despotism whether it took the form of unjust taxation, domestic slavery, or religious intolerance—he showed throughout that he had been in the school of Washington, and lived respected by all.

But now he was destined to enter upon a new scene —on a succession of tragedies never before enacted on this earth—the *French Revolution.* It is impossible to go into an account of this terrific event, or trace out its causes. France, burdened with debt, taxed to death, and starving, needed help, and an assembly of Notables was convoked, to deliberate on the means to be adopted. Of this Lafayette was a member, and boldly taking ground for reform in every department of government,

moved, among other things, the convocation of the States General—which consisted of representatives from the three orders—the nobility, clergy, and untitled middle classes. This extraordinary body assembled, and the great struggle commenced. The Commons wished the three orders to constitute one assembly, to which the haughty clergy and nobility refused their assent. Lafayette, though one of the nobles, sustained manfully the request of the *tiers etat*, or lower order. Months passed away in this contest, until at last the Commons resolved to constitute themselves *the* National Assembly of France, and did so.

This was the first revolution. The Marquis then boldly separated himself from the nobility, and joined the Assembly, of which he was soon after chosen vice-president. The famous "*declaration of rights*," which is a mere epitome of our Declaration of Independence, was presented by him, and France moved tumultuously towards a republic. He sat in the Assembly at Versailles on that terrible night, when the attack upon it by the troops was expected—firmly resolved to fall at his post. In the meantime, the Bastile fell, and the great key of that stronghold was sent by him to Washington.

In the midst of this gathering of the elements, Lafayette, by permission of the king, organized the National Guard, and placed upon them the "tri-colored cockade." In announcing the event to the Assembly, he made the following remarkable declaration: "Gentlemen, I bring you a cockade which shall make the tour of the world; and an institution at once civic and military, which shall change the system of European

tactics, and reduce all absolute governments to the alternative of being beaten if they do not imitate it, or of being overthrown if they dare oppose it." Bold prophecy, half of which has already been fulfilled. With this guard he succeeded in restoring partial order in the city—but the torrent was only arrested, not dried up. Women, beating drums through the streets and crying "bread," thrilled every heart, and rolled into wilder motion the already excited passions of the people.

STORMING OF VERSAILLES.

From May till October, had the national representatives struggled to save France. Met at every turn by the court and aristocracy, surrounded with obstacles their enemies had constantly thrown in their path, and compelled to spend months on the plainest principles of human liberty and justice, they had been utterly unable to relieve the public distress. For this they were not to blame, but the selfish, blind, higher orders. Everything had been compelled to wait but famine. *That* had never wavered nor faltered, but, with ever-increasing proportions and frightful mien, had stalked over the land, turning women into tigers, and men into fiends.

Suddenly there is a strange and confused uproar on the road from Paris to Versailles. An army of women is on the march for the king's palace. All efforts to disband them have been powerless; and Lafayette, after attempting in vain to keep back the National Guard of 30,000 men, who demand with loud cries to accompany them, is compelled to yield, and they too go thundering along the road. Armed with

pikes, hatchets, and sticks pointed with iron, this motley crowd march on foot through the drenching rain, measuring the weary leagues with aching limbs, and at length stream around the magnificent palace of Versailles. Wild faces look out from dishevelled hair, and haggard features, more fearful than the swaying pikes, move amid this confusion of sexes and hurricane of passion. With eyes upturned to where their monarch dwells, they suddenly shriek out in wild concord, "BREAD!" God in heaven! what a cry from women to their king! Regardless of the falling rain and approaching night, and their toilsome journey, those strange faces are still turned to him who alone can relieve their distress. At length, twelve are conducted as deputies, into the presence of the king. One, young and beautiful, overwhelmed at her own boldness, in thus approaching her monarch, can only faintly utter the word "*bread*, and swoons at his feet." Here was woe, here was suffering, sufficient to bring tears from stones.

Bread was ordered to be distributed to this famished multitude, but was not, and they wandered about searching in vain for means to alleviate their hunger, till at length they came upon a dead horse, and began in savage ferocity to tear out his entrails, and devour his flesh. Tumult was again abroad, and shots were fired from the palace on the crowd, which rush in return up the marble steps, and stream through the royal apartments, demanding blood. But the adored Lafayette is seen moving amid the multitude, and the storm is stayed, and the king is saved. All night long he moved about amid the disorderly crew, to calm their excitement; and at five o'clock, lay down with his

clothes on to snatch a moment's repose. But the first fierce shout brought him to his feet, and, springing on the first horse he found, he burst in a furious gallop among the mob, who were butchering the Life Guards. Having rescued them and sent them away, he suddenly found himself alone in presence of one of the murderers, who was aiming his carbine at him. Undismayed, Lafayette ordered the culprit to be brought to him. The awe-struck mob obeyed, and seizing him, dashed out his brains on the pavement. He then hastened to the palace, and the Life Guards, whom he had saved, received him with shouts of "*Lafayette forever.*" Leading the king forth upon the balcony, he presented him, and afterwards the queen, to the people, kissing her majesty's hand in their presence, while "Vive la Reine!" "Vive Lafayette!" rent the air. The next morning, the shout, "To Paris!" was heard, and Louis was compelled, with his family, to take this wild escort to the capital. The tiger was changed into the fiend. The excitement of the day before—the hunger and murder of the night, and the strange spectacle of the morning, had completely unsettled what little reason the rabble had left, and the procession they form for the king—their furious shouts and bacchanalian songs, and disorderly movement as they carry a gory head aloft on a pike, making it nod and bow to the multitude in grim salutation, are enough to appal the stoutest heart. Kingship is ended—reverence is gone, and all after-respect and loyalty will be but the spasmodic flame of the dying lamp—*Vive le roi! Vive la nation! Vive Lafayette!* are alike incoherent and trustless. But fondly believing that France could follow in the steps

of America, the intrepid Lafayette moved at the head of his faithful troops, preserving order, and guiding with his steady hand the car of the revolution towards a safe goal.

At length a confederation of the entire realm was resolved upon; to take place on the anniversary of the overthrow of the Bastile.

SCENE IN THE CHAMP DE MARS.

The world never exhibited such a scene as the Field of Mars presented, previous to, and at this grand celebration. An area of three hundred thousand square feet was to be scooped out, and fitted up with balconies, seats, &c.; while a grand altar, on a base twenty feet high, was to be erected in the centre. There were but fifteen days, in which to make all this preparation, and fifteen thousand men were therefore set to work. A mighty army toiled on that open field; but their united efforts were soon seen to be insufficient to complete the work in time. The excited populace, determined not to be disappointed, and carried away by an enthusiasm, as sudden as it was fearful, then volunteered their labor. In a moment that enthusiasm became madness; and from every quarter came streaming the shouting, singing multitude. Young girls, with green boughs, and tri-color streamers, marched at the head of columns of men with spades and pickaxes on their shoulders, singing as they advanced. Beautiful women, throwing aside their hats and shawls, seized the wheelbarrows, and with dishevelled locks, toiled on beside the brawny laborers—gay young men stripped to the

task—whole families dashed into the area—the great, the noble, and the learned came, and shouted and heaved away, till a hundred and fifty thousand of all ages, and sexes, and conditions, were gathered in one mighty throng, working and singing on in the July sun. The whole city turned out—advocates and judges—nuns from the convent, with singers from the opera seized the spade or barrow; and amid the deafening strain of *Ca ira*—the work went bravely on. "Beautifullest Hebes, the loveliest in Paris, in their light air-robes, with ribbon girdles of tri-color, are there;—shovelling and wheeling with the rest; their Hebe-eyes brightening with enthusiasm, and long hair, in beautiful dishevelment—hard pressed are their small fingers; but they make the patriot barrow go, and even force it to the summit of the slope, (with a little tracing which, what man's arm were not too happy to lend?) then bound down with it again, and go for more; with their long locks and tri-colors blown back—graceful as the rosy hours."* Lafayette came and looked on; and the king, at last, carried away by this whirlwind of feeling, also comes, and spades are lifted on high, and "*Vive le roi*" rends the air.

Such was the scene which the last night previous to the grand celebration, presented; and never did the setting sun throw his farewell beams on a stranger spectacle. Paris was mad, crazy; and the whole population in a frenzy of excitement. But, at length, the crowd began slowly to retire to their homes, and the Champ de Mars was deserted. The next morning the multitude again assembled, in their gayest ap-

* Vide Carlyle's French Revolution.

parel; and soon three hundred thousand men and women crowded that vast amphitheatre. A hundred thousand men accompanied Lafayette and the king in joyful procession.

Mounted on a splendid white charger, the Marquis enters this spacious area, with sixty thousand troops; while the braying of trumpets, and shouts of ten times ten thousand voices, make the very heavens reel. Three hundred priests stand at the four corners of the altar, and celebrate mass, amid the peáling of trumpets and thunder of cannon. A sudden silence succeeds the uproar, and the deep breathing of that vast throng, is like the sigh of the sea. Lafayette then moves forward, and is borne from his steed on the shoulders of grenadiers, to the altar, and placing the point of his sword upon it, swears to defend the constitution to the last. The thunder of artillery, and shouts of the people answer. The king then advances, and with the queen in the background, holding her infant son in her arms, repeats the solemn oath. A thousand standards are lowered at once—the cannon again roar forth their stern approval; and such a shout goes up, as never before shook the earth—"*France is free!*" rings out on every side, and universal joy fills the heart of the nation.

Lafayette was greater than the king on this day; and every eye looked to him as the saviour of his country.

It is impossible, in this brief sketch, to follow him through all the scenes of the revolution. Firm—mild—his integrity undoubted, and his republicanism unquestioned, he moved for awhile like an ark of safety,

amid this sudden and fearful deluge. At the head of his thirty-thousand troops, he carried more authority with him than the king or Assembly.

The next year a revolt broke out in the Champ de Mars, which he no sooner heard of, than he marched to quell it with twelve hundred grenadiers. On his way, a traitor in the ranks fired a pistol at him, but missed his aim. When he came up to the crowd, he ordered them to disperse, but only received a shower of stones in reply. Firing a volley over their heads with no better success, he ordered a volley point-blank, which brought down a hundred men, and dispersed the rest. These energetic measures awed the insurgents, and had they been followed up, would have prevented the reign of terror. But unsustained by the royal authority, he could not carry out the measures he knew to be indispensable to the safety of France, and so the revolution went rolling forward to that awful gulf into which it at last sunk.

At the close of the constituent Assembly, he resigned his command of the National Guard, and retired to private life. But when the war broke out with Austria, he was appointed one of the three commanders of the French army, and hastened to the frontiers on the Rhine. All this time he kept up a constant correspondence with Washington.

While he was here straining every nerve to save the honor of the French army, he heard of that disgusting scene enacted by thirty thousand men and women in the hall of the Assembly, and the after insult offered to the king in the Tuileries; and immediately hastened to Paris. Denouncing the Jacobins, the au-

thors of these outrages, he made one more desperate effort to save the revolution; and earnestly besought the king to let him break up the Jacobin club, that nest of vipers. But his request was refused, and the besotted monarch, too proud to resign, and too weak to rule, let this mob power have way, till it usurped the government. Lafayette then attempted to save the royal family, offering to conduct them out of the kingdom. They refusing his generous proposal, he hastened back to the army, determined to wait the issue of things. He saw clearly the tempest that was gathering, but knew it was now too late to arrest it. He had done all he could, and but for the imbecile king, would have saved all.

Soon after the insurrection of the 10th of August took place; the Tuileries ran blood, and amid the storm and terror of that day, the Bourbon dynasty closed. The Jacobins seized the reins of government, and immediately sent commissioners to the army, announcing the change in affairs. But Lafayette would not receive them, and ordered them to be imprisoned. He was in turn accused as a traitor, and measures set on foot to arrest him. Deserted by his associate generals, and seeing that the army was going also, he determined to abandon France and seek an asylum in this country, where liberty could be enjoyed without anarchy. But being seized on his way by the Austrian authorities, he was treated as a prisoner of war. It is true, the magnanimous despots of Austria and Prussia offered him freedom if he would renounce his republican principles. Refusing to do this, he was cast into a dungeon, and after being tossed about from prison to

prison, by those royal villains—who, destitute alike of honor or of truth, coolly covered themselves with infamy in presence of the civilized world—was transferred to the gloomy dungeons of Olmutz, in Austria. Of the sympathy this act of atrocity awakened in the bosoms of all true men—of the efforts of Washington and other Americans in his behalf, and the noble devotion of his wife, who shared his imprisonment, I shall say nothing. The noble attempt made by J. Errick Bollman, a German physician, and Francis Huger, son of Colonel Huger, of South Carolina, at whose house Lafayette was first received on his arrival in this country, have rendered their names immortal. These men of heroic virtue, were thrown into prison for their bold and well-nigh successful effort, where they languished for eight months. After their release, they still exerted themselves in behalf of Lafayette, though without success.

In the meantime, the young Napoleon had mounted to power, and was rolling the revolutionary earthquake under the thrones of Europe. He smote Austria hip and thigh in Italy; and at the peace of Leoben, made one of the chief stipulations, the release of Lafayette from imprisonment. With much reluctance it was acceded to, though the perfidious government endeavored first to make their prisoner promise to go to America, never to return. This the indignant patriot firmly refused to do, even to terminate his long imprisonment. The king delaying and deferring, young Bonaparte gave him to understand in the most peremptory manner, that unless the Marquis was immediately released, he would soon hear the thunder of his cannon. This argument was understood; and Lafayette, after having

suffered five years a close and cruel confinement, was at length permitted to go abroad. This first effort of Napoleon's power, does him more honor than his victories. After his release, Lafayette went first to Holstein, and afterwards to Holland; where he remained till the revolution, which made Napoleon first consul for life; and then, under his mighty ægis, returned to France, and received his old rank in the army. He was attached to the First Consul, and well he might be, for he owed him liberty, and the restoration to his old honors and home. Still he was not a person to sympathize with the fierce tempestuous character that was to upset the world; and Bonaparte felt that Lafayette was a man of a past age, and could effect nothing in carrying out his stupendous plans. Nevertheless, he revered his virtues, and endeavored to bind him to his interests, but the latter gradually retired to private life; and when the former began his rapid strides towards supreme power, wrote him a plain kind letter, asking for guaranties of the liberties of the people. This letter was never answered, and the writer was well-nigh forgotten in the wondrous events that succeeded. In the retirement of La Grange he listened to the thunder and tumult that accompanied Napoleon's progress; saw the century-bound despotisms of Europe shaking, like cedars in a tempest as his mighty hand swept over them, and heard the sound of falling thrones, with feelings of mingled wonder and distrust. It seemed a strange dream through which he had passed—from the bright dawnings of liberty, his country had sunk into the darkest night that ever shrouded a nation, and then suddenly risen into a vast empire, from whose pres-

ence the world shrank in dismay. It was natural, in this confusion of all things at home, he should turn his thoughts to the peaceful Republic he had helped to rear on this side of the water. He made known his intentions to Washington, but political considerations induced the latter to request him to defer his visit, and he continued to live in retirement. But when Jefferson became president, he offered him the governorship of Louisiana, which was declined.

At length the star of Napoleon went down; but before the nation had time to compose itself, it rose again on the troubled world. At his second assumption of imperial power, Bonaparte endeavored to win Lafayette over to his interests, but the latter stubbornly refused to accept a seat in his new Chamber of Peers—preferring to act as one of the deputies.

After the battle of Waterloo, he took strong ground against the emperor; and was one of those who procured his abdication. Mindful, however, of his former kindness to him, when a prisoner at Olmutz, he endeavored to stipulate for his personal safety and liberty. At the restoration of the Bourbons, he solemnly warned them against any attempts to revive old despotisms; but his warnings were unheeded, and he again sunk into private life, a victim to his integrity and unyielding patriotism.

HIS LAST VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY.

Again, in his old age, Lafayette determined to look on the young Republic that had escaped the disasters which had overwhelmed France. When his plans

were made known, our government offered to place a national vessel at his disposal; but he declined accepting it, and embarked at Havre in a merchantman, and arrived at New York, August 15, 1824. He was at this time sixty-seven years old.

His reception in this country, and triumphal march through it, is one of the most remarkable events in the history of the world. Such gratitude and unbounded affection were never before received by a man from a foreign nation. As he passed from Staten Island to New York, the bay was covered with gay barges decorated with streamers; and when the beautiful fleet shoved away, the bands struck up, "*Où peut-on être mieux, qu'au sein de sa famille?*"—"Where can one better be, than in the bosom of his family?" Never did this favorite French air seem so appropriate—not even when the shattered Old Guard closed sternly around its Emperor, and sang it amid the fire of the enemy's guns—as when a free people thus chanted it around the venerable Lafayette. As he touched the shore, the thunder of cannon shook the city—old soldiers rushed weeping into his arms; and, "Welcome Lafayette!" waved from every banner, rung from every trumpet, and was caught up by every voice, till "WELCOME, WELCOME!" rose and fell in deafening shouts from the assembled thousands. During the four days he remained in the city, it was one constant jubilee; and when he left for Boston, all along his route, the people rose to welcome him. He travelled every night till 12 o'clock, and watch-fires were kept burning on the hill-tops, along his line of progress. Blazing through the darkness, they outshone the torches that heralded him;

while in the distance the pealing of bells from every church spire, announced his coming. The same enthusiastic joy received him at Boston; and when he returned to New York, the city was wilder than ever with excitement. In Castle-garden there was a splendid illumination in honor of him—the bridge leading to it was surmounted by a pyramid sixty feet high, with a blazing star at the top, from the centre of which flashed the name of Lafayette. The planks were covered with carpets, and trees and flowers innumerable lined the passage. Over the entrance was a triumphal arch of flowers—huge columns arose from the area, supporting arches of flowers, and flags, and statues. As he entered this wilderness of beauty, the bands struck up, "See the conquering hero comes," and shouts shook the edifice to its foundations. He had scarcely taken his seat in a splendid marquee, prepared for his reception, when the curtain before the gallery, in front of him, lifted—and there was a beautiful transparency, representing La Grange, with its grounds and towers, and beneath it, "*This is his home.*" Nothing could be more touching and affectionate than this device; and as Lafayette's eye fell upon it, a tear was seen to gather there, and his lip to quiver with feeling.

Thus the people received the "people's friend." From New York he went to Albany, and Troy, and one long shout of welcome rolled the length of the Hudson, as he floated up the noble stream. Returning, he went to Philadelphia; and passing through the same scenes that had been enacted in every city he had visited, continued his route to Mount Vernon, to visit the tomb of Washington. The thunder of cannon

announced his arrival at the consecrated ground, calling to his mind the time when he had seen that, now lifeless chieftain, move through the tumult of battle. Wishing no one to witness his emotions, as he stood beside the ashes of his friend, he descended alone into the vault. With trembling steps, and uncovered head, he passed down to the tomb. The secrets of that meeting of the living with the dead, no one knows; but when the aged veteran came forth again, his face was covered with tears. He then took his son, and secretary by the hand, and led them into the vault. He could not speak—his bursting heart was too full for utterance, and he mutely pointed to the coffin of Washington. They knelt reverently beside it, kissed it, then rising, threw themselves into Lafayette's arms, and burst into tears. It was a touching scene, there in the silent vault, and worthy the noble sleeper.

From thence he went to Yorktown, where a magnificent reception was given him. Proceeding South, he passed through all the principal cities, to New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi, to Cincinnati, and across to Pittsburg, and finally to western New York, through which he hastened rapidly to Boston, to be present at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker's Hill monument.

Previously to his southern trip, however, he had visited Congress, and been received by that body with distinguished honor. A few days after, a bill was passed, giving him a hundred and forty thousand dollars, as payment, in part, for the money he had expended in our behalf. He had clothed and fed our naked, starving soldiers at his own cost—expended

money for the State—fought our battles—endured, suffered, and toiled for our welfare; yet he never asked, never expected compensation. It had been entirely a free-will offering—his youth, his wealth, his life, all, an unselfish, noble sacrifice to a weak, but brave people, struggling to be free.

This generous, and yet only just remuneration, took Lafayette by surprise, and affected him deeply. Indeed, to a heart like his, the open arms and overflowing affection of the people were a sufficient reward. The entire nation had risen to do him homage. "Honor to Lafayette," "Welcome to Lafayette—the nation's guest," and such like exclamations, had met him at every step. Flowers were strewed along his pathway—his carriage detached from the horses, and dragged by the enthusiastic crowd, along ranks of grateful freemen, who rent the heavens with their acclamations. From the heads of government down to the lowest menial, all had united in pouring blessings on his venerable head. Melted to tears by these demonstrations of love, he had moved like a father amid his children, scattering blessings wherever he went.

One of his last acts in this country, was to lay the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill monument. He had placed the stone over Baron De Kalb's grave, in South Carolina, and now it was fit that he, the last survivor of the major-generals of the American Revolution, should consecrate the first block in that grand structure. Amid the silent attention of fifty thousand spectators, this aged veteran, and friend of Washington, with uncovered head, performed the imposing

ceremonies, and "Long live Lafayette," swelled up from the top of Bunker Hill.

At length, after having passed through almost the entire Union, in the space of a few months, he embarked the eighth of September, for his native land. The Brandywine was sent out by government to convey him home; and when it reached Havre, the officers, wishing to express their admiration of him, deputed their first lieutenant, Gregory, to convey their sentiments. The young officer, overcome by his feelings, was unable to utter a word; but in a spirit of true heroism, ran to the stern of the vessel, and snatching the flag that waved there, handed it to him, saying: "We cannot confide it to more glorious keeping." He then made a short address, to which Lafayette replied, saying: "I hope, that displayed from the most prominent part of my house, at La Grange, it will always testify to all who may see it, the kindness of the American nation towards its adopted and devoted son."

The people thronged around him as he travelled through France, and he was everywhere hailed "The people's friend."

In public and private duties—in the service of his country, and in acts of private charity, he passed his life, until 1830, when Charles X.—mad, like all his race—issued his tyrannical ordinances, which produced the revolution that placed Louis Philippe on the throne. With the first intimation of the outbreak, he hastened to Paris, and at once took sides with the people. On the second day's fight, the students of the Polytechnic School assembled at his house to receive instructions in

the course they should pursue. Lafayette was a man of a past generation, but his name had been a household word; and it was a touching spectacle to see those fresh and youthful students gather around the man of silver locks, and listen to the words of freedom that dropped from his lips, and then go forth to lay down their lives for their country. On the last day of that terrible struggle,—amid the pealing of the tocsin, the thunder of cannon, and groans of the dying, the name of Lafayette was the watch-word that rung over the tumult, and roused the courage of the patriots. Again the Bourbon throne went down in blood, and again Lafayette put aside the power, which a successful revolution had placed in his hands. Louis Philippe was called to the throne, which the arm of Lafayette alone steadied till the revolution subsided.

It was not very long, however, before he and the king's cabinet disagreed. Louis Philippe had promised to protect the liberties of the people; but no sooner did he feel the sceptre in his hand, than the blood of a Bourbon began to tingle in his fingers. He had deceived Lafayette—but what could the latter do? The first revolution broke away from his restraining influence, and raged on till it was quenched in a sea of blood itself had set flowing, Bonaparte had deceived him, and grasped imperial power, and now Louis Philippe had proved false to his promises.

He lived but four years after this, and died of an affection of the kidneys, in 1834, in his seventy-seventh year. His death produced a great sensation in this country, and funeral honors were everywhere paid him.

HIS CHARACTER.

Lafayette was about six feet high, and in his later years somewhat corpulent. His face was oval, with light, large, and prominent eyes, a high forehead and aquiline nose.

He did not possess what is commonly termed genius, nor was he a man of remarkable intellectual powers. In youth, ardent and adventurous, he soon learned, under Washington, to curb his impulses, and act more from his judgment. Left to himself, he probably never would have reached any great eminence—but there could have been no better school for the fiery young republican, than the family of Washington. His affection and reverence for the latter, gradually changed his entire character. Washington was his model, and imitating his self-control and noble patriotism, he became like him in patriotism and virtue. The difference between them was the same as that between an original and a copy. Washington was a man of immense strength of character—not only strong in virtue, but in intellect and will. Everything bent before him, and the entire nation took its impress from his mind. Lafayette was strong in integrity, and nothing could shake his unalterable devotion to the welfare of man. Enthusiastically wedded to republican institutions, no temptation could induce him to seize on, or aid power which threatened to overthrow them. Although somewhat vain and conceited, he was generous, self-sacrificing, and benevolent. Few men have passed through so many and so fearful scenes as he. From a young

courtier, he passed into the self-denying, toilsome life of a general in the ill-clothed, ill-fed, and ill-disciplined American army—thence into the vortex of the French Revolution and all its horrors—thence into the gloomy prison of Olmutz. After a few years of retirement, he appeared on our shores to receive the welcome of a grateful people, and hear a nation shout his praise, and bear him from one limit of the land to another in its arms. A few years pass by, and with his gray hairs falling about his aged countenance, he stands amid the students of Paris, and sends his feeble shout of defiance to the throne of the Bourbon, and it falls. Rising more by his virtue than his intellect, he holds a prominent place in the history of France, and linked with Washington, goes down to a greater immortality than awaits any emperor or mere warrior of the human race.

His love for this country was deep and abiding. To the last his heart turned hither, and well it might:—his career of glory began on our shores—on our cause he staked his reputation, fortune, and life, and in our success received the benediction of the good the world over. That love was returned with interest, and never was a nobler exhibition of a nation's gratitude than our reception of him at his last visit. We love him for what he did for us—we revere him for his consistency to our principles amid all the chaos and revolutions of Europe; and when we cease to speak of him with affection and gratitude, we shall show ourselves unworthy of the blessings we have received at his hands. "Honor to Lafayette!" will ever stand inscribed on our temple of liberty until its ruins shall cover all it now contains.

XXIII.

MAJOR GENERAL DE KALB.

Early serves in this Country—Comes over the second time with Lafayette—Made Major General—A secret Correspondent of the French Government—Sent South—His Bravery and Death at Camden—Eulogy of Washington—His Character.

But little remains to be said of this brave stranger, after the description in the first volume of the battle of Camden, where he fell nobly struggling to save the honor of our flag.

De Kalb was a German by birth, though he served so long in the armies of France, that he came here as a French officer. It was he who first introduced Lafayette to Silas Deane. Afterwards he accompanied him to this country, and his fame as an officer of experience caused him to be promoted at once to the rank of major-general. Very little is known of his early life; but he was knight of the order of military merit, and brigadier-general in the French army, when he joined our standard. According to Weems, who makes him sixty-three years old when the battle of Camden was fought, he must have been born in 1717. From remarks which he was heard to make, it is evident he came to America in the French war of 1753, as a secret messenger

of the French government. He always seemed to keep up, during the Revolution, a voluminous correspondence, all of which was written in characters or ciphers. His baggage never amounted to much, yet he was nervously sensitive about it, and invariably requested, when the army was moving, that it should be placed in the centre. This anxiety was evidently on account of his papers rather than from the value of his wardrobe. Abstemious as a hermit, drinking nothing but water, he was as fresh and hearty at sixty as most men are at forty.

He served in the American army three years; but his actions, whatever they may have been, have sunk into oblivion. When Lincoln's overthrow at Charleston opened the South to the British, he was sent with two thousand continentals to operate against them, and had he been left alone, would have given a good account of those noble troops. But Congress hurried off Gates, who immediately changed the cautious and skilful course of De Kalb, and rushed, contrary to the advice of the latter, directly into the arms of the British, and had his army cut to pieces.

In this battle, the thousand continentals under De Kalb were worthy of their leader, who put forth on that disastrous day almost superhuman energy. With his silvered locks streaming in the smoke of battle, and his loud voice ringing over the tumult, he strode amid the carnage, and did all that man could do to win the victory. Against the two thousand British veterans they stood firm as a rock, and when De Kalb saw that they were fast thinning before the superior fire to which they were exposed, and ordered them to charge

bayonets, they rolled the whole hostile army back, and all alone might have won the day, had even the American cavalry remained on the field to keep that of Tarleton in check. But having fled, the latter came thundering on the gaping ranks of those glorious Continentals, and rode them down without mercy. Then De Kalb fell, as before stated, pierced with eleven wounds. Never was the superiority of American over British troops, when equally disciplined, more apparent than in this defeat.

He was buried near Camden, and Congress voted, though never placed, a monument over his grave. South Carolina, I believe, has since erected one—the foundation-stone of which, Lafayette on his last visit to this country, laid amid appropriate ceremonies. It is said that Washington, visiting his grave many years after his death, sighed, as he bent thoughtfully above it, and exclaimed: "So there lies the brave De Kalb; the generous stranger, who came from a distant land to fight our battles, and to water, with his blood, the tree of our liberty. Would to God he had lived to share with us its fruits."

Noble, generous, and frank—De Kalb had the heart of a lion, in a breast where dwelt every tender emotion. His death was a glorious one for a warrior. Fighting for liberty—he fell on the field he struggled so nobly to win; and by his great example, honored the troops, who honored both him and their cause.

XXIV.

MAJOR GENERALS THOMAS AND McDOUGALL.

John Thomas was born in Plymouth county, Mass. Little is known of his early life, but he served in the French and Indian war; and at its close was considered an able and efficient officer. Brave, yet prudent, he had such a reputation through the country, that he was looked upon by the colonies as a strong ally, when the struggle between them and the mother country commenced. At the time the battle of Bunker's Hill was fought, he was residing at Kingston. Throwing himself at once, soul and body, into the contest, he in a short time raised an entire regiment, by his own efforts, and marched to Roxbury. Here he received, first, his appointment as brigadier and then as major-general.

After the death of Montgomery he was placed over the army in Canada. Arnold and he could not agree very well, and so the former left. In the spring it became evident that Canada could not be held, and Thomas retreated to Chamblée, where he was taken with the small-pox and died.

Alexander McDougall was the son of a Scotchman, who used to sell milk in New York city. Just

before the Revolution, he, then a captain, wrote a pamphlet, entitled "A Son of Liberty to the Enslaved Inhabitants of the Colony of New York," which caused him to be arrested and thrown into prison, where he remained three months. He was immediately looked upon as a martyr, and the first ladies of the city flocked to visit him. At length a grand jury was packed to try him. It was proposed to try torture, to make him recant his opinions; but he declared, he would see his arm cut off at the bar of the house, before he would retract. Being acquitted, he became a prominent man, and was soon promoted in the army.*

When Washington retired from New York, and finally drew up his forces in a strong position on White Plains, McDougall was placed over a large body of troops, and ordered to hold Chatterton's Hill—a height about half a mile south of the American right flank, and separated from it by the Bronx. On these the English commander first advanced. The troops crossed the Bronx under a heavy fire from McDougall's cannon; and though severely galled, advanced steadily up the hill, and drove the Americans from their works.

McDougall commanded in the Highlands, and was kept constantly in the field, though engaged in no important battle, except that of Germantown. He was attached to Greene's division in this engagement, and fought bravely. In 1781 he was elected member of Congress, and afterwards of the Senate of New York. He died in June, 1786, living but a few years after the establishment of our Independence.

* Vide Life of Hamilton, by his son.

XXV.

MAJOR GENERALS WOOSTER, HOWE, AND PARSONS.

David Wooster was born in Stratford, Connecticut, March 2d, 1710, and hence was an old man when the Revolutionary war commenced. He graduated at Yale College, in 1738, and the next year, when the Spanish war broke out, was made first lieutenant, and afterwards captain of a vessel, fitted out to guard the coast. In the expedition against Louisburg, in 1745, he served as captain, and was distinguished for his intrepidity. Selected as one of the American officers, to take charge of a cartel ship for France and England, he sailed for the former country, but not being permitted to land, went to England. Here he received great attention, and was presented to the king, and became a favorite at court.

In the war of 1756, Wooster was appointed colonel, and afterwards brigadier-general, in the English service. At its close, he embarked in mercantile business, and was quietly descending the declivity of life, when the collision took place between Great Britain and her colonies. Though an officer in the British army, and collector of his majesty's customs in New Haven, he enlisted warmly in our cause. It is said the expedi-

tion against Ticonderoga, and the forts on Lake Champlain, was first suggested by him and a few others, who held themselves personally responsible for the money necessary to carry it out.

In 1775, he was appointed brigadier-general in the continental army, and the next year went into Canada. After our army was beaten back, and evacuated the provinces, he returned to his native State, and was appointed major-general of the State militia—he never held this rank in the regular army.

I have already spoken, in my sketch of Arnold, of the gallant behavior of Wooster, when the British attacked Danbury, and of his heroic death at the head of his followers. The old man, then sixty-seven years of age, led on the militia in person, and while endeavoring to encourage them to advance in the vollies before which they recoiled, was himself struck by a ball, and mortally wounded. He lived but a short time; and his last words were, that he hoped and believed his country would gain her independence. Noble old man! but he sleeps among a recreant people, for no monument rises above his ashes.

Major General Howe was from North Carolina—but of his birth, and the part he took in the war, I have been able to ascertain but little. He commanded the troops in Savannah at the time it was taken by the British, and was not considered much of a soldier or officer. He afterwards commanded in the Highlands, and was one of the major-generals who composed the court-martial which tried Andre. He seems to have effected but little in military matters, and was probably one of those numerous appointments made out by Con-

gress, to satisfy local feeling, rather than from any fitness of the person for the office.

Samuel H. Parsons was the son of Rev. Jonathan Parsons, of Newburyport. He graduated at Harvard, in 1756; and established himself as a lawyer, in New London county, Connecticut. He was a firm supporter of the cause of the colonies, and devoted all his great powers to the interests of freedom. When the war commenced he threw aside his legal profession, and took the sword. He entered the army as lieutenant-colonel; and though engaged in no important battles, by the skill and energy he showed in his station, soon rose to the rank of major-general. After the peace, he was sent as commissioner, to treat with the Indians northwest of the Ohio; and when that country was created into a territorial government, received the appointment of first judge, and removed to Marietta, Ohio. He was drowned in crossing the Great Beaver Creek, near Pittsburgh, November 17th, 1789.

Parsons is another of those generals whose services are not to be measured by the battles they fought. They hold a prominent place in the military *history* of our country, though not so conspicuous in its military scenes. General Parsons was a man of strong intellect—a stanch patriot, and rendered his country great service. The name is one of the first in New England.

XXVI.

COMMODORE PAUL JONES.

Our Navy at the commencement of the Revolution—Birth and early Life of Paul Jones—First Cruise in the Alfred—Commands the Providence—Cruise in the Ranger—Bold Attack on Whitehaven—Battle with the Drake—Prayer of Mr. Shirra—Bloody Engagement with the Serapis—Wreck of the Ariel—Enters the Russian Service—Crosses the Baltic in an open boat—Adventures in the Black Sea—His death and Character.

As it was my design in the present work to illustrate *all* the great features of the Revolution, without going into a detailed history, it seems hardly just to leave out altogether our embryo navy. Marion, though only a state brigadier, is introduced to illustrate our partisan warfare, and Paul Jones is now added, to bring within the survey, that portion of the struggle which took place on the water, and thus complete the panorama of the Revolution. This departure from my original plan, may detract somewhat from the unity of the work, but I trust it will more than compensate for it in the extent of the field it embraces.

It is impossible to do justice to all the brave men who commanded our national vessels during the Revolution; and hence I have chosen Jones, around whom, perhaps, more interest gathers than any other, to stand as a representative of all.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

PAUL JONES.

At the outset, Ezekiel Hopkins was appointed commander-in-chief of our naval forces, and hence ranked as commodore; but after his first cruise he was censured by Congress, and dismissed from service. Captain Nicholson then became the senior officer, but ranked only as captain. In 1776 we had twenty-six vessels, great and small. The number afterwards became reduced, but the activity and energy of this little fleet may be gathered from the fact, that during the first two years of the war, it captured eight hundred English merchantmen.*

Among the commanders were many who distinguished themselves greatly. Captain Barry was as brave an officer as ever fought a ship. In the Raleigh of thirty-two guns, he was attacked by a fleet of British vessels; and after endeavoring in vain to escape, closed desperately in with the most forward of his antagonists, hoping to carry her by boarding, before the other vessels could come up. Failing in this, he boldly ran his ship ashore, and leaping overboard, with eighty-five men, reached a barren and rocky island. In 1781, then in the Alliance, he attacked two English vessels; and, after a hot engagement, was wounded and carried below. While his wound was dressing, one of his lieutenants came and asked, whether they should surrender? "*No*," exclaimed the intrepid commander; "*if the ship can't be fought without me, I will be carried on deck.*" This reply inspired the men, and both vessels were captured. The next year he extricated himself and his consort, the Luzerne, from a whole British squadron, with unsurpassed skill and bravery.

* Vide Cooper's Naval History.

He was an officer of great qualities, and did the country good service.

Joshua Barney was another gallant officer. His capture of the Monk—a ship larger than his own the Hyder Ally—right in the presence of other vessels, was one of the most brilliant things in our naval history. His deeds, however, belong to the historian of the war of 1812, in which he served as commodore.

James Nicholson, the senior officer before mentioned, was an equally able, though less successful commander. He was placed over the Virginia of 28 guns, in 1776; but his vessel being soon after blockaded, he joined Washington's army with his crew, and led them into action at Trenton. He afterwards took command of the Trumbull. With this vessel he fought the Watt, of superior force; and for two hours and a half, lay directly abeam of her, and within musket-shot, pouring in broadside after broadside with terrible effect. The loss of his spars alone prevented him from capturing the enemy. In 1781, after fighting against the most desperate odds, he was compelled to surrender.

The name of such officers as Manly, Harding, Biddle, Robinson, Alexander, Williams, Truxton, Murray, Young, and Dale, can only be mentioned. Some of them rose to high rank afterwards in the navy.

Our first ships were bold cruisers, and in almost every instance, were fought by their commanders with great resolution and bravery.

Paul Jones, or John Paul, was born July 6th, 1747, in Kirkbean, Leith, Scotland, and was the son of a poor gardener, on the estate of Arbigland. The name of Jones was entirely assumed, though for what purpose is not

stated. It was probably affixed to render him unknown to his friends in Scotland, who might regard him as a traitor, if they knew he was fighting against his country. At all events, he rendered his new name immortal, and the real name, John Paul, is sunk in that of Paul Jones. By a large class of men he is regarded as a sort of freebooter turned patriot—an adventurer to whom the American war was a God-send, in that it kept him from being a pirate. But nothing could be farther from the truth. He was an adventurer, it is true, as all men are who are compelled to make their own fortunes in the world; and had all the boldness and rashness which are necessary to success in military life. Born by the sea-shore, where the tide heaves up the Solway—living on a promontory, whose abrupt sides allowed vessels to approach almost against the shore—surrounded by romantic scenery, and with the words of sea-faring men constantly ringing in his ear, he naturally, at an early age, abandoned his employment as gardener, and became a sailor. Independent of the associations in which he was placed leading to such a course of life, he was of that poetic, romantic temperament, which always builds gorgeous structures in the future. No boy, with a fancy like that of Paul Jones, could be content to live the hum-drum life of a gardener's son. To him this great world presents too wide a field, and opens too many avenues to fame, to be lightly abandoned, and he launches forth with a strong arm and a resolute spirit to hew his way among his fellows.

Paul was but twelve or fourteen years of age when he was received, as a sailor, on board the ship Friend-

ship, bound to Rappahannock, Virginia. Thus early were his footsteps directed towards our shores, by which his whole future career was shaped. The young sailor, by his skill and industry, was soon promoted to the rank of third mate, second mate, first mate, supercargo, and finally captain. Thus he continued roaming the sea till he was twenty-six years of age, when, a brother of his, a Virginia planter, having died intestate, without children, he took charge of the estate for the family, and spent two years on the land.

In 1775, when the American Revolution broke out, the young Scotchman commenced his brilliant career. His offer to Congress, to serve in the navy, was accepted, and he was appointed first lieutenant in the Alfred. As the commander-in-chief of the squadron came on board, Jones unfurled the national flag—the first time its folds were ever given to the breeze. What that flag was, strange as it may seem, no record or tradition can certainly tell. It was not the stars and the stripes, for they were not adopted till two years after. The generally received opinion is, that it was a pine tree, with a rattlesnake coiled at the roots, as if about to spring, and underneath, the motto, "Don't tread on me." At all events, it unrolled to the breeze, and waved over as gallant a young officer as ever trod a quarter-deck. If the flag bore such a symbol, it was most appropriate to Jones, for no serpent was ever more ready to strike than he. Fairly afloat—twenty-nine years of age—healthy—well knit, though of light and slender frame—a commissioned officer in the American navy—the young gardener saw, with joy, the shores receding as the fleet steered for the Bahama

Isles. A skilful seaman—at home on the deck, and a bold and daring man—he could not but distinguish himself, in whatever circumstances he might be placed. The result of this expedition was the capture of New Providence, with a hundred cannon, and an abundance of military stores. It came near failing, through the bungling management of the commander-in-chief, and would have done so, but for the perseverance and daring of Paul Jones.

As the fleet was returning home, he had an opportunity to try himself in battle. The Glasgow, an English ship, was chased by the whole squadron, yet escaped. During the running fight, Jones commanded the lower battery of the Alfred, and exhibited that coolness and daring which afterwards so characterized him.

Soon after, he was transferred to the sloop Providence, and ordered to put to sea on a six weeks' cruise. It required no ordinary skill or boldness to keep this little sloop hovering amid the enemy's cruisers, and yet avoid capture. Indeed, his short career seemed about to end, for he found himself, one day, chased by the English frigate Solebay; and despite of every exertion, overhauled, so that at the end of four hours, his vessel was brought within musket-shot of the enemy, whose heavy cannon kept thundering against him. Gallantly returning the fire with his light guns, Jones, though there seemed no chance of escape, still kept his flag flying, and saved himself by his extraordinary seamanship. Finding himself lost in the course he was pursuing, he gradually worked his little vessel off till he got the Solebay on his weather quarter, when he

suddenly exclaimed, "Up helm," to the steersman, and setting every sail that would draw, stood dead before the wind, bearing straight down on the English frigate, and passing within pistol-shot of her. Before the enemy could recover his surprise at this bold and unexpected manœuvre, or bring his ship into the same position, Jones was showing him a clean pair of heels. His little sloop could outsail the frigate, before the wind, and he bore proudly away.

He soon after had another encounter with the English frigate Milford. He was lying to, near the Isle of Sable, fishing, when the Milford hove in sight. Immediately putting his ship in trim, he tried the relative speed of the two vessels, and finding that he could outsail his antagonist, let him approach. The Englishman kept rounding to as he advanced, and pouring his broadsides on the sloop, but at such a distance that not a shot told. Thus Jones kept irritating his more powerful enemy, keeping him at just such a distance as to make his firing ridiculous. Still it was a hazardous experiment, for a single chance shot, crashing through his rigging, might have reduced his speed so much as to prevent his escape. But to provoke the Englishman still more, Jones, as he walked quietly away, ordered one of his men to return each of the enemy's broadsides with a single musket-shot. This insulting treatment made a perfect farce of the whole chase, and must have enraged the commander of the Milford beyond measure.

He continued cruising about, and at the end of forty-seven days sailed into Newport with sixteen prizes. He next planned an expedition against Cape Breton,

to break up the fisheries; and, though he did not wholly succeed, he returned to Boston in about a month, with four prizes, and a hundred and fifty prisoners. The clothing on its way to the Canada troops, which he captured, came very opportunely for the destitute soldiers of the American army. During this expedition Jones had command of the Alfred, but was superseded on his return, and put again on board his old sloop, the Providence. This was the commencement of a series of unjust acts on the part of our government towards him, which as yet could not break away from English example, and make brave deeds the only road to rank. It insisted, according to the old continental rule, with which Bonaparte made such wild work, on giving the places of trust to the sons of distinguished gentlemen. Jones remonstrated against this injustice, and pressed the government so closely with his importunities and complaints, that, to get rid of him, it sent him to Boston to select and fit out a ship for himself. In the meantime, he recommended measures to government, respecting the organizing and strengthening of the navy, which show him to have been the most enlightened naval officer in our service, and that his sound and comprehensive views were equal to his bravery. Most of his suggestions were adopted, and the foundation of the American navy laid.

Soon after, (June, 1777,) he was given command of the Ranger, and informed in his commission, that the flag of the United States was to be thirteen stripes, and the union thirteen stars on a blue field, representing a new constellation in the heavens. With joy he

hoisted this new flag, and put to sea in his badly-equipped vessel—steering for France, where he was, by order of his government, to take charge of a large vessel, there to be purchased for him by the American Commissioners. Failing in this enterprise, he again set sail in the Ranger, and steered for Quiberon Bay. Here, passing through the French fleet, with his brig, he obtained a national salute, the first ever given our colors. Having had the honor first to hoist our flag on the water, and the first to hear the guns of a powerful nation thunder forth their recognition of it, he again put to sea, and boldly entered the Irish Channel, capturing several prizes.

ATTACK ON WHITEHAVEN.

Steering for the Isle of Man, he planned an expedition which illustrates the boldness and daring that characterized him. He determined to burn the shipping in Whitehaven, in retaliation for the injuries inflicted on our coast by English ships. More than three hundred vessels lay in this port, protected by two batteries, composed of thirty pieces of artillery, while eighty rods distant was a strong fort. To enter a port so protected, and filled with shipping, with a single brig, and apply the torch, under the very muzzles of the cannon, was an act unrivalled in daring. But Jones seemed to delight in these reckless deeds—there appeared to be a sort of witchery about danger to him, and the greater it was, the more enticing it became. Once, when government was making arrangements to furnish him with a ship, he urged the neces-

sity of giving him a good one, "for," said he "*I intend to go in harm's way.*" This was true, and he generally managed to carry out his intentions.

It was about midnight, on the 22d of April, (1778,) when Jones stood boldly in to the port of Whitehaven. Having got sufficiently near, he took two boats and thirty-one men, and rówed noiselessly away from his gallant little ship. He commanded one boat in person, and took upon himself the task of securing the batteries. With a mere handful of men he scaled the breastwork, seized the sentinel on duty before he could give the alarm, and rushing forward took the astonished soldiers prisoners, and spiked the cannon. Then leaving Lieutenant Wallingsford to fire the shipping, he hastened forward with *only one man* to take the fort. All was silent as he approached, and boldly entering, he spiked every cannon, and then hurried back to his little band. He was surprised, as he approached, not to see the shipping in a blaze; and demanded of his lieutenant, why he had not fulfilled his orders. The latter replied that his light had gone out; but he evidently did not like his mission, and purposely neglected to obey orders. Everything had been managed badly, and to his mortification he saw the day beginning to dawn, and his whole plan, at the moment when it promised complete success, overturned. The people, rousing from their slumbers, saw with alarm a band of men with half-burnt candles in their hands standing on the pier—and assembled in crowds. Jones, however, refused to depart, and indignant at the failure of the expedition, entered alone a large ship, and coolly sat down and kindled a fire in the steerage. He then

hunted about for a barrel of tar, which having found, he poured it over the flames. The blaze shot up around the lofty spars, and wreathed the rigging in their spiral folds, casting a baleful light over the town. The terrified inhabitants seeing the flames shoot heavenward, rushed towards the wharves; but Jones posted himself by the entrance to the ship, with a cocked pistol in his hand, threatening to shoot the first who should approach. They hesitated a moment, and then turned and fled. Gazing a moment on the burning ship and the panic-struck multitude, he entered his boat, and leisurely rowed back to the Ranger, that sat like a sea-gull on the water. The bright sun had now risen, and was bathing the land and sea in its light, revealing to the inhabitants the little craft that had so boldly entered their waters; and they hastened to their fort to open their cannon upon it. To their astonishment they found them spiked. They, however, got possession of two guns, which they began to fire; but the shot fell so wide of the mark, that the sailors, in contempt, fired back their pistols.

The expedition had failed through the inefficiency of his men, and especially one deserter, who remained behind to be called the "Saviour of Whitehaven;" but it showed to England that her own coast was not safe from the hand of the spoiler; and that the torch she carried into our ports might be hurled into hers also. In carrying it out, Jones exhibited a daring and coolness never surpassed by any man. The only drawback to it was, that it occurred in the neighborhood of his birth-place, and amid the hallowed associations of his childhood. One would think that the familiar hill-

tops and mountain ranges, and the thronging memories they would bring back on the bold rover, would have sent him to other portions of the coast to inflict distress. It speaks badly for the man's sensibilities, though so well for his courage.

He next entered Kirkcudbright Bay in a single boat, for the purpose of taking Lord Selkirk prisoner. The absence of the nobleman alone prevented his success.

BATTLE WITH THE DRAKE.

The next day, as he was off Carrickfergus, he saw the Drake, an English ship of war, working slowly out of harbor to go in pursuit of his vessel, that was sending such consternation along the Scottish coast. Five small vessels, filled with citizens, accompanied her part of the way. A heavy tide was setting landward, and the vessel made feeble headway; but at length she made her last tack, and stretched boldly out into the channel. The Ranger, when she first saw the Drake coming out of the harbor, ran down to meet her, and then lay to till the latter had cleared the port. She then filled away, and stood out into the centre of the channel. The Drake had, in volunteers and all, a crew of a hundred and sixty men, besides carrying two guns more than the Ranger. She also belonged to the regular British navy, while Jones had a crew imperfectly organized, and but partially used to the discipline of a vessel of war. He, however, saw with delight his formidable enemy approach, and when the latter hailed him, asking what ship it was, he replied: "The

American continental ship Ranger! We are waiting for you—come on!"

Alarm fires were burning along both shores, and the hill-tops were covered with spectators, witnessing the meeting of these two ships. The sun was only an hour high, and as the blazing fire-ball stooped to the western wave, Jones commenced the attack. Steering directly across the enemy's bow, he poured in a deadly broadside, which was promptly returned; and the two ships moved gallantly away, side by side, while broadside after broadside thundered over the deep. Within close musket-shot they continued to sweep slowly and sternly onward for an hour, wreathed in smoke, while the incessant crash of timbers on board the Drake told how terrible was the American's fire. First, her fore and main-topsails were carried away—then the yards began to tumble, one after another; until at length her ensign, fallen also, draggled in the water. Jones kept pouring in his destructive broadsides, which the Drake answered, but with less effect; while the topmen of the Ranger made fearful havoc amid the dense crew of the enemy. As the last sunlight was leaving its farewell on the distant mountain-tops, the commander of the Drake fell, shot through the head with a musket-ball, and the British flag was lowered to the strips and stars—a ceremony which, in after years, became quite common.

Jones returned with his prizes to Paris, and offered his services to France. In hopes of getting command of a larger vessel, he gave up the Ranger, but soon had cause to regret it, for he was left for a long time without employment. He had been promised the In-

dian; and the Prince of Nassau, pleased by the daring of Jones, had promised to accompany him as a volunteer. But this fell through, together with many other projects, and but for the firm friendship of Franklin, he would have fared but poorly in the French capital. After a long series of annoyances and disappointments, he at length obtained command of a vessel, which, out of respect to Franklin, he named "The Bon Homme Richard," "The Poor Richard." With seven ships in all—a snug little squadron for Jones, had the different commanders been subordinate—he set sail from France, and steered for the coast of Ireland. The want of proper subordination was soon made manifest, for in a week's time the vessels, one after another, parted company, to cruise by themselves, till Jones had with him but the Alliance, Pallas, and Vengeance. In a tremendous storm he bore away, and after several days of gales and heavy seas, approached the shore of Scotland. Taking several prizes near the Frith of Forth, he ascertained that a twenty-four gun ship, and two cutters were in the roads. These he determined to cut out, and, landing at Leith, lay the town under contribution. The inhabitants supposed his little fleet to be English vessels in pursuit of Paul Jones; and a member of Parliament, a wealthy man in the place, sent off a boat, requesting powder and balls to defend himself, as he said, against the "pirate Paul Jones." Jones very politely sent back the bearer with a barrel of powder, expressing his regrets that he had no shot to spare. Soon after, in his pompous, inflated manner, he summoned the town to surrender; but the wind blowing steadily off the land, he could not approach with his vessel.

At length, however, the wind changed, and the Richard stood boldly in for the shore. The inhabitants, as they saw her bearing steadily up towards the place, were filled with terror, and ran hither and thither in affright; but the good minister, Rev. Mr. Shirra, assembled his flock on the beach, to pray the Lord to deliver them from their enemies. He was an eccentric man, one of the quaintest of the quaint old Scotch divines, so that his prayers, even in those days, were often quoted for their oddity and even roughness.

Whether the following prayer is literally true or not, it is difficult to tell, but there is little doubt that the invocation of the excited eccentric old man was sufficiently odd. It is said that, having gathered his congregation on the beach in full sight of the vessel, which, under a press of canvas, was making a long tack that brought her close to the town, he knelt down on the sand, and thus began: "Now, dear Lord, dinna ye think it a shame for ye to send this vile pirate to rob our folk o' Kirkaldy; for ye ken they're puir enow already, and hae naething to spare. The way the wind blaws he'll be here in a jiffy, and wha kens what he may do? He's nae too good for onything. Mickle's the mischief he has done already. He'll burn their houses, tak their very claes, and tirl them to the sark. And waes me! wha kens but the bluidy villain might take their lives? The puir weemen are maist frightened out o' their wits, and the bairns skirling after them. I canna think of it! I canna think of it! I hae been long a faithful servant to ye, Lord; but gin ye dinna turn the wind about, and blaw the scoundrel out of our gate, I'll nae stir a foot; but will just sit here till the tide

comes. Sae tak ye'r will o't." To the no little astonishment of the good people, a fierce gale at that moment began to blow, which sent one of Jones's prizes ashore, and forced him to stand out to sea. This fixed forever the reputation of good Mr. Shirra; and he did not himself wholly deny that he believed his intercessions brought on the gale, for whenever his parishioners spoke of it to him, he always replied, "I prayed, but the Lord sent the wind."*

DESPERATE COMBAT WITH THE SERAPIS.

Stretching from thence along the English coast, Jones cruised about for a while, and at length fell in with the Alliance, which had parted company with him a short time previous. With this vessel, the Pallas and Vengeance—making, with the Richard, four ships, he stood to the north; when, on the afternoon of September 23d, 1779, he saw a fleet of forty-one sail hugging the coast. This was the Baltic fleet, under the convoy of the Serapis, of forty-one guns, and the Countess of Scarborough, of twenty guns. Jones immediately issued his orders to form line of battle, while with his ship he gave chase. The convoy scattered like wild pigeons, and ran for the shore, to place themselves under the protection of a fort, but the two war-ships advanced to the conflict.

It was a beautiful day, the wind was light, so that not a wave broke the smooth surface of the sea—and all was smiling and tranquil on land, as the hostile forces slowly approached each other. The piers of

* Vide Mackenzie's Life of Paul Jones.

Scarborough were crowded with spectators, and the old promontory of Flamborough, over three miles distant, was black with the multitude assembled to witness the engagement. The breeze was so light that the vessels approached each other slowly, as if reluctant to come to the mortal struggle, and mar that placid scene and that beautiful evening with the sound of battle. It was a thrilling spectacle, those bold ships with their sails all set, moving sternly up to each other. At length the cloudless sun sunk behind the hills, and twilight deepened over the waters. The next moment the full round moon pushed its broad disc above the horizon, and shed a flood of light over the tranquil waters, bathing in her soft beams the white sails that now seemed like gently moving clouds on the deep.

The Pallas stood for the Countess of Scarborough, while the Alliance, after having also come within range, withdrew and took up a position where she could safely contemplate the fight. Paul Jones, now in his element, paced the deck to and fro, impatient for the contest; and at length approached within pistol-shot of the Serapis. The latter was a new ship, with an excellent crew, and throwing, with every broadside, seventy-five pounds more than the Richard. Jones, however, rated this lightly, and with his old, half-worn out merchantman, closed fearlessly with his powerful antagonist. As he approached the latter, Captain Pearson hailed him with "What ship is that?" "I can't hear what you say," was the reply. "What ship is that?" rung back, "answer immediately, or I shall fire into you." A shot from the Richard was the significant answer, and immediately both vessels opened their broadsides.

Two of the three old eighteen-pounders of the Richard burst at the first fire, and Jones was compelled to close the lower deck ports, which were not opened again during the action. This was an ominous beginning, for it reduced the force of the Richard to one-third below that of the Serapis. The broadsides now became rapid, presenting a strange spectacle to the people on shore—the flashes of the guns amid the cloud of smoke, followed by the roar that shook the coast, the dim moonlight, serving to but half-reveal the struggling vessels, conspired to render it one of terror and of dread. The two vessels kept moving alongside, constantly crossing each other's track; now passing each other's bow, and now the stern; pouring in such terrific broadsides as made both friend and foe stagger. Thus fighting and manœuvring, they swept onward, until at length the Richard got foul of the Serapis, and Jones gave orders to board. His men were repulsed, and Captain Pearson hailed him to know if he had struck. "I have not yet begun to fight," was the short and stern reply of Jones; and backing his topsails, while the Serapis kept full, the vessels parted, and again came alongside, and broadside answered broadside with fearful effect. But Jones soon saw that this mode of fighting would not answer. The superiority of the enemy in weight of metal gave him great advantage in this heavy cannonading; especially as his vessel was old and rotten, while every timber in that of his antagonist was new and stanch; and so he determined to throw himself aboard of the enemy. In doing this, he fell off farther than he intended, and his vessel catching a moment by the jib-boom of the Serapis, carried it away, and the two ships

swung close alongside of each other, head and stern, the muzzles of the guns touching. Jones immediately ordered them to be lashed together; and in his eagerness to secure them, helped with his own hands to tie the lashings. Captain Pearson did not like this close fighting, for it destroyed all the advantage his superior sailing and heavier guns gave him, and so let drop an anchor to swing his ship apart. But the two vessels were firmly clenched in the embrace of death; for, added to all the lashings, a spare anchor of the Serapis had hooked the quarter of the Richard, so that when the former obeyed her cable, and swung round to the tide, the latter swung also. Finding that he could not unlock the desperate embrace in which his foe had clasped him, the Englishman again opened his broadsides. The action then became terrific; the guns touched muzzles—and the gunners, in ramming home their cartridges, were compelled frequently to thrust their ramrods into the enemy's ports. Never before had an English commander met such a foeman nor fought such a battle. The timbers rent at every explosion; and huge gaps opened in the sides of each vessel, while they trembled at each discharge as if in the mouth of a volcano. With his heaviest guns bursted, and part of his deck blown up, Jones still kept up this unequal fight, with a bravery unparalleled in naval warfare. He, with his own hands, helped to work the guns; and blackened with powder and smoke, moved about among his men with the stern expression never to yield, written on his delicate features in lines not to be mistaken. To compensate for the superiority of the enemy's guns, he had to discharge his own with

greater rapidity, so that after a short time they became so hot that they bounded like mad creatures in their fastenings; and at every discharge the gallant ship trembled like a smitten ox, from kelson to crosstrees, and heeled over till her yard-arms almost swept the water. In the meantime his topmen did terrible execution. Hanging amid the rigging, they dropped hand-grenades on the enemy's decks with fatal precision. One daring fellow walked out on the end of the yard with a bucket full of these missiles in his hand, and hurling them below, finally set fire to a heap of cartridges. The blaze and explosion which followed, were terrific—arms and legs went heavenward together, and nearly sixty men were killed or wounded by this sudden blow. They succeeded at length in driving most of the enemy below decks. The battle then presented a singular aspect—Jones made the upper deck of the Serapis too hot for her crew, while the latter tore his lower decks so dreadfully with her broadsides, that his men could not remain there a moment. Thus they fought, one above and the other beneath, the blood in the meantime flowing in rills over the decks of both. Ten times was the Serapis on fire, and as often were the flames extinguished. Never did a man struggle braver than the English commander, but a still braver heart opposed him. At this juncture the Alliance came up, and instead of pouring her broadsides into the Serapis, hurled them against the Poor Richard—now poor indeed! Jones was in a transport of rage, but he could not help himself.

In this awful crisis, fighting by the light of the guns, for the smoke had shut out that of the moon, the gunner

and carpenter both rushed up, declaring the ship was sinking. The shot-holes which had pierced the hull of the Richard between wind and water had already sunk below the surface, and the water was pouring in like a torrent. The carpenter ran to pull down the colors, which were still flying amid the smoke of battle, while the gunner cried, "Quarter, for God's sake, quarter." Still keeping up this cry, Jones hurled a pistol, which he had just fired at the enemy, at his head, which fractured his skull, and sent him headlong down the hatchway. Captain Pearson hailed to know if he had struck, and was answered by Jones with a "No," accompanied by an oath, that told that, if he could do no better, he would go down, with his colors flying. The master-at-arms, hearing the gunner's cry, and thinking the ship was going to the bottom, released a hundred English prisoners into the midst of the confusion. One of these, passing through the fire to his own ship, told Captain Pearson that the Richard was sinking, and if he would hold out a few moments longer, she must go down. Imagine the condition of Jones at this moment —with every battery silenced, except the one at which he still stood unshaken, his ship gradually settling beneath him, a hundred prisoners swarming his deck, and his own consort raking him with her broadsides, his last hope seemed about to expire. Still he would not yield. His officers urged him to surrender, while cries of quarter arose on every side. Undismayed and resolute to the last, he ordered the prisoners to the pumps, declaring if they refused to work he would take them to the bottom with him. Thus making panic fight panic, he continued the conflict. The spectacle

at this moment was awful—both vessels looked like wrecks, and both were on fire. The flames shot heavenward around the masts of the Serapis, and at length, at half-past ten, she struck. For a time, the inferior officers did not know which had yielded, such a perfect tumult had the fight become. For three hours and a half had this incessant cannonade, within yard-arm and yard-arm of each other, continued, piling three hundred dead and wounded men on those shattered decks. Nothing but the courage, and stern resolution of Jones never to surrender, saved him from defeat.

When the morning dawned, the Bon Homme Richard presented a most deplorable appearance—she lay a complete wreck on the sea, riddled through, and literally stove to pieces. There were six feet of water in the hold, while above she was on fire in two places. Jones put forth every effort to save the vessel in which he had won such renown, but in vain. He kept her afloat all the following day and night, but next morning she was found to be going. The waves rolled through her—she swayed from side to side, like a dying man—then gave a lurch forward, and went down head foremost. Jones stood on the deck of the English ship, and watched her as he would a dying friend, and finally, with a swelling heart, saw her last mast disappear, and the eddying waves close, with a rushing sound, over her as she sunk with the dead, who had so nobly fallen on her decks. They could have wished no better coffin or burial.

Captain Pearson was made a knight, for the bravery with which he had defended his ship. When it was told to Jones, he wittily remarked, that if he ever

caught him at sea again he would make a lord of him.

Landais, of the Alliance, who had evidently designed to destroy Jones, then take the English vessel, and claim the honor of the victory, was disgraced for his conduct. Franklin could not conceal his joy at the result of the action, and received the heroic Jones with transport.

The remainder of this year was one of annoyance to Jones. Landais continued to give him trouble, and the French government constantly put him off in his requests to be furnished with a ship. But at length the Alliance, which had borne such a disgraceful part in the engagement with the Serapis, was placed under his command, and he determined to return to America. But he lay wind-bound for some time in the Texel, while an English squadron guarded the entrance of the port. During this delay he was subject to constant annoyances from the Dutch Admiral of the port. The latter inquired whether his vessel was French or American; and demanded, if it was French, that he should hoist the national colors, and if American, that he should leave immediately. Jones would bear no flag but that of his adopted country, and promised to depart, notwithstanding the presence of the English squadron watching for him, the moment the wind would permit. At length, losing all patience with the conduct of the Dutch Admiral, he coolly sent word to him that, although he commanded a sixty-four, if the two vessels were out to sea, his insolence would not be tolerated a moment.

The wind finally shifting, he hoisted sail, and with the

stripes floating in the breeze, stood fearlessly out of the harbor. With his usual good luck, he escaped the vigilance of the English squadron, cleared the channel, and with all his sails set, and under a "staggering breeze," stretched away towards the Spanish coast. Nothing of consequence occurred during this cruise, and the next year we find him again in Paris, and in hot water respecting the infamous Landais, whom Arthur Lee, one of the American commissioners at Paris, presumed to favor. At length, however, he was appointed to the Ariel, and ordered to leave for America with military stores. In the meantime, however, the French king had presented him a magnificent sword, and bestowed on him the cross of military merit.

On the 7th of September he finally put to sea, but had hardly left the coast when the wind changed, and began to blow a hurricane. Jones attempted to stretch northward, and clear the land, but in vain. He found himself close on a reef of rocks, and unable to carry a rag of canvas. So fierce was the wind, that although blowing simply on the naked spars and deck, it buried the ship waist deep in the sea, and she rolled so heavily, that her yards would frequently be under water. Added to all the horrors of his position, she began to leak badly, while the pumps would not work. Jones heaved the lead with his own hand, and found that he was rapidly shoaling water. There seemed now no way of escape; yet as a last feeble hope he let go an anchor; but so fierce and wild were the wind and sea, that it did not even bring the ship's head to, and she kept driving broadside towards the rocks. Cable after cable was spliced on, yet still she surged

heavily landward. He then cut away the foremast, when the anchor, probably catching in a rock, brought the ship round. That good anchor held like the hand of fate, and though the vessel jerked at every blow of the billows, as if she would wrench everything apart, yet still she lay chained amid the chaos of waters. At length the mainmast fell with a crash against the mizenmast, carrying that away also, and the poor Ariel, swept to her decks, lay a complete wreck on the waves. In this position she acted like a mad creature, chained by the head to a ring that no power can sunder. She leaped, and plunged, and rolled from side to side, as if striving with all her untamed energy to rend the link that bound her, and madly rush on the rocks, over which the foam rose like the spray from the foot of a cataract. For two days and three nights did Jones thus meet the full terror of the tempest. At last it abated, and he was enabled to return to port. The coast was strewed with wrecks, and the escape of the Ariel seemed almost a miracle. But Jones was one of those fortunate beings, who, though ever seeking the storm and the tumult, are destined finally to die in their beds.

Early the next year he reached Philadelphia, and received a vote of thanks from Congress. After vexatious delays in his attempts to get the command of a large vessel, he at length joined the French fleet in its expedition to the West Indies. Peace soon after being proclaimed, he returned to France, and failing in a projected expedition to the Northwest coast, sailed again for the United States. Congress voted him a gold medal, and he was treated with distinction where-

ever he went. Failing again in his efforts to get command of a large vessel, he returned to France. Years had now passed away, and Jones was forty years of age. He had won an imperishable name, and the renown of his deeds been spread throughout the world. The title of chevalier had been given him by the French king, and he was at an age when it might be supposed he would repose on his laurels.

But Russia, then at war with Turkey, sought his services, and made brilliant offers, which he at last accepted, and prepared to depart for St. Petersburg. On reaching Stockholm he found the Gulf of Bothnia so blocked with ice that it was impossible to cross it; but impatient to be on his way, he determined to sail round the ice, to the southward, in the open Baltic. Hiring an open boat, about thirty feet long, he started on his perilous expedition. Knowing that the boatmen would refuse to accompany him, if made acquainted with his desperate plan, he kept them in ignorance until he got fairly out to sea, then drew his pistol, and told them to stretch away into the Baltic. The poor fellows, placed between Scylla and Charybdis, obeyed, and the frail craft was soon tossing in the darkness. Escaping every danger, he at length on the fourth day reached Revel, and set off for Petersburg, amid the astonishment of the people, who looked upon his escape as almost miraculous. He was received with honor by the Empress, who immediately conferred on him the rank of rear-admiral. A brilliant career now seemed before him. Nobles and foreign ambassadors thronged his residence, and there appeared no end to the wonder his adventurous life had created. He soon after departed for the Black Sea, and

took command of a squadron under the direction of Prince Potemkin, the former lover of the Empress, and the real Czar of Russia. Jones fought gallantly under this haughty prince, but at length, disgusted with the annoyances to which he was subjected, he came to an open quarrel, and finally returned to St. Petersburg. Here he for a while fell into disgrace, on account of some unjust accusations against his moral character; but finally, through Count Segur, the French ambassador, was restored to favor.

In 1792 he was taken sick at Paris, and gradually declined. He had been making strenuous efforts in behalf of the American prisoners in Algiers, but never lived to see his benevolent plans carried out. On the 18th of July, 1792, he made his will, and his friends, after witnessing it, bade him good evening and departed. His physician coming soon after, perceived his chair vacant; and, going to his bed, found him stretched upon it dead. A few days after, a dispatch was received from the United States, appointing him commissioner to treat with Algiers for the ransom of the American prisoners in captivity there. The National Assembly of France decreed that twelve of its members should assist at the funeral ceremonies of "Admiral Paul Jones," and a eulogium was pronounced over his tomb.

Thus died Paul Jones, at the age of forty-five—leaving a name that shall live as long as the American navy rides the sea.

HIS CHARACTER.

In person Jones was slight, being only five feet and a half high. A stoop in his shoulders diminished still more his stature. But he was firmly knit, and capable of enduring great fatigue. He had dark eyes, and a thoughtful, pensive look when not engaged in conversation, but his countenance lighted up in moments of excitement, and in battle became terribly determined. His lips closed like a vice, while his brow contracted with the rigidity of iron. The tones of his voice were then haughty in the extreme, and his words had an emphasis in them which those who heard never forgot. That he was brave, even to recklessness, no one will doubt. He seemed unconscious of fear, and moved amid the storm of battle, and trod the deck of his shattered and wrecked vessel like one who rules his own destiny. I do not believe he ever entertained the thought of surrendering his vessel to any force. It was a contingency he was unprepared for, and he acted as if convinced that his own iron will and resolute courage could overcome every obstacle. Thus, in his fight with the Serapis, he was fairly beaten several times, but did not seem to know it, and no doubt had resolved to sink with his flag flying. His boldness and success appear the more strange when one remembers what kind of vessels he commanded, of what materials his crews were composed, and the well-manned and ably-commanded vessels of his adversary. He would cruise without fear in a single sloop right before the harbors of England, and sail amid ships double the size of his own.

But with all his fierceness in the hour of battle, he had as kind a heart as ever beat. His sympathy seemed almost like sentimentality. To see him in a hot engagement, covered with the smoke of cannon, himself working the guns, while the timbers around him were constantly ripping with the enemy's shot; or watch him on the deck of his dismasted vessel, over which the hurricane swept and the sea rolled, one would think him destitute of emotion. But his reports of these scenes afterwards, resembled the descriptions of an excited spectator, unaccustomed to scenes of carnage and terror. He was an old Roman soldier in danger, but a poet in his after accounts of it.

Jones had great defects of character, but most of them sprung from his want of early education. He was haughty to his under officers, and frequently overbearing to his superiors. But his chief fault was his unbounded vanity. He would admit no superior, and hence never acknowledged that he received his deserts; and constantly pushing his claims, wearied out his friends, and sometimes disgusted his admirers. He was as bombastic as he was brave—a contradiction of character seldom exhibited. There was something of the charlatan about him, which reminds one frequently of Bernadotte, and he never hesitated to puff himself, and dilate eloquently on his own achievements. Out of this same vanity grew his inordinate love of pomp and display. In this respect he aped the nobles with whom he associated. But money was frequently wanted to carry out his extravagant notions, and hence he became unscrupulous in the means he used to obtain it. He was chivalric in his admiration of women

—writing poetry and making love to some one in every port where he stopped—and frequently became involved in intrigues that lessen our respect for his character. He was a restless being, and his brain constantly teemed with schemes, all of which he deemed practicable; and therefore became querulous and fault-finding when others disagreed with him. Many of his plans for the improvement of our marine were excellent. His restlessness grew out of his amazing energy —he was ever seeking something on which to expend himself, and this was the reason he joined the Russian service, after peace was proclaimed in the United States. It was this alone that carried him from his low condition, through so many trials, and over so many obstacles, to the height of fame he at last reached.

He was not a mere adventurer—owing his elevation to headlong daring—he was a hard student as well as hard fighter, and had a strong intellect as well as strong arm. He wrote with astonishing fluency, considering the neglect of his early education. He even wrote eloquently at times, and always with force. His words were well chosen, and he was as able to defend himself with the pen as with the sword. He now and then indulged in poetic effusions, especially in his epistles to the ladies; and his verses were as good as the general run of poetry of that kind.

Paul Jones was an irregular character, but his good qualities predominated over his bad ones; and as the man who first hoisted the American flag at sea; and received the first salute offered it by a foreign nation; and the first who carried it victoriously through the

fight on the waves, he deserves our highest praise and most grateful remembrance.

With such a commander to lead the American navy, and stand before it as the model of a brave man, no wonder it has covered itself with glory.

XXVII.

THE BRIGADIER GENERALS.

It was my intention, at first, to give a short biography of each brigadier-general; but the number is so great, that I find it impossible to do so. Besides, there were many colonels in the army who performed more real service than some of the brigadiers. Colonel Lee, for instance, was one of the finest officers in the American army, and accomplished more than half the major-generals; yet it would be hardly just to give a lengthened sketch of him, and omit other officers of equal rank, because they performed less. In their stations they may have fought and suffered with equal alacrity.

At Powles' Hook, where Lee surprised the English garrison, and took it with the loss of only two killed, and three wounded on his part—with his swift cavalry, as a portion of that immortal rear-guard which covered Greene's retreat through the Carolinas—at Guilford fighting with unsurpassed bravery—co-operating with Marion—at Eutaw Springs, and throughout the war, he exhibited all the qualities of a great and skilful officer. He stands prominent in the history of our Revolution, and one can hardly refrain from sketching his brilliant career. Hereafter perhaps, should it

be demanded, I may give lengthened sketches of all these noble men.

General Sumpter, with his headlong courage—chivalric feeling, and lofty patriotism, is another character dear to the South, and to the country. At Rocky Mount, and Hanging Rock, and Blackstock's Hill, where he defeated Tarleton, with great loss; and throughout the vicissitudes of the Southern war, he fought bravely, and rendered incalculable service to the country. Fearless, decided, and untiring, his eventful life furnishes themes for the painter and poet, as well as matter for the historian. The stern and self-sacrificing patriot lived to be near a century old—dying in his ninety-seventh year.

General Andrew Pickens was another Southern officer of great merit, and at Cowpens, where he was a host in himself, and led on the militia to as gallant a charge as ever was made; and at Eutaw, where he covered himself with glory, he showed himself worthy of the trust reposed in him.

General Poor was also an efficient commander. At Saratoga, he advanced with his brigade on the English guns, in the face of a tremendous fire, and at length, after great efforts, drove the Hessians before him. He accompanied Sullivan on his western expedition; and at Monmouth, and on various occasions evinced the highest qualities of a general. His brilliant career was cut short by sickness. He died in the camp of Washington, in New Jersey, of a putrid fever, and the most imposing ceremonies honored his funeral.

Joseph Reed was one of those rare men in the

world, who seem to combine the good qualities generally found divided among many. Polished, refined, brave, and of unsullied honor, he passed through the Revolution the friend and counsellor of Washington. Although he wrote with great fluency, and had an eloquent tongue, the short reply he made to Governor Johnstone, who wished to corrupt him, has immortalized him more than all he ever wrote or said. To the offer of fifty thousand dollars, and the best office in the colonies, if he would join the royal standard, he answered: "*I am not worth purchasing; but such as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to do it!*" Noble words, and constituting his best eulogy.

He had several horses shot from under him during the war, but never received a wound himself.

General Cadwallader also ranked among the personal friends of Washington, and served as a volunteer beside him, at Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. Of his duel with Conway I have before spoken, in my sketch of the latter.

Generals Gist and Swalwood are coupled together, for they won together an imperishable name in the disastrous battle of Camden. They fought side by side also in the battle of Long Island, where the company of the latter was literally cut to pieces.

There never was greater heroism shown, than exhibited by them at Camden. After the battle was irretrievably lost, Gist, excited to the highest pitch, rode about amid the storm of fire, his handsome face lighted up with enthusiasm—and steadied his men to the onset with unparalled bravery. He and Smallwood were the rocks on which De Kalb leaned in that

dreadful hour; and no wonder on his dying bed the latter dictated to them a letter of thanks. They were both splendid officers.

General Hugh Mercer, though a Scotchman by birth, and a physician by profession, was one of our best brigadiers. He served with Washington in the opening of his military career, and the two young men became warm friends. At Braddock's defeat he was so severely wounded through the shoulder, that he was unable to keep up with the shattered army in its wild retreat, and lay down behind a fallen tree. An Indian in pursuit leaped upon the log, and Mercer gave himself up as lost; but the excited savage, in his eagerness to detect the track of the fugitives, of whom Mercer was one, never saw the wounded man at his feet; and after gazing about a moment, sprang away. He lay here bleeding, and racked with pain, while the Indians were scalping the dead, and tomahawking the wounded. After their infernal labor was over, and the field was cleared, Mercer, parched with fever and faint from loss of blood, crawled forth, and succeeded in reaching a little brook, on the bank of which he lay down and drank. Finding himself somewhat refreshed by the cooling draught, he began to limp away on the track of the army. Night came on and found him, alone and bleeding, in the depths of the forest, and a hundred miles from a settlement. Halting every now and then to rest, he made but slow progress; and it was evident he must die of famine, before he could reach the abodes of civilization. Pale and exhausted he stumbled on, thinking only of the slow and painful death before him, when he saw a rattlesnake in his

path. By a great effort he made out to kill the viper, and then with one hand succeed in skinning it. Devouring a part of it raw, he threw the rest over his unwounded shoulder, and pressed forwards. When the pangs of hunger overcame all other feelings, he would chew a piece of the rattlesnake;—and managing thus, finally made out to reach Fort Cumberland on the Potomac—though when he arrived, he looked more like a walking ghost than a living man.

He fought bravely at Princeton, as mentioned in the description of that battle. When he was wounded, he found that it was impossible to escape, and so surrendered; but the British soldiers, enraged at the three destructive vollies they had received, and the loss of their officers, paid no regard to his request for the treatment due a prisoner, and rushing upon him, knocked him down, piercing him with thirteen bayonets. As he lay with the blood gushing from every part of his body, one of the brutal soldiers exclaimed, "D—n him, he is dead, let us leave him;" and passed on. After the battle he was discovered on the field, and taken to the house of Thomas Clark, where he lingered a few days, and then died.*

Otho H. Williams, early taken prisoner in the surrender of Fort Washington, was afterwards exchanged for Major Ackland, and joined Gates, when he took command of the Southern army. He fought bravely at Camden, but he exhibited his greatest qualities as adjutant-general to Greene. Especially as commander of the rear-guard, in the famous retreat of the latter, his genius shone with transcendent lustre.

* Vide Wilkinson's Memoirs.

Ney, as commander of the rear-guard of Napoleon's army, in his flight from Moscow, showed scarcely more heroism or skill, than did Williams in this retreat through the Carolinas. For self-denial, firmness, constancy, courage, and success, it stands unsurpased. One cannot think of Williams, as hovering between Greene and Cornwallis, sullenly and sternly retiring, still keeping the enemy at bay, and holding his exhausted and famished troops to the trial, without the profoundest admiration. And then, his noble determination, when on seeing the still-blazing camp-fires of the main army, he thought it was overtaken, and resolved to fall with the fury of one bent on self-destruction, upon the foe, to arrest their progress—throws a flood of light on his character. No wonder Greene loved and trusted him.

But no sooner did Greene stop retreating, and assume the offensive, than Williams, with that same corps of brave men, became at once the vanguard, and hung threateningly on the retiring ranks of Cornwallis. Side by side with his fearless commander, he formed one of his chief props during that long unequal struggle; and in the last great battle at Eutaw, led on those matchless Marylanders in their terrible charge with the bayonet.

He possessed an almost faultless form, and presented a striking appearance on the battle-field. Cool and steady in the conflict, urbane and affable in society, he was at once a gentleman and a soldier.

Ethan Allen has acquired a prominence in our Revolutionary history, not so much for the service he rendered, as from the sufferings he endured.

His successful surprise of Ticonderoga filled the

country with his praises. He had with him in this daring enterprise, two hundred and thirty men, though he took the fort with half of them. The following is his own account of the matter, after the troops had effected a landing: "The men at this time being drawn up in three ranks, each poised his firelock: I ordered them to face to the right, and at the head of the centre file, marched them immediately to the wicket-gate aforesaid, where I found a sentry posted, who instantly snapped his fusee at me. I ran immediately towards him, and he retreated through the covered way, into the parade within the garrison, gave a halloo, and ran under the bomb-proof. My party, who followed me into the fort, I formed on the parade, in such a manner as to face the barracks, which faced each other. The garrison being asleep, except the sentries, we gave three huzzas, which greatly surprised them. One of the sentries made a pass at one of my officers with a charged bayonet, which slightly wounded him. My first thought was to kill him with my sword, but in an instant I altered the design and fury of the blow to a slight cut on the side of the head; upon which he dropped his gun, and asked quarter, which I readily granted him, and demanded the place where the commanding officer slept. He showed me a pair of stairs in the front of the garrison, which led up a second story in said barracks, to which I immediately repaired, and ordered the commander, Captain De la Place, to come forth instantly or I would sacrifice the whole garrison: at which the captain came immediately to the door, with his breeches in his hand, when I ordered him to deliver me the fort instantly. He asked me by what

authority I demanded it. I answered him, '*In the name of the great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress.*' The authority of Congress being very little known at that time, he began to speak again: but I interrupted him, and with my drawn sword near him, again demanded an immediate surrender of the garrison. In the meantime, some of my officers had given orders; and in consquence thereof, sundry of the barrack doors were beat down, and about one-third of the garrison imprisoned." The surprise was complete; and this strong hold fell without the loss of a single life. It was boldly planed, and boldly carried out; and Allen was looked upon as one of the chief men in the approaching struggle.

But his brilliant career soon terminated. Joined to the army of Montgomery, he foolishly suffered himself to be captured.

Allen was immediately put in heavy irons, and treated with the greatest cruelty. After being tossed about from ship to ship, he was at last sent to England, and lodged in Pendennis Castle, near Falmouth. In his vest and breeches of sagathy, short jacket of deerskin, plain shirt, worsted stockings, and red worsted cap, he presented a strange appearance to the English, and excited their curiosity almost as much as if he had come from another world. While here proposals were made him to join the British cause; backed by large offers of the land in the United States. To these Allen replied, that promises of land in the United States reminded him of Satan's offer to Jesus Christ, of all the kingdoms of the world if he would fall down and worship him; "when," said he, "at the same time

the poor devil had not one foot of land upon the earth." There are a multitude of anecdotes related of him, characteristic, whether true or not; and which correspond well with his original, strong, and independent character.

He was finally shipped to this country, and after undergoing the severest trials from the brutality of his captors, was eventually exchanged in 1778, and set at liberty. He was promoted to brigadier-general in his native state, but performed no military service. He lived but few years after peace was proclaimed.

Of the noble HUGER, gallant STEVENS, and SUMNER; of SETH POMEROY, the tireless patriot; the intrepid MAXWELL, TEN BROECK, LEARNED; of EWING, ARMSTRONG, PATTERSON, GRANT, GREY, BUTLER, EATON, LAWSON, FREEMAN, DICKENSON, DEARBORN, KOSCIUSKO, PULASKI, MCINTOSH, HUNTINGTON, WADSWORTH, the ill-fated NASH, and a host of others, my limits forbid me to speak. Brave men were they all, and deserved well of their country.

XXVIII.

BRIGADIER GENERAL MORGAN.

A Wagoner in Braddock's Army—Receives five hundred lashes—Made Ensign—Severely wounded by the Indians—Narrow Escape—Becomes a Street Fighter—Joins the American Army—His Military Career—Becomes a religious man—His Character and death—Character and dress of his Riflemen.

Perhaps no man performed more efficient service in the Revolution than Morgan. His riflemen became the terror of the enemy, and with his trusty band around him, he was a most dangerous foe to meet.

He was born in New Jersey, in 1736, of humble parents; and his early life is wrapped in obscurity. In 1755 he removed to Virginia, where he continued for a while to work as day laborer—and then turned wagoner. He accompanied Braddock's army, as a teamster; and for some offence committed against a British officer, was condemned to receive five hundred lashes—though, as he always jocosely affirmed, the drummer miscounted, and gave him but four hundred and ninety-nine.

Soon after Braddock's defeat, he received an ensign's commission in the army, and repaired again to the frontier. One day, in carrying dispatches from

one post to another, accompanied by only two men, he was suddenly attacked by a large party of Indians. Both his companions fell at the first fire, and he received a ball in the back part of the neck, which passed entirely through, coming out at the left cheek, and shattering his jaw dreadfully. He immediately fell forward on his horse, but fortunately had the presence of mind to seize him by the neck and hold fast. Believing himself mortally wounded, and thinking only of getting his body beyond the reach of the savages, he struck his heels in his steed, and darted away like an arrow. He was mounted on a noble animal, and was soon out of the range of the rifles; but one Indian kept beside him, running at the top of his speed, expecting every moment to see Morgan fall. He had no time to kill him, for the horse was on a furious gallop, and it required the exertion of every nerve to keep up. Panting with fatigue, his mouth open, and his tomahawk in his hand, the blood-thirsty savage for a while held his speed—but at length exhausted, and finding the noble steed distancing him with every spring, he halted and threw his tomahawk. Missing his aim, he gave a yell of disappointment, and abandoned the pursuit.

Morgan reached the fort, but more dead than alive. He was taken from his horse insensible, and remained an invalid for six months.

After his recovery he returned to Barrystown, in Frederick county, where he evidently became a swaggerer and a bruiser. He was constantly engaged in fights; and though sometimes worsted, never gave up the contest till he came off victorious. He kept this little place in

such a perpetual broil, that it became notorious, and finally received the cognomen of "*Battletown.*" Still he did not appear to be ferocious in his disposition—it was simply a love of action and of conflict. He was industrious, with all his fighting propensities; and buying a piece of land, he settled down as a farmer, and was rapidly acquiring property, when the Revolution took place.

After the battle of Bunker Hill he immediately left his fields, and began to enlist a rifle company. So high was his reputation as a man of firmness, bravery, and withal judgment, that he had it complete in less than a week, and marched to Boston.

He commanded the advanced guard of Arnold in that dreary march through the wilderness; and after the fall of the latter in the storming of Quebec, took command of the column, and led it on through the driving snow-storm to the assault. His bravery and the account of his capture, are given in the sketch of Montgomery. During his captivity he was treated with kindness, and offered a colonel's commission in the British army, if he would join it. But, though Morgan had a rough heart, it was above meanness, and he rejected the proposal with a scorn and fierceness that prevented its repetition. After his exchange he joined the army, and received the command of a regiment. At the two battles of Saratoga he fought nobly, and his riflemen did terrible execution—yet Gates never mentioned him in his dispatches. The two, Arnold and Morgan, who did more for him than any others in capturing Burgoyne, were studiously neglected.

After the surrender, Gates endeavored to corrupt him, and prejudice him against Washington, saying, that the reputation of the commander-in-chief was on the decline, and a change was needed. To this infamous attack on his integrity, the fearless rifleman replied: "Sir, I have one favor to ask—never mention to me again this hateful subject; under no other man but General Washington as commander-in-chief, will I serve." This severe rebuff so enraged Gates, that afterwards, when he gave the English officers a dinner, Morgan was not invited. The latter continued to serve in the field till 1780, when, broken down by his constant and great exertions, he obtained leave to retire for awhile to his home.

When Gates took command of the Southern army, he endeavored to induce Morgan to join it; but the latter bluntly told him, he had not forgotten his unjust treatment; and that no motives of personal kindness would prompt him to accept his proposal—the call of his country he would obey, but not that of a commander who had not the magnanimity to acknowledge the services of his subordinate officers—and they parted.

But soon after, Congress sent him the appointment of brigadier-general, with the request he should join Gates. He immediately set out, but the battle of Camden took place before he reached the army, and he was saved the mortification of participating in that shameful defeat.

When Greene superseded Gates, Morgan entered cheerfully into the contest; and opened that arduous, but glorious campaign, with the victory of Cowpens.

This battle did Morgan infinite credit, both in the plan and management of it, and stamped him at once the able and skilful commander. But his career in the South was soon cut short by severe and repeated attacks of rheumatism, which so disabled him, that he was compelled to retire from the service altogether. The war soon after closing, he never entered the field again, except in 1794, when he was called out to suppress the insurrection in Pennsylvania. On his return he was elected to Congress. Broken down by disease, he served only two sessions, and then retired to his farm. In 1800 he removed to Winchester, where he lived for nearly two years a helpless invalid —he expired at the age of sixty-six.

Morgan was of gigantic proportions, six feet high, and of Herculean strength. His features were regular, and the whole expression of his face indicated decision and energy. Possessed of a strong mind, it wanted only the breadth and compass imparted by education, to have made him a great commander. But he was better fitted for movements on a small scale, and indeed loved a partisan warfare better than open field fight. He was no great disciplinarian, and relied more upon the affection of his troops, than on his own authority. He was a fearful man in battle, and fought with an obstinacy that nothing seemed able to overcome—indeed, he seldom was beaten ; and even when defeated, "*his retreat was sullen, stern, and dangerous.*"

He exhibited a curious contradiction in his character —for, notwithstanding the utter recklessness he exhibited in battle, he was, when unexcited, nervously

afraid of death. He once said, that he "would ageee to pass half his time as a galley-slave rather than quit this world for another." This, as in the case of Doctor Johnson, was doubtless owing to a strong religious tendency in his character, which would, now and then, exert its influence in spite of himself. Indeed, in the latter part of his life, he had many serious convictions, and spent a great portion of his time in reading the Bible, and in acts of devotion, and died a worthy member of the Presbyterian church.

His riflemen were the terror of the British, and no wonder; for, before their unerring rifles, officers fell with frightful rapidity. Their uniform was "an elegant loose dress, reaching to the middle of the thigh, ornamented with fringes in various parts, and meeting the pantaloons of the same material and color, fringed and ornamented in a corresponding style. The officers wore the usual crimson sash over this, and around the waist:—the straps, belt, &c., were black."* This dress gave the riflemen a picturesque appearance as they moved through the forest. The precision of their fire was astonishing. Morgan had a curious way of collecting them, when dispersed, as was frequently the case, where each was accustomed to fight so much on his own responsibility. He always carried a turkey-call, a small instrument used by hunters to decoy the wild turkey—and when his men heard its shrill whistle, they immediately began to gather.

Our troops have always been distinguished as marksmen—owing, no doubt, to their being accustomed to

* Vide National Portrait Gallery.

the use of fire-arms from boyhood. A large proportion of European troops never handle a musket till they do it on drill; while most of our people can pick off a squirrel from a tree-top before they are old enough to become soldiers. The consequence is, that our fire is much more deadly—one out of fifty shots taking effect; while but one out of every hundred is calculated to hit in European battles.*

It is a curious fact, that notwithstanding the sparseness of our population at the time of the Revolution, our battles then were the bloodiest we have ever fought. At Bunker Hill we lost five hundred, to the British fifteen hundred. At Brandywine we lost, probably, over a thousand—at Germantown a thousand, the British nearly the same. In each of the two battles of Guilford and Eutaw, Greene lost six hundred. In the latter engagement, his loss equalled a *quarter* of his entire army. In the storming of Savannah over a thousand fell in a *single hour*. Such mortality in our battles with the Mexicans would stun the nation.

* This is an average estimate—some say one out of two hundred in this country, and one out of four hundred in Europe, but all agree in the *proportion*.